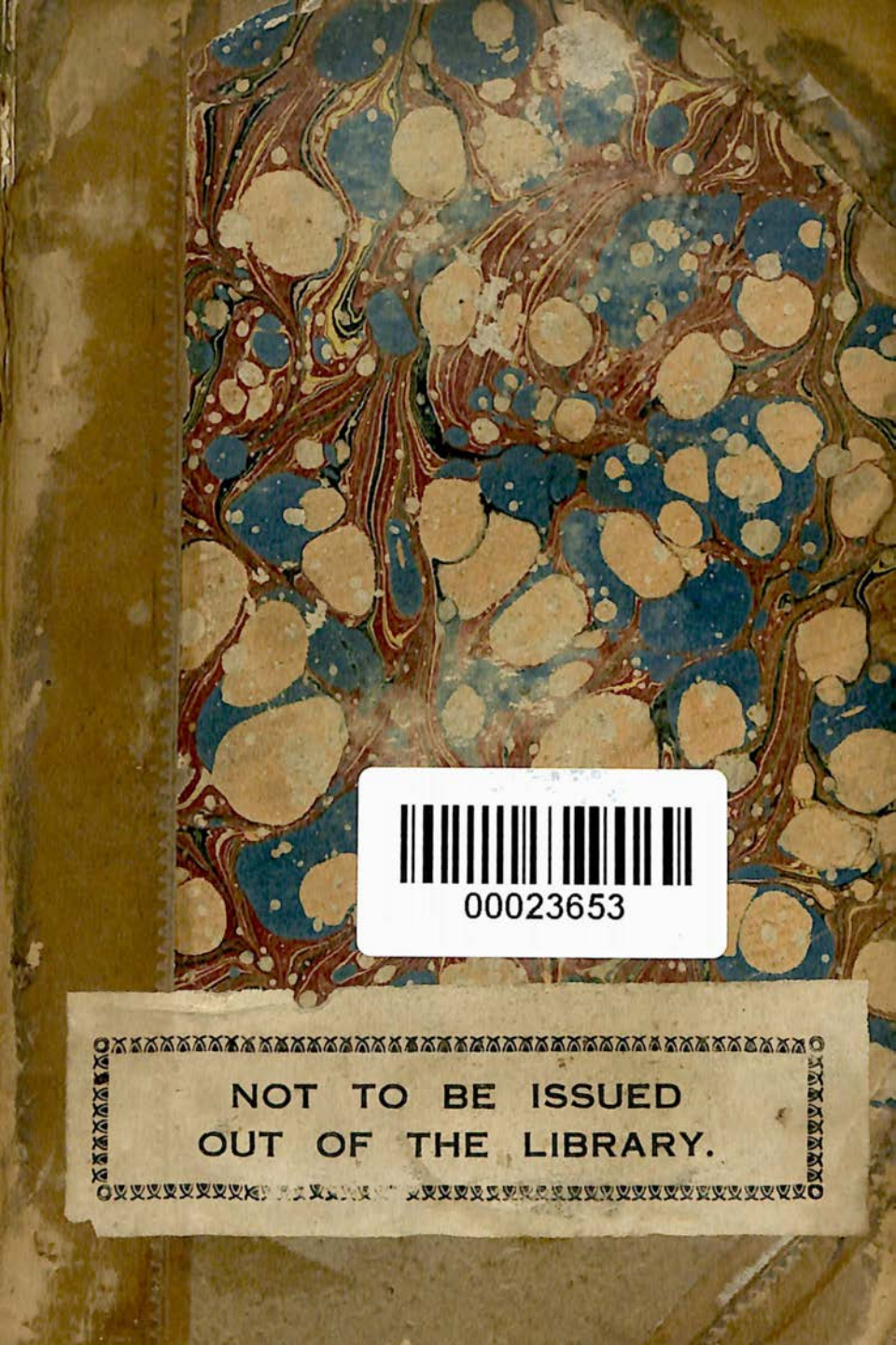
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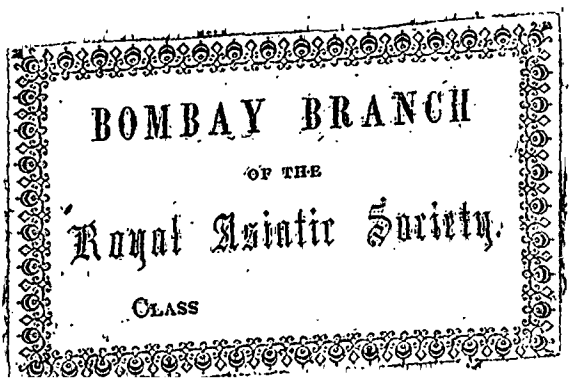

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GUSTAVE BERGENROTH

A MEMORIAL SKETCH.

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GUSTAVE BERGENROTH

A MEMORIAL SKETCH

23653

BY

W. C. CARTWRIGHT, M.P.

AUTHOR OF "THE CONSTITUTION OF PAPAL CONCLAVES."

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1870.

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NOTE.

It is a pleasing duty here to record the great obligations under which the writer of this Memoir feels himself to several persons. To Lord Romilly his warmest thanks are tendered for the liberality with which he was pleased at once to offer communication of his correspondence with Bergenroth. The same acknowledgment is due to the cordial readiness with which the relatives in Germany, on being applied to, hastened to transmit interesting notices. But for the assistance derived from these two quarters, it would have been quite impossible to compose this Sketch. The writer likewise desires to testify to many friendly services received from Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, as also to the valuable help given by Mr. Friedmann. Nor must

it be omitted to record the kindly courtesy with which Mr. Dickens and Mr. Hepworth Dixon permitted the re-impression of Bergenroth's contributions to *Household Words* and *The Athenæum*.

LONDON, *Nov.* 27, 1869.

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I.

On the 13th of February 1869, there died, in the Fonda de los Principes, at Madrid, Gustave Bergenroth, a German man of letters. Possibly not one in a hundred now who here reads his name may have heard it before. To the general public Bergenroth was unknown. During many years he had been engrossed in arduous but silent labours of a nature which have little attraction for the merely general reader. The single literary work of any compass Bergenroth had lived to accomplish was the editing of several volumes in the series of State Paper Calendars in course of issue under direction of the Master of the Rolls. But volumes containing abstracts of State-papers, however precious these may be, and with however striking Introductions they may be prefaced, never can become popular reading. The only other traces to be found of Bergenroth's writing are in fugitive pieces, either contributions to periodicals or stray pamphlets, bearing indeed, for the most part, visible stamp of earnest study in their matter, but which, from the mere fact of having been embodied in an ephemeral form, have dropped out of general sight. Gustave Bergenroth's name will come therefore to most persons without the associations that arrest attention instinctively. Yet he was not merely a remarkable, he was a very extraordinary, man, combining the richest,

strangest, and apparently most incompatible qualities; on one side exhibiting a physical system of splendid muscular force, throbbing, especially in youth, with the riotous self-confidence of overbearing strength, panting with the thick hot gush of irrepressibly turbulent animal powers, and yet of a sensuous organization so delicately nice, that for fastidious discrimination, his taste, in point of good living, could be that of an over-refined master in the art; on the other side, displaying an ascetic power of self-denial and endurance, gigantic energy of mind, indomitable firmness of purpose, with such a fund of deep and patient research, and a grasp of observation so vigorous and so large, as entitled him to stand on a level with those who figure in the foremost ranks of the historical faculty. When struck down by death, Bergenroth had just begun the composition of the great work for which he had been long silently preparing himself, in arduous investigations, which it required peculiar determination in an individual, without any exceptional protection, to set himself to undertake. Had he lived to give to the world but an instalment of this work, we venture to affirm that his reputation would have been at once established. As it is, Bergenroth has gone, and, for aught he actually accomplished, his memory might soon be forgotten by all except a few special students. It is with the heartfelt desire to do somewhat towards obviating a fate so undeserved that this slight record has been composed. A biography, properly so called, it can have no pretension to be. The materials for one are not to hand, nor are they wanted, for Bergenroth's life during many years was strictly private. It was not till an unusually advanced age (and herein will be found proof

of his singular force of character) that, renouncing what till then had been a desultory career of roaming adventure and fitful application, he applied himself with tremendous energy to that sustained course of serious labours, that, but for premature death, would have brought him fame, and entitles our considering him a public character. It has been the endeavour in this sketch to throw together some leading facts in Bergenroth's life that may illustrate the essential features of the man's nature as brought out by the friction of a chequered and in many respects strange life. So far this slight memoir can have no claim to be more than a simple tablet inscribed in remembrance of a truly remarkable man, who died far away amongst strangers, by one who, having had the advantage of knowing Bergenroth, would mourn should he be forgotten, but still more were his memory to survive only in the distorting refraction of misconceptions.

II.

GUSTAVE ADOLPH BERGENROTH was born on the 26th of February 1813, at Marggrabowa, also marked in some maps as Oletzko, an insignificant town in the remotest and dreariest corner of East Prussia—the sandy and fir-covered region called Masuria, on the very confines of Russia. Here the father was chief magistrate of the district tribunal at his birth, but some years later he effected an exchange, again to the same office, in the somewhat less desolate town of Lyck, in the same province, to which he was drawn by the wish to avail himself of the Gymnasium for the education of his five sons—the second being the subject of this memorial. According to all accounts the elder Bergenroth must have been of a singularly vigorous type. He was deeply imbued with those earnest intellectual sympathies that produced the great literary movement of Germany in the beginning of this century, and inspired the manhood of the country in 1813 to so enthusiastic an uprising. Not only did the elder Bergenroth join the ranks of those who fought for German freedom from French thraldom in the campaign of liberation, but he had been one of those unbending spirits who, in the darkest days of foreign domination, had strenuously striven to organize means for a national movement, while the German sovereigns were hanging back timidly, and in efforts to this end he had sacrificed a large portion of his never considerable patrimony. The peculiar tone of the

father's mind is characterized by his having named the child born in the anxious season of national crisis after the stout-hearted Protestant hero of that other great crisis for his country's religious emancipation—the War of Thirty Years. A strong vein of rugged independence ran through his sturdy nature, and the political opinions of the matured man retained without veil the liberal tinge of 1813, when that tinge had become, in the sight of superior authority, the symbol of an evil spirit, to be rigidly proscribed in functionaries. To the uncompromising outspokenness with which he ever avowed himself faithful to those popular views which, though encouraged in the hour of need, were afterwards repudiated by the ruling powers, was it due that the elder Bergenroth never received the promotion that was his due, and at the time of his death, in 1837, still was magistrate of the insignificant tribunal of Lyck. The father's peculiar cast of mind manifested itself likewise in his views about Education. With a sentiment eminently characteristic of the generation that specially prided itself on a typical manliness, and converted the training-school for athletic exercises into political lodges for fostering a fanciful Teutonism, he deemed it essential to harden from infancy the physical constitution by systematic exposure to wind, weather, and fatigue. Thus Gustave Bergenroth, being naturally of admirable strength, acquired that wonderful force of body for which he became remarkable. It is recounted how, as a mere child, he would be made by his father to go with him on foot, in winter-time, on long hunting expeditions into the dense forests that stretch almost without break over the monotonous plains of East Prussia. In this manner the boy was early trained in those qualities of a skilful hunter which in later life enabled him on one

occasion for months to support himself adventurously by his gun in savage regions, but also there was stimulated that fondness for daring adventure which proved a marked a feature in his character. In such a system of education there was much calculated to inflame rather than restrain, in a naturally high-spirited boy, those joyous, bold, and ardent passions, which, unless carefully disciplined, are apt to make the man a prey to masterful impulsiveness and reckless self-indulgence. On the testimony of those who knew him, the lad was early remarkable for soaring resolution and daring spirit. It is still remembered how he would delight in evolving ambitious plans for after life—how his ardent imagination teemed with glowing fancies, and how this buoyancy of mind led him into enterprises often rash, and even perilous for one of his years. When about fourteen, he once disappeared during several days from home. The boy had stolen abroad by himself on a roaming expedition into the forest wilderness he loved to frequent, when, straying inadvertently far across the Russian frontier, he was arrested and marched off as a vagrant, in the absence of any tokens whereby to prove his identity, by a picket of Cossacks on the watch for smugglers. The prank, sufficiently innocent in itself, marks the romantic turn of the boy, who is described as having shown a strange combination of wild impetuousness with much gentleness at heart—wayward and even wanton recklessness, with yet tender natural affections, and the castle-building propensities of a high-flown fancy, with a strong relish for physical amusements and material pleasures.

At twenty, Bergenroth proceeded to the University of Königsberg, with the view of going through the course of studies prescribed for admission to the civil service in

Prussia. Königsberg is a city with great wealth and much society. In its resources and movements it has the type rather of a capital than of a mere provincial town. The wealthy merchants, resident and affluent landowners of the neighbourhood, who habitually frequent it, are noted for hospitality and good cheer, while between citizens and students there exists a more intimate social amalgamation than in other German Universities. This comes from the fact that, notwithstanding the eminence of its teachers, the University of Königsberg is mainly resorted to by the youth of East Prussia, who, from the clannish feeling which pervades the natives of this province, are received by the townspeople as members of one family with themselves. Hence, in social respects, student life in Königsberg is particularly gay, varied, and easy. Young Bergenroth plunged with the heat of youth into the distractions and pleasures of his new abode. He had, indeed, every advantage in his favour to secure free access to whatever Königsberg could offer. Very handsome in person, of singularly fascinating manners, buoyant in spirits, enterprising in character, agreeable in conversation, and of honourable family connexions, that served as a ready introduction to the best circles, Bergenroth became quickly a foremost man amongst his fellow-students. He figured as a leader in their amusements,—a noted chief in their often wild doings, and his name is not yet forgotten in connection with many a reckless frolic. How thoroughly his comrades were impressed with a sense of Bergenroth's superiority, is shown by their having selected him for the Eldership in one of those corporations or clubs which are general in German Universities, and constitute a most important feature in student life. This is the highest token of

appreciation German students can confer on one of their body,—the complete expression of their recognition in him of every quality becoming a first-rate fellow, according to their code of ideas. With the excessive habit of duelling that prevails in German Universities, it was of course an essential condition for one occupying Bergenroth's position that he should have given proof of readiness to fight and skill in fencing. This reputation of a crack swordsman, and of a duellist difficult to match, Bergenroth fully established for himself, and to this probably, even more than to the acknowledged vivacity of his social talents, he owed his promotion to the Eldership. Notwithstanding this admitted mastery of his swordsmanship, Bergenroth met at last with a serious mishap. In the third year of his University stay his right wrist was pierced in an encounter, and the artery narrowly escaped severance. His life was in imminent danger, and for a long while Bergenroth had to lie on a sick-bed, nor did he, in his own opinion, ever regain the full muscular strength of the injured limb.

Whatever may have been the irregularities Bergenroth allowed himself to be dragged into by the irresistible attraction of pleasure, he did not so give himself up to rakish dissipation as to lose altogether sight of study. It was indeed one of the most singular qualities of his nature that he understood to combine serious application with an appearance of complete idleness—to throw over severe labours the disguise of triviality. A memory singularly retentive and accurate, with quick powers of concentrated observation, enabled him to do, without any semblance of exertion, what it required in others a strenuous strain to get through. So at the ordinary time the seemingly wild young student passed his examination creditably.

III.

In 1836 Bergenroth was named Auscultator at the Königsberg Tribunal, whence in 1839 he was moved as Referendary to the Court at Köslin in Pomerania. The year before he had lost his father, and was now mainly dependent for a livelihood on his own exertions. We may infer that a sense of this position stimulated his application. He went to Berlin, naturally the point of supreme attraction to an active-minded and ambitious young man, and having acquitted himself with distinction in the third and final examination, he was appointed, in 1843, Assessor to the High Court in the capital. In the autumn of the same year he was transferred in the like capacity to the Court at Cologne; and this change leading to lengthened residence in the Rhenish provinces, was an event of consequence in Bergenroth's life.

The population of these provinces,—proverbially the least phlegmatic of all Germans—marked by a sparkling, pleasure-loving, mercurial temperament, and a native predisposition to effervescing spirits, was at this time also specially prone to Radical propensities. A fashion of making profession of French democratic sentiments, in protest against the chafing vexatiousness of specific Prussianism, was then in vogue in these parts.

German Radicalism, at this period still a thing of sentiment rather than of real force, did then indeed generally profess sympathy with the peculiar current of fanciful aspirations inculcated by prominent French high-priests of social systems for the regeneration of the world. It was the time when St. Simon, the Père Enfantin, and the like of these, promulgated fanciful codes of social organization, which fascinated the enthusiasm of an ardent generation in France, and the attraction of these glowing aspirations did not fail to prove congenial to a circle in Germany already disposed to have sympathy with the abstract principles of French democracy. The doctrines of Socialism were therefore readily hailed by the light-headed Rhinelanders, and their province became the favoured nursery in Germany of a Socialist party, or at least of an association of quick-witted young men, full of animal spirits, who toasted the new ideas over sparkling cups, and were forward with their pen in advocacy of the same. Bergenroth found at once congenial souls in this society, and contracted lasting intimacies of the closest nature with divers persons of either sex, so that the two years spent at Cologne constituted a period to him of the highest enjoyment. But notwithstanding much gaiety, if not downright dissipation, Bergenroth did not allow himself to be absolutely engrossed in the pursuit of mere amusement; on the contrary, he was drawn into connection with the more serious and leading men of the active Radical party, and with his native impulsiveness he associated himself with their labours. His acquaintance in this direction comprised even several French celebrities of the Socialist movement. Bergenroth now began to write in the organs of Radicalism

articles which attracted notice. He possessed a natural fondness for economical and statistical topics, with a happy talent for treating them in a forcible and popular manner. That, however, it was not mere skill of style which distinguished Bergenroth's productions, but a remarkable knowledge of his subjects, apart from their peculiar treatment, is shown by the fact that Baron Reden not only admitted him to contribute to his very solid Statistical Annual, but even intrusted him with a considerable share in editing it. A Prussian Assessor who openly kept company with notorious Radicals, and rather recklessly indulged in Radical effusions, could not but become the object of intense suspicion to his superiors, and the victim of systematic disfavour. Before long Bergenroth found himself in such antagonism to the ruling influences as practically made his situation supremely distasteful to himself, if not actually untenable. With his inborn impulsiveness and masterful temperament, he now burned to get away, regardless of consequences, from an official connection which he found galling. It may be that other motives concurred to make this impulse irresistible,—that social reasons combined with official disgust to drive him away from the enjoyments he had been basking in amidst the gay sprightliness of Rhenish circles. Having conformed so far to the exigencies of the service as to seek leave, which was readily granted for a term, Bergenroth left Cologne. From an early age he had doted on the idea of travel, and the society of foreigners and the study of foreign tongues had been ever a delight to him. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1845, Bergenroth started on his journey, apparently with no other fixed plan than to make for the south. We find

him making a first halt in the Provence, and then proceeding through Italy, where he passed the summer in Naples and Sorrento. This portion of the journey appears to have been especially pleasant. Bergenroth would seem to have been attended by every accompaniment calculated to stimulate the physical and intellectual enjoyment of youth in lovely nature. Freed from distasteful drudgery, revelling in the sensation of liberty, stirred with the tumultuous emotions inspired by charms of novelty and the sweetness of congenial sympathies enjoyed amidst the glowing scenery of a softly voluptuous nature—stimulated, in short, by a concurrence of all the eager feelings that naturally throb into the spring-tide of life at its fullest gush,—Bergenroth passed a joyous holiday in the Capuan delights of the Campanian region. In autumn he travelled northward, visiting Genoa, Mantua, and Venice, and, after having narrowly escaped being drowned in the lake, through a steamboat collision, he stayed at Geneva. So far all had been intensely pleasant; but now Bergenroth saw himself face to face with something less agreeable. Unable to tear himself away from fascination, he had heedlessly exceeded the term of his leave, and he accordingly now saw himself in presence of a doubly awkward predicament, from the fact that he had little of his own to live upon. Out of this scrape he was, however, extricated through the strenuous exertions of friends, who even secured his continuance in the service under particularly favourable conditions, for he got named Assessor in Berlin, which city became Bergenroth's nominal head-quarters from 1846 to 1849. During this interval, besides practising in the Court, he found occupation in registering at the Foreign Office a collec-

tion of treaties. It was a secret ambition with him to get into the diplomatic service, and with a view to this end he occasionally reverted to his former studies—questions of economy and statistics. Thus he wrote a treatise on Credit Institutions, which somehow attracted the notice of the Belgian Government, and brought from it an overture, which Bergenroth declined, on the ground that he wished to devote himself to the composition of an exhaustive work on the Commercial Relations of the German States. Notwithstanding this refusal to avail himself of an opening in new directions, Bergenroth was very far from being satisfied with his position. His fits of spasmodic application were mainly inspired by the recurring impulse to earn means for an outing. A spirit of restlessness was on him, which attracted him away, and made him periodically burn with thirst for the dissipations and distractions of a vagrant life in places of amusement. In 1847 Bergenroth found a pretext for making a lengthened stay in France, in the pursuit of inquiries for the Prussian Statistical Board, during which he contrived to visit various places of gay and fashionable resort. This journey must have been marked by exceptionally pleasant incidents, for Bergenroth made a note in his papers of the excessive pain with which on this occasion he left France. It is certain that at this time he returned to Berlin with intensified dissatisfaction at his official slavery, and revolving projects for extricating himself from a position at once dependent and precarious, with a salary quite out of proportion to his taste for ample expenditure, and attended, moreover, by very slender prospects of satisfactory promotion.

IV.

It was in this discontented frame of mind at his circumstances that the volcanic outbreak of 1848 overtook Bergenroth. It would appear that, since his departure from Cologne, he had dropped all connexion with domestic politics, and lost sight of his Socialist alliance. But now the fierce current of the hour swept him forthwith into the vortex of the movement. Bergenroth happened to be in Berlin on the memorable 18th of March. Whether he took part in the actual fighting is not clear. He certainly mixed with the insurgents, visiting the barricades in the course of the night, and on the following morning he was in the mob at the moment of the famous charge by the Dragoon Guards in front of the palace, when he escaped being cut down by a trooper, through the lucky accident of the latter's charger falling at the very moment of his bringing his sabre on Bergenroth's head. Scientific investigations were now quickly thrown aside for the more stirring life of a political agitator. Bergenroth was one of the founders of the Democratic Club, where, as well as at open-air meetings, he often spoke, and, besides this, he wrote in the Radical papers. A point he particularly distinguished himself in mooting was that of the really quite unjustifiable inequality of the assessment of the land-tax on properties of nobles

and plebeians. In an address, which produced at the time considerable sensation, he set forth this monstrous grievance with so much force, that the Club included his name in a list of candidates recommended to the constituencies. He failed, however, in securing immediate election, but just before General Wrangel's invasion of the Chambers, Bergenroth was chosen by a Pomeranian constituency, though, luckily for himself, he had not had time to take his seat. During the interval he had, however, made himself sufficiently notorious in many ways, and particularly in connexion with the prominent Radical organ, the Reform newspaper, the first numbers of which he indeed edited, a kind of labour he soon found not suitable to his jerky habits of spasmodic activity.

On General Wrangel's entry into Berlin at the head of his soldiers a complete change of scene ensued.''' The revolution at one blow lay beneath the vengeful heel of triumphant reaction. Assessor Bergenroth had allowed himself far too much license now to escape the vindictive pursuit with which the new Minister of Justice, Simon, hunted down functionaries suspected of the taint of democratic leprosy. He himself was sensible of the policy of keeping out of sight, and disappeared from Berlin for nearly a twelvemonth, during which he visited Paris, the Rhine, and Heligoland. In March 1849 it was officially intimated to Bergenroth that he had been transferred as Assessor from Berlin to the inferior Court at Wittstock, a change he at once made up his mind not to acquiesce in. He asked and obtained leave of absence for six months, at the end of which time, having failed to get this virtual sentence of relegation reversed, he threw up his profession—a step of

singular boldness, if not rashness, in one so precariously off for means. But Bergenroth was then in no humour to weigh consequences timidly. He had just published, with his name, a slashing pamphlet against the monstrous plea of the nobles to be exempt from the land-tax, of which a noted champion of the faction, Bülow-Cummerow, had been thoughtless enough to attempt an elaborate vindication. This topic, as already stated, was one Bergenroth had special knowledge of. In a few pages sparkling with wit, but also weighty with cogent argument, Bergenroth demolished the Pomeranian squire's fallacies. The pamphlet, now very scarce, and called "Herr von Bülow-Cummerow amongst the Communists," is an excellent piece of polemical writing—withering in satire, slashing in castigation, and at the same time bristling with intimate knowledge of every detail in Prussian land legislation. The clear statement to be found here as to the legislative process whereby in Pomerania peasant tenancies were converted into freeholds, would make this literary effusion of the moment reading of interest to many who at this time are occupied with the question of the Irish land tenure. In the autumn of this year Bergenroth had the boldness to go to Berlin in defiance of the police. To estimate the daring of the step, it must be known that he had just been co-operating in effecting Kinkel's escape from Spandau,—an occurrence which created profound sensation, and caused intense irritation amongst the authorities. It is probable that his complicity was not known at that time to the police, but nevertheless Bergenroth deemed it advisable to conceal himself, and even to change his lodging repeatedly, with a view of defeating arrest. He also contrived to pay a flying

visit in East Prussia to his mother, for whom he ever retained the warmest affection, and whom he had special reasons at this time to wish to see.

Bergenroth was, namely, contemplating a step which might result in expatriation. His position had become utterly precarious. With reaction to all appearance permanently triumphant, and every avenue to public employment in Germany therefore hopelessly shut against Liberals, Bergenroth, who had but very little patrimony, saw himself in the plight of a man who had nothing before him in his country he could reckon on. Gloom and uncertainty, without any break, lay heavily on the horizon. Nor was his case singular. The sudden subsidence of the revolutionary waters had stranded many others besides himself. There was then a host of wrecked democrats in Germany,—men with dashed prospects and disappointed hearts—who despaired of regaining, under ruling influences, access to those walks in life that could furnish honourable employment and assured means of existence. What Europe seemed thus inexorably to deny, that the less desponding spirits deemed it, however, still not impossible to obtain in more virgin regions. The hopes of social regeneration, so cruelly blighted in the old world, it was fondly believed might still be realized in the new. The idea of a model community, in some region free from the taint of an inveterate civilisation, was quite in the order of conceptions natural to men who were the intellectual progeny of such teachers as the Père Enfantin. Moreover, this was the time when the marvellous report of California, with its wonderful newly discovered gold mines, came with a sound of bewitching attraction on the ears even of the most sober-minded. The idea suggested

itself then, not unnaturally, to a number of democrats cut adrift from settled prospects, whether it were not best to abandon Europe, and go out and found an agricultural colony in this reported Eldorado. The recent experience of bitter disappointments had, however, so far sobered their sanguine temperaments, that it was prudently resolved, before actually embarking in this venture, to obtain trustworthy information as to the actual condition of the region, and its suitableness for the establishment of the model community. The performance of this service devolved on Bergenroth. Still in the prime of life, always quick in resolution, ever ready for adventure, Bergenroth volunteered to go out as pioneer, and the offer made was accepted by his companions. It was an extraordinary expedition he thus went forth on with characteristic buoyancy of spirits and lightness of heart. The adventure constituted a capital event in Bergenroth's life. It proved the zenith of his erratic career, the point from which he turned a wiser man, chastened by the lessons of sharp experience, to gravitate thenceforth steadily in the direction of new and no longer eccentric activities.

V.

On the 15th July 1850, Bergenroth sailed from Southampton, in the West Indian steamer Severn, for Chagres. In crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he subjected himself to so great fatigue in that unhealthy region, that he caught the yellow fever, which declared itself when on board the Pacific steamer for San Francisco. The attack was of a very virulent kind, and Bergenroth, who travelled in the guise of an humble emigrant, received inhuman treatment. When lying in the stupor of death, he was robbed by the ship-steward of his property, and he owed both his life and as much of his money as escaped the clutches of the thief, to the spontaneous attentions of a compassionate fellow-passenger, a Frenchman, who happened to have been a medical student. When the ship anchored on the 24th September in the harbour of San Francisco, Bergenroth was still in so miserable a condition that he was quite unable to take care of himself, and lay like a bale of goods on the quay, until his piteous plight awakened the sympathy of a kind-hearted woman, who took him into her house. His convalescence was, unfortunately, arrested by a supervening attack of cholera, which coming on a previously weakened system, it is wonderful his constitution ever got the better of. He himself, however, never

felt the same strong man after the illness as before. The fear of contagion was great in San Francisco, and Bergenroth was brutally ejected, as if plague-stricken, and on this occasion he became again the prey of plunderers, so that he was now left well-nigh quite destitute. As soon as ever physical strength enabled him, Bergenroth applied to the Prussian consul for assistance, a request which would seem to have met with scanty response. Left thus to his own resources, and encouraged by a sense of returning health, he proceeded to try his luck in the diggings, but he was not successful in this venture, his frame was not yet equal to the hard exertions of a miner's life, and which, in his case, were probably aggravated by his inexperience in this kind of labour. Under these circumstances he took the truly adventurous resolution to strike into the wilds and support existence as a hunter, eating the flesh of the animals he killed, and selling the furs in the city. For months he now led a life of incredible hardship and danger, being driven at times to eat raw meat, lest the smoke of his fire should betray him into the hands of prowling Indians. Having fallen in with a destitute Frenchman, Bergenroth made him his man Friday, and pitched his headquarters in an abandoned log-house which he stumbled upon in a wild nook some twenty miles south of San Francisco. Here Bergenroth gradually congregated around him a group of nondescript fellows, outlaws and adventurers of all nations, whom he contrived to fashion into a kind of community, wielding a dictatorial authority over these anything but amenable subjects by the sheer vigour of his resolution and the superiority of his physical strength. It was the sort of summary power which a pirate cap-

tain asserts over his crew, simply because they quail before his energy and are cowed at sight of the strong man, who is their match in muscle, and does not shrink from letting the mutineer feel instantly the full weight of his crushing arm. That a man of Bergenroth's intellectual qualities should have likewise possessed the peculiar qualities requisite to break such a band of lawless vagabonds into voluntary submission is a singular fact. What may have all happened in so wild a community we cannot say; but some graphic record of this singular period of his life was given by Bergenroth himself in an article entitled "The First Vigilance Committees," in *Household Words* of November 15, 1856, which is full of interest, and, as Bergenroths' first published composition in English, especially remarkable for racy style. It follows here without curtailment.

VI.

"On one of my hunting excursions in California, in the month of November 1850, I came, by mere chance, upon eight houses situated on the extreme point of a little peninsula far projecting into the Bay of San Francisco. The place was some twenty miles distant from the town, and separated from the surrounding country by a rocky mountainous range and a deep creek. The houses, exceedingly narrow and tall, and without any foundations, were constructed of beams and planks, and leant two and two against each other that they might the more effectually resist the heavy gales. Each pair of them was separated from the other by a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, to secure them from a general conflagration. The buildings were all uniformly alike, each of them being of two storeys, and each storey containing one single room. Of chimneys, and such superfluous luxuries, of course there were none: even the windows were without glass, and the upper rooms without stairs.

In spite of the latest map of the mining district and Bay of San Francisco, in which this place was set down as a flourishing town, only one of the eight houses was inhabited, and its inhabitants were three Irishmen. As the position was tolerably convenient for my future

hunting expeditions, I made up my mind at once, and chose a couple of the houses for my temporary residence. The Irishmen pretended to have some—I do not know what—right to all the buildings. But these pretensions proved to be utterly unfounded, as they had taken possession of the first house just in the same way as I was doing then with respect to the second and third houses. Nor did I ever find out who the real proprietors were.

Some days after my installation, the Irish party was increased by two countrymen of theirs, who, as they probably had private reasons for concealing their true names, were called Blue Jacket and Crow's Head. My neighbours professed to be fishermen. Very soon, however, I learned that they were carrying on the much nobler trade—at least, according to Californian notions—of cattle-stealing. They would have prospered, but that they unfortunately were too patriotic. Far from home, as they were in California, they devoted still nearly all their time and energy to the sacred cause of their native country, by telling, and sometimes even believing, the most startling exploits done in Ireland. In consequence of their excessive patriotism they could not earn their living, although they had been clever enough to choose a very suitable and lucrative trade. In the month of January the Irish people left the place. Two of them went to the Sandwich Islands and Australia; Old Man and Crow's Head returned to the town, and Blue Jacket, always wandering, lived here and there where he could find a dinner or a shelter for the night.

After the departure of the Irishmen, however, the cattle were not safer than before. On the contrary, the robberies increased, both in extent and boldness.

Crow's Head was generally suspected to have organized gangs of thieves in the town, and direct them to our peninsula—a suspicion which was only the more confirmed by his most constant companion.

"I say, sir," Blue Jacket said one day to me, "mistrust Crow's Head; he is as desperate as cunning, and certainly one of the most dangerous men in the whole country."

"And you are his aide-de-camp," I replied.

"I must confess, in some degree, I am," was his answer; "but confidence and good-companionship never can take place between us."

"And why not?"

"I seduced his sister."

"You shall marry her."

"She is dead."

"Did she die poor and miserable?"

"I believe she did so, poor soul," he said in an offhand manner, and then, growing more serious, he continued: "Crow's Head, I am quite sure, has made up his mind to murder me. If I were a man of weak intellect, I would avoid him; but there can be no doubt if I did so he would find me out, and easily carry his purpose into execution, without even being suspected. 'Poor Blue Jacket,' he would say, 'is killed,—but he was too inconsiderate, and I warned him more than once not to wander all about the country.' No; I will stick to him—I will watch not only all his actions but even his thoughts before he himself is aware of them; only in this way I can escape my fate; and should he, notwithstanding all my precaution, kill me, all people would ask him, 'Crow's Head, who killed Blue Jacket —he was continually your companion?' Besides, as

long as I can make Crow's Head believe that I am of any important use to him, he will spare my life."

These confidences were not calculated to inspire me with sympathy in respect either to Blue Jacket or Crow's Head. But, on the other hand, I was not particularly interested in preventing the cattle-stealing, as I then only possessed Old Cream, a mare of most capital intrinsic virtues, but of so shabby an appearance that, to a thief, she presented no temptation.

My next neighbours were seven Frenchmen, living together in a small cabin, on a place which they called Low Point. Six of them were deserters from French men-of-war, and had for many previous years tried all the varied fortunes of a vagrant life on the islands and shores of the Pacific Ocean. The eldest of them—and a very kind-hearted fellow too—had even been, for a year or so, a regular pirate on a small scale. His three fellow pirates had been hanged. Now, the six mariners and a late trumpeter of the Parisian Garde Mobile were very harmless and honest fishermen, who worked hard all the day long, and got up little domestic concerts in their rare hours of recreation.

On the opposite side, and nearly at the same distance from my house, there was another French settlement of five fishermen. All these twelve fishermen owned nothing in the form of cattle except a goat, which, of course, was a most precious one, as it had come with its master from France round the Cape Horn. Its loss would have been felt as a public calamity in both colonies. But, as it always remained with its master, and accompanied him even in travelling, either by land or by sea, there was no great danger to be apprehended from the thieves. Had there not been persons more interested in checking

the cattle-stealing than the Frenchmen and myself, the thieves would have been quite at their ease on our little peninsula.

But besides the hunting and fishing people there was also a regular farmer, called the Irish Captain, although he was neither Irish nor a captain. By birth he was a Dane, and by trade he had been all his whole life a farmer. The Irish Captain had a stock of cattle, and a very valuable one, too, as his oxen ploughed the land, and his cows produced milk. Both the oxen and cows were emigrants. Californian bullocks—oxen there were none—would not work in a plough, and the Californian cows defied all human industry to get milk from them. They would rather die than give milk to any one except their calves.

A little further in the interior, on the other side of the mountain range, was the Cornelia Rancho, a Californian manor-house constructed of rough beams, and surrounded, instead of gardens and parks, by an immense extent of mud, on which pigs and dogs basked in the sun, and little black birds, in a most familiar manner, picked up the vermin from them. Señora Cornelia was a native grandee of California: a kind of duchess or marchioness. She claimed the right of property over four or five hundred square miles. Some thousand heads of cattle belonged still to her, although the herds had greatly diminished since the invasion of foreigners that had taken place after the discovery of gold. She looked very magnificent when she was in full dress, adorned with gold chains, pearls, and jewels, seated in a waggon at least as large as Gordon Cumming's African hunting waggon, now exhibited in Piccadilly, and slowly drawn by two bullocks and ten or sixteen mules over

the country, unprovided with roads. But such occasions of great state were rather rare. In her house generally she wore an old broad-brimmed straw hat, her son's boots, a loose white shirt, and a short petticoat of coarse red flannel. Besides her son, about twenty years of age, a Portuguese adventurer filled the place of prime minister, and ruled over twenty or thirty Indian servants. But prince-hereditary, premier, and all the subordinate servants were of little service, since the aspect of the country had been so entirely altered. No one in the Cornelia Rancho was able to speak English, or, as it was called there, American, the only language for official, and the common one for commercial business. Moreover, the population that had inhabited California before the annexation to the States, was commonly regarded as belonging to an inferior race, in consequence of which it was extremely difficult for them either to repel encroachments upon their property, or to assert their right in a court of law.

The Irish Captain was not slow in availing himself of the disadvantageous position under which Señora Cornelia was labouring. He proposed to her that he would take care of her cattle, and sell it at the best prices possible, on the condition that he should have one half of the money realized. Señora Cornelia held a long privy council, and then reluctantly accepted the proposal.

This done, the Irish Captain called a general meeting. In a very impressive speech he suggested a kind of covenant, by virtue of which each one was bound to take care of the property of his neighbours, and to withstand aggressions with armed force, if necessary.

The Frenchmen joined with all their hearts from mere love of excitement. So I alone could not have

opposed the motion without endangering my position, even if I had been inclined to do so. But I had weighty reasons, too, for wishing that a kind of police should be established, not only for the benefit of the cattle, but also for my own personal security.

I was alone, and lodged, as I have before mentioned, just on the extreme point of the peninsula. All boats that went up or down the bay were obliged to double it, on which occasion it frequently happened that people came on shore, and made my house the object of repeated attacks, especially during night. To shoot me in my bed would have been a very easy task. The boards of which the walls were made had large crevices, and, at all events, would have proved an insufficient security against rifle-balls. Therefore I fastened a second range of planks round my bed, at the distance of about one foot from the wall, and filled up the intermediate space with sand. As a further precaution against cases of extreme danger, I constructed a powder mine under the threshold, which I could set fire to any moment I should find it necessary to do so. But my greatest safeguard was a loose plank on the ground-floor. When I was beset by superior numbers, I could lift it up, and slip through an aperture into the room under the house. Thence I crept unobserved into the long, high grass, which grew at the back of the house, and then, describing a wide circuit, I came behind the back of the besiegers, whence, sheltered by stones and holes, and sure of an easy retreat, I opened fire from my double-barrelled rifle.

Although I had hitherto always succeeded in victoriously repelling aggressors, my position had been sometimes very dangerous, and, at all events, it was by no

means a pleasant night's entertainment after a hard day's work, to get up from my bed, and to move like a snake in the cold air and wet grass—I would fain have it stopped, and the sooner the better.

Some days after the Irish Captain had succeeded as well in the public meetings as in the closet of the Cornelia Rancho, a boat laden with stolen beef was captured, and the cattle-thieves were taken prisoners, by the Frenchmen of Low Point. The thieves were tied, put under a boat turned upside down, and closely watched. Meanwhile, the heroes of the day kindled a large fire, and prepared out of the booty a real Homeric meal, on which they feasted until early the next morning, when the prisoners were marched to San Francisco, and handed over to the civil authorities, by the Captain himself. He was rather elated by the first splendid success. But when the Frenchmen came next time to the town, they saw the supposed prisoners strut very majestically, in the best caballero attitude, on Long Wharf,—the principal market-place of San Francisco. As soon as the thieves observed the Frenchmen, they became so abusive to them that the poor fellows were obliged to pull away their boats at full speed, without even selling the fish they came to dispose of. This news, when it reached our peninsula, produced general indignation against the magistrates in the town; and the excitement reached its highest pitch when it was known, next day, that in the previous night all the milk-cows of the Irish Captain had been butchered and carried away. A second general meeting was immediately held.

The Irish Captain made another very clever speech. It would be foolish, he said, to hope for redress of our griefs from the judicial authorities. To be convinced

thereof we had only to look upon the way in which the cattle-stealing was carried on. A butcher, when short of meat, generally lent a small sum of money, say ten or fifteen dollars, to a native caballero, who, of course, gambled and lost all he possessed. The caballero would not have troubled himself about repaying his debt, but that he wished to get some more money from the butcher. When he came back to the latter to tell his misfortune, he found that his creditor was a very reasonable man. "If you have no money," the butcher said, "never mind, you may pay me in beef instead of dollars." The caballero accepted this liberal proposal, and the butcher provided him with a boat, some guns, ammunition, provisions, brandy, and some more dollars. So the caballero, accompanied by two or three friends, set out for the purpose of killing and carrying away any cattle they could get hold of. As they knew the country well, they generally succeeded in their enterprise, and their employer was provided with cheap meat. In case, however, they were taken prisoners, the butcher was bound by honour, and much more by interest, to support them. The butcher had his lawyer, and the lawyer had great influence with the magistrates. Generally speaking, the thieves were set at liberty the same day. If, however, the case were a more serious one, and the plaintiffs had powerful relations, then the butcher himself came forth, and his fellow-butchers, and their clients, and friends, and all that numerous class of people who had an interest in defeating the ends of justice. The authorities, if they did not connive at, were, at all events, too weak to withstand so powerful a force against them, and yielded—sometimes after the show of a mock trial.

With this introductory statement the Irish Captain moved that the inhabitants of the peninsula should form themselves into a permanent committee, and take upon themselves all the duties of police and courts-martial. No suspected persons should be allowed to land. Thieves and other criminals should be tried before the committee, and if found guilty, executed on the spot.

The Captain's motion was passed without opposition. This, our Committee of Vigilance, although one of the last in importance, was the first organized in California that I have ever heard of, and was called into action as early as the next night. At midnight, when I was asleep, I was aroused by the arrival of a large party on foot and on horseback. It was the Irish Captain with the Frenchmen from Low Point, who had received hints that a great number of thieves were preparing for an expedition into our peninsula, in order to avenge the supposed injury the three cattle-stealers had sustained. I was summoned to my post. After this, the Captain and his followers proceeded to the second French settlement.

I must confess I was in no haste to dress. Go and fight for the cattle of the Irish Captain! I did not much like the idea. While I was thus musing, I heard the report of fire-arms. The cracks of discharged rifles possess the particularly intoxicating power upon most men's minds that commonly is ascribed to the smell of gunpowder alone. In one moment I was out of the house, had locked the door, and had run up to the most prominent part of the mountain range, in order to ascertain where the fight was going on. All had become silent again.

After I had been watching there for some time, I

saw suddenly my house lighted up. Was it burning? No. There was a large fire kindled before the door, and some strange forms moved round it. I doubted not for a moment that these men were the vanguard of the expected army of thieves. I descended the hill in search of the Irish Captain. When I met him and his little army, I was informed that they had encountered no enemy, and that the shots I had heard were from their own guns. Then I told them what I had observed before my house. In a moment all were in marching order. I was despatched with two men to fetch the boat, and so to cut off the retreat of the enemy, whom the Irish Captain, at the head of the main force, was to attack directly.

When, having dragged the boat high up in the sand, and taken away with me the oars and sail, I joined the main body of the army, I found that they had taken two prisoners. The Irish Captain was just fastening a rope round the neck of one of them, and the Portuguese Premier was busily engaged in fixing a beam to the corner of my house, which was intended to serve as the gibbet. The prospect of two human bodies hanging all night so near my bed, was not a cheerful one. Perhaps influenced by this feeling, I inquired if the prisoners, in so short a time, could have been tried and condemned? The Irish Captain, excited with brandy and vengeance, returned me a rather coarse rebuke for my troublesome question. "Read the testimonial of crime written in their faces," he exclaimed; "and if you, after having done so, can doubt any longer about their being thieves, you must be out of your senses."

In spite of so positive an assertion, I saw only two unhappy wretches, who had committed on former occa-

sions probably more than one crime, but who were now too miserable to be dangerous. It was wholly repugnant to my feelings to permit the execution to take place on such slight grounds. I won over the Frenchmen to my side, and then, being in the majority, I unfastened the ropes from the necks of the chosen victims, and pulled down the intended gallows.

The prisoners I locked up in one of the empty houses. The next morning, at eleven o'clock, they were still sleeping; and when I awoke them, "Sir," said the most communicative of the two to me, "we slept delightfully in this comfortable mansion. For more than five months we have not had the opportunity of passing a single night under the shelter of a roof."

"And were you not afraid last night, when you had the rope round your neck?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Death, with a clear conscience, is no misfortune. I was more afraid of being eaten by a grisly bear; as with respect to these ferocious beasts I have not so good a conscience, being bent on hunting and killing them. In order to prevent the bears from approaching us during the night, we kindled that large fire."

At the distance of more than fifteen miles, there were no grisly bears to be found; and had my prisoners, by an unaccountable caprice of fate, encountered one of these beasts, they would not have dared to attack it with such a weapon as their only gun was, even if they had been as courageous as the proudest preux-chevalier of bygone ages. Therefore it seemed to me very improbable that my interlocutor and his companion really were hunters.

"You are Sydney men?" I said to him.

"O yes, sir, we are. I lived six years a convict's life in Australia, and my friend eight. But I was innocent."

In consequence of such slang, my interlocutor was afterwards called the Pharisee. I ordered the prisoners to collect and bring to my house as much wood as they had burnt last night; and then, after having cautioned both not to return, lest they should place their lives in danger, I sent them away. The next morning, however, the Pharisee came again to my house. He wished to buy, for one real, provisions worth some hundred reals. I gave him what little I could spare.

"Now, go," I said to him; "and do remember that it would be utter madness to return any more."

"Madness!" he exclaimed with a sneer, "Madness! I have been much more mad than I should be in exposing myself to be hanged. 'It is impossible to love and be wise; for whosoever esteemeth too much amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom.' I did so, sir,—I did so, and became the miserable wretch I am now.—But the will of God must be fulfilled," he added, after a pause, resuming his usual expression of devotion.

Certainly he was a strange fellow, and his quotation from Bacon's Essays struck me the more, as I had not for a long time heard any word that betrayed a better education than that essential for a common mercantile business. Hoping that he would become more communicative, and tell me the adventures of his life, I invited the Pharisee to partake of my breakfast in my house. But he wished me, in a dry manner, good-bye, under the pretext that his companion was waiting for him on a barren rock in the bay.

The will of God, as the Pharisee called it, was fulfilled shortly afterwards. The same week, when I

returned one evening from my hunting, I observed in the twilight a corpse hanging on a tree. On examining it more closely, I recognised the Pharisee, quite dead, and stiff. Beside the Pharisee, I found two corpses more, the hands tied, and shot through the forehead. I could not doubt that regular executions were taking place; but never did I ask, and never was I told, who were the judges or the executioners of the supposed criminals.

The state of personal safety in the neighbouring country was nearly the same as on our peninsula. The same causes had worked the same effects. Cattle-stealing was shamelessly carried on, and similar committees for hanging the thieves, either permanent or convocated for the purpose, had sprung up all around. Justice or injustice was dealt out at once, and severely; not by means of regularly established courts representing the whole nation, but by small bodies of the people. Sometimes, indeed, these bodies were very small. For instance, on the 27th of February, there was a corpse found on the high road from San Francisco to the Pueblo San Jose, then the capital of the State. It was shot through the breast, and to the bottom button-hole of the jacket was a long piece of paper fastened—much of the same form as I had seen, when a boy, in my mother's larder, tied to large bottles of preserves, to indicate their contents. On this piece of paper was to be read, in very legible characters:

> I shot him because he stole my mule.
> John Andrew Anderson,
> Anderson Rancho, Santa Clara Valley.

I have altered the names, but the address was quite as full as this. Certainly, John Andrew Anderson was

not a murderer; in his opinion he had only administered justice. Since ten or twelve private men could do so, why not one?

Thieves and criminals in general were in California, as they probably are everywhere else, the least disposed set of men to become martyrs to their vocation, and retired for safety from the country to the larger towns. Popular justice, as it was called there, was in the more numerous communities not so easily administered as in the country; for the simple reason that five men will agree more readily than five hundred. And although five men were perfectly sufficient to hang a thief in a creek of the Chaster River, five hundred would have been too small a number to erect a gibbet on the Plazza of San Francisco or Sacramento city. Consequently, while men like the Irish Captain and John Andrew Anderson were so awfully expeditious in hanging and shooting the thieves, the criminals in the towns had only to deal with the cautious and mean-spirited magistrates.

Crimes in the towns increased rapidly. An actor was shot even on the stage, when performing his part—I believe, of King Lear. It was clear that some extraordinary measure must be had recourse to, since Judge Campbell, with his colleagues and subordinates, proved now as utterly unable to protect the townspeople, as they formerly had been inadequate to protect the country population. The same reasons which, a month before, the Irish Captain had propounded on our peninsula, were now debated in the newspapers and streets of the town. And here, too, they were not without effect. The population of the towns began to set aside laws and magistrates, and to administer a kind of justice

of their own, similar to that in the country and diggings.

The executions in Sacramento city became soon very celebrated for the awful majesty of their law. On the Grands Jours, all day long, teams, horsemen, and pedestrians poured into the town from every direction; and thousands of miners and strangers from the country came in to witness the exciting scenes. In the evening, the multitude, the committee, and the culprits were assembled on the Plazza round a large fire, the sentence was solemnly read, and then the criminals were hanged. The office of hangman was reserved as a post of honour for the most respectable citizen of the town in respect of wealth and standing in society. But he paid dearly for this honour. Two days after his first performance he was shot.

While Sacramento city followed the example of the other localities, San Francisco alone held up the laws and established authorities. San Francisco was not only the most populous town, but a considerable part of its inhabitants, as being wealthier than the people elsewhere, were less inclined to support any kind of revolutionary measures. They preferred debates in the town-hall and in the newspapers to achievements in the streets and public places. Not that they were satisfied with their judges and lawyers. The *Alta California*, their acknowledged organ of the public press, declared openly: "If ever any country were cursed with that worst bane of society, irresponsible, incompetent, and corrupt judges, the community of California is the one so afflicted." But the upper classes were even more afraid of the excited multitudes than of daring thieves and corrupt judges. Not so the middle classes. The

grocers, bakers, and—for they had themselves become the victims of thefts—the butchers, were fully confident in their own strength, and recommended lynch-law in the most rigorous manner. "Except the extreme measure of hanging by the neck, nothing can disturb the culprits' equanimity." This phrase from the *Californian Herald* became their watchword. Meanwhile, the judges were grossly insulted in their public sittings by the populace. It became necessary to protect the judges in the courts and the criminals in the prisons by armed force. One evening an immense crowd gathered round the new country prison and demanded peremptorily that a murderer should be given up to them. The militia at last yielded, and the crowd rushed into the prison. But the cells were empty. The jailers and prisoners had effected their escape through a back-door. Such scenes were repeated at short intervals.

While thus the excitement at San Francisco was daily increasing, it was suddenly announced in all the streets—in all the houses, but nobody could or would tell by what authority—that the upper classes having yielded to the general wish, several thousands of the most respectable citizens, bankers, merchants, and mechanics, belonging to all nations, and even some citizens of the Celestial empire among them, had formed themselves into a Vigilance Committee. Shortly afterwards large placards were fixed to the walls of the houses, containing the regulations under which the new committee was to administer justice in the town. The tolling of the bell of the monumental fire-engine house upon the Plazza, was the signal for the members to assemble fully armed.

The 9th of June 1851 was as bright a day as in

southern climates alone can be witnessed. The bay lay before me smooth and calm, reflecting like a mirror the sky and the mountains. Pelicans, swans, and an infinite number of minor aquatic birds moved to and fro. I was enjoying this scene, and preparing for a hunting excursion, when I observed Blue Jacket, whom I had not seen for a long time, hurrying down the mountain-range.

"Crow's Head is prisoner of the Vigilance Committee!" he exclaimed, when he had approached near enough to be heard, "and you must go immediately to town and try to save him."

While Blue Jacket was catching and saddling Old Cream, he told me that he would not much care for Crow's Head, only that he apprehended this most cunning of all criminals would contrive to get away even from the hands of the committee.

"In this case," Blue Jacket concluded, "he would kill me to a certainty if I had not done all that is possible to save him. I, of course, dare not present myself before the members of the committee, so you must go."

I rode to San Francisco. The bell was tolling from the engine-house, and an immense crowd was assembled before the committee-rooms. I tried to get access; but in vain. The house was closely watched, and the orders were strict. I asked then if Crow's Head was to be executed? "There are three scoundrels who will be served right," was the answer. In the evening the adjoining streets were lighted by torches. At last two members of the committee came down-stairs, and read the confessions of the culprits to a long list of crimes, committed under various names. "And the committee has passed sentence of death upon them," the orator

added. A general approval was the answer. A priest was admitted to the convicts. About a quarter of an hour later, six or seven hundred members of the Vigilance Committee, three abreast, came forth from the committee-house. The procession, with the culprits handcuffed and pinioned, nearly in the centre, moved on to the Plazza; formed round the gallows a hollow square; and the execution took place. I recognised the stout figure and ghastly face of Crow's Head above the crowd, dangling in the air.

When the crowd had dispersed, there remained the excitement of joyous triumph through the town, and quantities of champagne and punch were drunk in the stores, which served for drawing-rooms to the merchants as well.

The next day the principal newspapers published the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee at full length, but without inserting the names of the judges.

From that night the sovereign authority of the Vigilance Committee was established. The constituted authorities, however, did not discontinue such business as was left them. His Honour, Mayor Brenham, remained in office, and issued a proclamation, desiring "all good citizens to withdraw from the Vigilance Committee, or associations of like character." Judge Campbell, of the Court of Sessions, held his assizes on the appointed days, and charged the grand jury, "that all those concerned in the illegal executions had been guilty of murder, or were *participes criminis*." Lawyers sued for *habeas corpus* on behalf of the prisoners in the hands of the committee, and in some instances even of the corpses of the executed, and the writs were granted or withheld according to the private opinions of the

judges. His excellency the governor of the State of California, Mr. Dougal, threatened it with the horrors of civil war. But all the proclamations of the governor, the mayors, and judges, as well as the writs of *habeas corpus*, remained of no effect.

In some instances the constituted authorities and the Vigilance Committees even acted together. In Sacramento city, for instance, the regular court of assizes had pronounced the sentence of death upon three culprits, Thomson, Gibson, and Robinson. But Robinson was believed to be less guilty than the others, and the governor of the State had suspended his execution. Almost immediately after the respite was known, a committee of citizens was formed, and was even acknowledged by the mayor of the town, Hardenburgh, who appeared before them, and requested to know if he was to leave the prisoners in the hands of the sheriff? When Thomson and Gibson were preparing for death, and the sheriff directed the judicial executions, the committee caused a third gallows to be erected on the same spot, and Robinson to be hanged. After the execution, his excellency the governor was hanged too; but, fortunately for him, only in effigy.

Order seemed to be re-established. But this expectation, too, proved to be unfounded. Among the prisoners were three criminals, Mackenzie, Wittaker, and Mary Ann Hogan, who had made disclosures so important, and, as it was believed, implicating so many persons of high standing, that the committee resolved to reserve the trial of this case to itself. Upon Mackenzie and Wittaker the sentence of death was passed, and the 21st of August was appointed for their execution.

Meanwhile, during the night before the execution,

the governor of the States had obtained from Myron Norton, Judge of the Supreme Court, a writ of *habeas corpus*, which he placed in the hands of Sheriff Hays and Deputy Sheriff Copperton for immediate use. At half-past three o'clock in the morning, the governor, the two sheriffs, the mayor, city-marshal, and six police-officers entered clandestinely the room of the Vigilance Committee. The guards were surprised, and the two prisoners were hurried off in full speed to the county jail. But now the bell from the engine-house began tolling, and the people and members of the committee moved in crowds towards the committee-house. When it was known that the prisoners were rescued, the indignant crowd rushed towards the prison in order to retake possession of the convicts. The prison, however, was well defended, and on its roof there were posted the magistrates concerned in the rescue, the police force, and a body of well-armed citizens, ready to repel, from their advantageous position, any attack that should be made. Although much superior in numbers, the crowd dared not assail them. For two days the prison was besieged without effect. Then the people became tired, and dispersed. When all hope of recapturing the prisoners seemed to be lost, on Sunday morning, the 27th of August, the bell of the Vigilance Committee tolled with unusual vivacity, and at the same moment, a carriage and two splendid grey horses were seen dashing through the streets towards the committee-house. As the people poured out of the houses, it was directly known that some members of the committee had, by a daring and sudden attack, succeeded in recapturing the two prisoners from the county jail during the performance of Divine service, and had conveyed them

again into the prison of the Vigilance Committee. The excitement was immense, and in an incredibly short space of time fifteen thousand people were assembled before the committee-house, venting their approbation in wild shouts. Some minutes later, the two re-captured prisoners were hanged from the windows of the committee-room. It was with much satisfaction observed that from the moment of capturing the prisoners in the county prison till their final execution only seventeen minutes had elapsed. The public opinion and the press declared that the Vigilance Committee had redeemed their honour, and the only circumstance the *Alta California* found fault with was, that one or two of the committee very indecorously had appeared at the threshold of the window from which the poor wretches had the instant before passed into eternity, and seemed to recognise acquaintances among the populace: exhibiting very little reverence for the sacredness and solemnity of death.

Proclamations followed from all sides, but were nothing better than empty words. It was clear to the most partial eyes that the victory remained with the committee, and the unbecomingly clandestine way in which the highest authorities of the State had stooped to act, without success, betrayed too obviously their own consciousness of weakness. Arrived at the height of popularity and power, the Vigilance Committee acted wisely in desisting from further interference with the administration of criminal law. They acted wisely, too, in not dissolving. The whole organization remained unaltered, and imparted to the office-holders as well as to the criminals the persuasion of the undeniable truth, that at any moment, when necessary, the committee

could again repress crime and protect their members against either legal or illegal persecution in consequence of the duties they had performed. Even the preachers acknowledged from the pulpit that the Vigilance Committee had deserved great praise in delivering the country, at least for some time to come, from serious evils.

The annexation of California added to the United States a fertile country, with a mild climate, splendid harbours on the Pacific, and immense riches of gold. But, on the other hand, it established a nursery of atrocious crimes, that were believed no longer to exist except among savages. This bane of human society was not confined to California alone. Hundreds of thousands of American citizens who had undergone the brutalizing influence of Californian life, returned to their former homes, and if we read now of Missouri-men scalping their fellow-citizens in Kansas, and parading the bloody scalps before an applauding populace, we may, not without great probability, suppose that there is some connexion between these scenes of horror and the barbarities committed in the diggings of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers."

VII.

THAT a man of Bergenroth's nature could not permanently put up with this kind of lawless and savage life is self-evident. He had taken to it, at an emergency, with the indomitable resolution of his character, just as, if thrown into the sea, he would have struck out lustily in the water—simply because this was most conformable to the exigencies of his situation. As soon as ever he had the means of extricating himself from these strange relatives he did so. Having received at last a supply of money from Europe,—a former one having by some means miscarried,—Bergenroth forthwith shook the dust of his nondescript kingdom from off his feet, and sailed, on 15th April 1851, from San Francisco for Acapulco, whence, crossing the continent to Mexico and the Havannah, he proceeded, *vid* New York, to Europe, and before the end of the year was back in Bonn, on the Rhine, to report to his comrades the results of his observations. Here he was doomed to encounter grievous disappointment. Bergenroth had lost none of the energy of his resolution under the stern privations he had borne. He came back with the belief that the contemplated settlement was feasible, and a ready disposition to promote it. But in the interval many who had before been willing to join had under-

gone marked changes of mind. Some had come to terms with the ruling powers, others had simply lost heart; in a word, the original association had become disintegrated, and there was no longer any bond of common action for those who before had been partners in enthusiastic aims. This experience first soundly awakened Bergenroth to the fact of his having been all along under the influence of considerable illusion in his views of political parties and prospects,—a sobering process confirmed by the Paris *coup-d'état*, of the incidents of which Bergenroth was an eye-witness. He now felt that the Socialist party was trodden under heel for many a day, and that the peculiar Radicalism with which he had been connected by the errors of its professors, stood confessed of impotency, and as a power was for long destroyed.

During the next few years Bergenroth was without fixed occupation, and led a roaming life. At one time he resided in Frankfort, but here, at demand of the Prussian police, he was exposed to wanton annoyance. For a while he was engaged in writing his travels, but then threw aside the manuscript. He visited France, and afterwards Italy, where he made a lengthened stay in various parts. In 1854 he was met in Florence by an English gentleman, to whom he spoke of literary projects he was anxiously contemplating. At this time he acted as tutor in a German family. Meanwhile his very slender means were gradually being eaten up, until Bergenroth saw himself driven to a point where he had before him an anything but smiling prospect. It was then that he took the determination to concentrate his powers of mind and his means on the composition of some great literary work which might bring him money. The subject that presented itself to his mind as a fitting theme

was the history of the Tudor period. To England, accordingly, Bergenroth betook himself, and he resolved to fix his abode in England, and engage in a thorough investigation of English records in the beginning of 1857. With the firm determination not to write from second-hand sources, he applied for access to the Record Office, which was granted, and from this time till 1860 London was his habitual place of residence. All the unsteady habits of previous years,—the taste for distraction, the irresistible thirst for periodical dissipation, were now exchanged for the strenuous assiduity of a student, without rest and without relaxation. The first fruit of his diligent study was in 1860, a German article on Wat Tyler, in Sybel's Historical Periodical, a very remarkable production, marked already by that massive vigour of survey which characterized Bergenroth's treatment of history. It is no narrative of merely microscopic detail, but a broadly philosophical account, clear, forcible, and masterly in demonstration of the causes that led to this movement, which no previous writer had fathomed. These causes Bergenroth found in the great grievances suffered by all the lower classes throughout the country, from the considerable rise in general prices, and especially in the intrinsic value of labour, consequent on the great mortality in these classes from the Black Death, while statutory enactments tyrannically forbade wages being over a fixed standard. This grievance, according to Bergenroth, affected not merely agricultural classes, but also pressed heavily on the working clergy, who, with heightened calls and heightened cost of living, were admitted to no higher emoluments. To this, and not to any prevailing infection of Wycliffian theology, Bergenroth

ascribes the prominent part taken by country priests in promotion of the movement.[1]

The same year there appeared, in another German periodical, the *Grenzboten*, a review of Professor Ranke's first volume of English History, which elicited the wrath of that distinguished historian's numerous disciples, and exposed Bergenroth to much literary enmity. It cannot be denied that this article breathed a spirit of harsh and arrogant criticism. It is disfigured by a tone of presumptuous disrespect towards an eminent writer of acknowledged standing, which shows that Bergenroth had not yet mastered that vein of arrogant self-confidence for which he had been noted in youth. It cannot surprise that so curtly worded a criticism should have profoundly irritated Professor Ranke's friends, and yet, apart from this defect in tone, the essay, as a substantive production, exhibits keen historical insight, and is pregnant with the distinctive and novel views which Bergenroth afterwards promulgated in a more elaborate form. No doubt there was something in Ranke's stippled style, and thin pen-and-ink mode of historical etching, which was ever distasteful to Bergenroth, who threw objects into massive groups, and brought out typical qualities with broad strokes. In an article on Mignet's "Rivalry between Charles V. and Francis," which appeared in 1866 in *Fraser's Magazine*, Bergenroth needlessly referred again to Ranke in a hasty manner, calculated to confirm the standing animosity of the latter's friends. Perhaps the following extract from a letter by Bergenroth to an English friend who criticised this article, may tend to assuage the anger of Ranke's followers, when they see from its candid language how

[1] A translation of this article will be found at page 270.

far Bergenroth was from being inflated with self-conceit and injustice towards their revered master :—

"*October* 16, 1866.

"How mild is your blame! I am not so indulgent towards myself. I am ashamed of my article in *Fraser*, and that is the hardest punishment that can befall me. My sally against Ranke is quite wanton, inexcusable, and thoroughly *de mauvais gout*. His History of Germany in the Reformation period is bad if viewed as the final result of historical writing, and the work of a master. It is good —very good—if taken as a step from worse to the less bad. But how many masters have there been in the world, and more than this, how many writers are there, who have so much merit as Ranke? What irritates me in Ranke is not this or that error of detail, but a false ground-tone, running all through, and which is deliberate. But what has this to do with Mignet? Could not I have left Ranke alone? The only excuse I can bring—if excuse it be—is that through long labours I am so unstrung that I can write only in a state of excitement, and in an excited frame of mind one cannot always be responsible for what one says. As regards Mignet, I am not so thoroughly convinced of my error. The 'pretty' Mignet, whose charmingly written Antonio Perez is a plagiarism, is a man of great talent. For instance, his three long chapters on the Duke of Bourbon are admirably written, contain so much novelty as to be quite new, and are so near the truth that nothing better can be expected from a Frenchman. The only fault is an admixture of national vanity, but in so small a dose as to be bearable. If we are to use the figure of speech about Greeks before Troy, who shall be the Nestor in the French camp? Thiers? Guizot? From the battle of Pavia Mignet's history becomes weaker, and what he says about Rome is simply wretched. It was my intention to have spoken of this in a second article, but I have criticised enough. Never again another review!"

As Bergenroth worked on at his task he became impressed with the conviction that the Records in this

country could not furnish adequate materials for the comprehensive history he contemplated. The manifold and many-sided relations of the political system of the Tudor age were not thoroughly unravelled to his penetrating mind in the revelations he could extract from the State-papers in our Record Office. The knowledge which he found himself baffled in the hope of finding here, he now inquiringly sought to gather in other quarters, and the quarter his inquisitive eye fastened on as the most promising of yield was Spain. In Simancas it was known lay the Archives of the great Spanish monarchy, in the Tudor time the centre pivot of European politics. Where else than there could exist the master-key to the tangled web of that age's intricate and perplexing woof of State doings? if only the Simancas Archives were opened to intelligent search! With the inexorable tenacity of narrow-minded prejudice, the Spanish authorities had till then forbidden access to the repositories in Simancas, except under conditions which were practically nugatory, inasmuch as they made the student dependent on the good-will of ignorant and grudging officials. For a foreigner with the light of real knowledge to search as he might like in the mighty repository, that was a favour hitherto never granted. Yet this was what a plain German student, with but at his command very little money, quite unknown to fame, and destitute of any exceptional protection in high quarters, had the self-confidence to set himself to effect, relying on sheer pluck and persevering intelligence alone for success. It was in the summer of 1860 Bergenroth took this spirited resolution; and the following letter, written jointly to his mother and sister, with whom he ever kept up close

and affectionate intercourse by letter, describes the circumstances under which he arrived at it :[1]—

"3 GEORGE STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE,
11*th July* 1860.

"MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER,—I give you many thanks for both your letters of the 4th. They came the more welcome that I had long waited for them. It looks as if a letter of mine did not reach you, but I cannot now give its date. I must confess that I have been both out of spirits and ill. When I am ill I cannot work, and my illness lasts now already upwards of four months. The weather is bad—we are still without real summer. To-day is so cold that I have a fire lit. As my illness is serious, I must submit to the doctor's prescriptions, who bids me reside some time in another climate. I shall therefore leave England for a while, and my plan is the following:—In Simancas, near Valladolid, in Old Castile, are the great Spanish State Archives, and in particular the correspondence of the Spanish Envoys with Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V. and Philip II. As these Archives have been hardly at all used by historians, only by Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Belgians, not at all by Germans and Englishmen, and as, next to the Vatican, they rank as the richest, I anticipate to make thus a goodly harvest. It is absolutely indispensable for me to see them. Simancas is a small village. If, therefore, I go there, I have country air in a different climate, and am able to prosecute my labours. I have applied to the Spanish authorities, and requested a permission to work in the Archives. The Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Schleinitz, has exerted himself, through the Prussian Envoy in Madrid, and so I am in hope of soon obtaining the permission, particularly as I have some slight acquaintance with the Director in the Ministerio de Fomento, in Madrid, who has always shown himself very courteous. As soon as ever

[1] The letters to his family have been translated from the German, of course, but the correspondence with Lord Romilly is printed as written by Bergenroth.

the permission comes, which may be this week, I shall start. This certainly involves heavy outlay. But what is to be done? Unless I strengthen myself, I shall hardly be able to survive the coming winter. Some portion of the cost of this journey I may probably cover by correspondence, still, in the most favourable event, only a portion. . . ."

This letter establishes that Bergenroth, at this time, was no longer viewed by the Prussian police as an outlaw, and refutes the report that he secured access to Simancas in the character of an Austrian. The allusion to contemplated correspondence refers to Mr. Hepworth Dixon's assurance that he would open the *Athenæum* to any communication Bergenroth might send from Simancas, and in this periodical there appeared accordingly a series of vivid letters, which first introduced Bergenroth to the notice of the Master of the Rolls. The official permission having come, Bergenroth left England. If his ardent temper ever fancied it would admit him to a free use of the Archives, actual contact with the realities of Simancas quickly dispelled such anticipations. There was yet ahead a long and wearisome struggle, before Bergenroth could boast of having really effected an entry into the innermost recesses of that jealously guarded repository, and of having really scanned the hidden mysteries of its secret treasures. But the first impression was not of disappointment. On the 30th August he wrote to his mother, "At last I am in Simancas, after much waiting and much delay. Laden with books, my journey was beset with difficulties, slow, and very costly. Nevertheless I do not regret it."

VIII.

It is from this point that Bergenroth's life acquires a public interest. The man of much erratic straying and desultory doings now had grown to steadiness, and through many entanglements and irregularities had struck at last into the serene light of a clear consciousness of purpose. What that purpose was, and with what unswerving energy of mind it was henceforth pursued, this it is the special object of these pages to show. The story of his life henceforth will mainly be told by Bergenroth himself in letters, written mostly to the Master of the Rolls and to his mother.[1] These we shall merely connect so as to make the narrative less fragmentary, for no account of Bergenroth's doings could equal in interest his own vivid utterances.

In the latter part of 1860, the *Athenæum* gave a series of communications from Simancas, which were generally remarked. They furnish a most life-like description of Bergenroth's first experiences there, so that we feel sure no excuse will be required for their insertion here:—

[1] It is a special duty to record here our sense of deep obligation to Lord Romilly for the great kindness with which he was pleased to put at our disposal his correspondence with Bergenroth, as also to tender cordial thanks to his relatives in Germany who, on application, forwarded many interesting communications. Without the assistance given from these two sources, it would not have been possible to put together this memoir. In addition, acknowledgment is due of many friendly services from Sir Thos. Duffus Hardy, as well as of valuable help from Mr. Friedmann, at divers times Bergenroth's comrade in his otherwise solitary labours at Simancas.

"SIMANCAS, *Sept.* 20, 1860.

"I AM duly installed as the only literary reader in the Archives of Simancas. When, early in the morning of the 20th of August, I first beheld Simancas, I must confess I felt a little low-spirited. Simancas is built on a hill which boldly slopes down to the water's edge of the Pisuerga. The narrow, old-fashioned stone bridge, with its seventeen arches, is not without 'grandeza,' and the castle and the village church, which repose in lonely carelessness on the summit, present themselves rather statelily in the rich and yet light and lofty sky of Castile. The place, though without a single tree, does not look melancholy. The place! But where is the place? Where are the houses? Besides the castle and the church, I can discern nothing but little irregular elevations, formed of the same light-coloured clay of which the hill consists, with here and there dark dots. Are those hillocks the houses, and the spots the windows and doors? It looks more like a large rabbit-warren. An unpromising prospect! Meanwhile, my carriage moved slowly uphill. Opposite the red-painted drawbridge of the castle there stands a house the front of which exhibits some attempts at whitewashing. It is the Parador della Luna, the only hotel of Simancas. I am warned against it. It is noisy, dirty, and dear: it swarms with fleas and other vermin; and yet all these inconveniences are said to be only trifles if compared with the musical propensities of the landlady. She plays the guitar. I know of Spanish ladies playing the guitar only from books, where they are rather interesting dark-eyed creatures. But all those who were acquainted with this lady from real life assured me, with the tone of deepest conviction, that none but drivers of bullock-carts could, for a single night, stand the music of the Lady della Luna. Thus, I passed on to the Plaza.

"The Plaza is a square formed by twelve of the above-mentioned elevations, which, seen from this side, are undoubtedly recognisable as houses. Each house contains two storeys, and each upper storey is provided with a balcony. Next to the Ayuntamiento, or Guildhall of

Simancas, is the Estanco Nacional—that is to say, the very modest shop where Pedro sells the bad tobacco and worse cigars of the Government. His social position is between a farmer and a mere journeyman. I do not much like the expression of his face. It indicates brutality. But I am recommended to him, and know no other soul a hundred miles around. Thus, after five minutes, I was an inmate in his house, and as I pay for his 'hospitality' a little dearer than I should have to pay in a first-rate hotel on the Rhine or in Switzerland, he will defend me against all other housekeepers in Simancas with the fierceness of an animal of prey.

"I have a drawing-room. It is not very grand. It is only nineteen feet in length and eleven in width. The door consists of a simple framework of wood, over which white canvas is spanned, already considerably the worse for wear and tear. I mended yesterday the largest holes of the door with needle and thread, which I had brought with me from London. The stitches were perhaps a little wide, but, on the whole, Pedro and his wife Mamerta were obliged to acknowledge that I had improved the room. However, of how little duration are improvements if they are against the spirit of the country! The cat of the house, accustomed all her life long to enter and leave my room through the holes in question, got so bewildered at my innovations that, with one desperate leap, she jumped right through the half-rotten canvas, and the holes are now larger than they were before. Never mind! Above the door hangs a portrait of 'San Ignacio de Loyola,' with the inscription—'Forbid the Evil One to enter through this door.' Thus, all is safe from this side. Opposite the door is the window, or rather another door, opening on the balcony, and, instead of canvas, provided with heavy wooden shutters. If I remain the winter in Simancas, Pedro has promised me—what?—a stove or a chimney?—no; some panes of glass, in order that I may shut the window without entirely excluding the light. The winter is here so cold that the river is often covered with ice.

"Behind my drawing-room there is a dark floor with still darker holes on either side, which serve as bed-rooms.

They have no doors. A linen sheet hangs before the opening; that is all. The first hole, or alcove as they call it, contains my bed, and the floor itself serves as common dressing-room. Such is the house, and the furniture is in perfect keeping with it. It is of a very primitive description, and by no means abundant. The beds alone make an exception. They are good, and the linen is as fine and as white as in rich English houses. My bed-cover and pillows are even provided with a rich trimming of lace worked in the country.

"Had I my drawing-room all to myself I might still maintain some independence, and, to a certain degree, live after my fashion. Such exclusion, however, is quite out of question. Mamerta enters my room whenever she likes, and markets from my balcony with the men and women who drive patient and highly-intelligent donkeys, laden with zandias (small water-melons), garbanzos, and other necessaries of Spanish life, from house to house and from village to village. Such donkey-drivers will occasionally stop under my window, and scream out in a vociferous voice the name of the 'Señora.' The best thing I can do under such circumstances is to leave my books, and to tell Mamerta, if she is in the kitchen, that she is wanted on the balcony. But my patience is still harder tried on certain days, when Athanasia, a robust girl of about twenty years of age, hangs my linen and that of the whole family over my balcony for drying, and then, with laudable resolution, sets to ironing it on my writing-table.

"However, it is time that I take my readers to the Archives—an old castle, with crenelated and loop-holed walls, deep moats, and drawbridges! Situated on the borders of Castile and Leon, it was in former times a place of great military importance, and as such confided to the keeping of the hereditary Admirals of Castile, till Isabella the Catholic confiscated the castle and its rich dependencies to the Crown, and Charles v. and Philip II. filled it with papers and parchments instead of guns and halberds. Although thus the destination of the place was entirely

changed, the hereditary Archiveros, or chief librarians of the family of Ayala, identified themselves so much with their predecessors, the Admirals, that they considered it their principal duty to defend the literary treasures in their keeping against all literary assailants. Robertson, when he wrote his History of Charles V., was among those to whom access was denied. It is superfluous to add that the Ayalas executed only the orders from Madrid, and that in those times, I think, none of the Governments in Europe were enlightened enough to admit students of history to the sources of their science. However, the strongest fortresses cannot hold out against a regular siege for an indefinite time. Thus, the fall of Simancas was unavoidable when the 'Spirit of the Age' earnestly attacked it. Simancas surrendered in 1844. M. Gachard, sent by the Belgian Government, and M. Tiran, sent by the French Ministry, entered the Archives, and, for more than a year, rummaged its dusty contents. Don Hilarion Ayala, the Archivero—may it be mentioned by the way that he was the most honest and most kind-hearted of men—did not long survive the fall of the old system. He died the next year.

"His successor was not Don Jacobo Ayala, his nephew and rightful heir, but Don Manuel Garcia, the first officer of the Archives. Don Manuel, after having been occupied nearly fifty years with reading the Records, knows them better than any man now alive. I have found him and all the other *employés*, down to Zamora, the stately porter, always ready to render me all possible assistance. Besides, the papers are, and I think always were, in good order, and the catalogue, though it is far from being perfect, is still of some use.

"Simancas contains considerably more than 100,000 Legajos, or bundles. The number of records which constitute one Legajo varies from ten or twelve to more than one hundred. Thus it is difficult, even approximately, to calculate the number of State-papers preserved in the forty-six rooms of the old castle; but they must amount to some millions. The collection, therefore, is very considerable.

But there are larger Archives than those of Simancas. The oldest document of importance is a kind of Landbook of Castile, which was compiled in the reign of Peter the Cruel. It contains a description of all the landed property in this kingdom, with the names of the proprietors and the taxes and other charges laid on it. In plan and execution it resembles our Doomsday Book. It is only more detailed. However, as the reign of Peter the Cruel began in the year 1350, antiquity is not the boast of the Archives of Simancas. There are collections of much older records even in Spain. Besides, for rather more than a century after Peter the Cruel, the information which can be gathered in Simancas remains scanty. The Records do not grow rich and full before the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. But once arrived at this period, the reader will be astonished at the copiousness and high historical value of the papers here to be found. They continue increasing in number and in importance as long and almost at the same rate as the power of Spain was growing, attain their highest perfection under Philip the First, and gradually lose their interest when we come to those reigns under which Spain had already submitted to the position of a second-rate power in Europe. I have no doubt that from about 1480 to the end of the first quarter of the seventeenth century the Archives of Simancas surpass all the other archives I am acquainted with.

"Rome may be richer. I have tried hard to get access to the Papal Records. The Eminences and Monsignori are by far too amiable to answer with a rude denial. They have ordered people to show me some trifles, and then assured me that their Archives contained nothing more on the subject in question than what I had seen. A mere mockery. The fact is, that the Roman Archives are inaccessible to any independent student. Belgium and the Netherlands once possessed excellent public records, but Spain has carried them off. The Belgian Government was obliged to send M. Gachard to Simancas, in order to have copies of their own State-papers. The fate of the English

Archives is sufficiently known. There was a time when the officers trusted with the keeping of them treated them a little better than a heap of waste paper. A portion is rotten, and a greater portion was purloined. The Cotton Manuscripts in their present state, though they contain a great number of most interesting documents, show only the greatness of the loss. In France prevailed the custom to preserve the originals of the treaties and charters in the Trésor des Chartes, whilst the correspondence and memorials relating to them were deposited in the Chambre des Comptes of Paris. The most valuable collection of the Trésor des Chartes is, I think, entire, whilst the papers in the Chambre des Comptes were destroyed by fire. The Imperial Archives, containing the State-papers of Maximilian the First and Charles the Fifth, as far as they concern Germany, were about fifteen years ago transported from Innspruck to Vienna, and the Academy of Sciences of this latter city has published a most valuable selection from them under the title of 'Monumenta Hapsburgica.' Many records are of general historical interest, and many curious notices, even respecting England, can be gathered from them. But, on the whole, the volumes of the 'Monumenta Hapsburgica' are without comparison inferior to the Legajos of Simancas, except for the writer of a special history of Austria. As for the Monumenta of the Archives themselves I am unable to speak, as I have not yet seen them.

"The Records of Simancas have escaped the fate of the English and French State-papers. They were never so much neglected as to be permitted to perish by rot and worms. The moats and thick stone walls of the castle have secured them against fire. Private persons (and their names are as well known in Simancas as in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) have carried away some interesting letters, but their absence is scarcely perceptible in the enormous amount of similar correspondence. The only great calamity which has befallen the Archives of Simancas is that of the Peninsular War. It consisted,

according to the most received opinion, in two distinct facts :—namely, 1st, in the spoliation of the Archives by the Emperor Napoleon the First; and 2dly, in the wanton destruction of numerous records by the French soldiers quartered in the castle. About the spoliation there is no doubt, and it is equally certain that the French Government, when obliged to restore its plunder, only imperfectly fulfilled its obligation. There are now certain pigeon-holes in the Archives of Simancas covered with a paper on which is written 'Los Documientos estan en Paris;' and M. Teulet of the Archives de France, who, be it observed by the way, is of opinion that all the State-papers of Simancas would be of greater use if they were in his keeping, treats them with tender care. This loss comprises about three hundred Legajos, which certainly are not the least interesting. As they, however, relate only to the negotiations between Spain and France, and as even 300 out of 100,000 Legajos form but a small portion, the character of the Archives as a whole is not materially changed by their absence.

"As for the destruction of State-papers by French soldiers, I must confess my incredulity. I have tried my best to get reliable information on this subject, and the result of my inquiries is the following :—No officer of the Archives, nor any other person of a more liberal education, who has witnessed the behaviour of the French soldiers, is now alive in Simancas or in its vicinity. On the whole, I have discovered only three eye-witnesses. The one is a lady, who formerly was rich, but now lives in very reduced circumstances in the village of Aroyo. She goes so far as to accuse me of having, in company with Napoleon the First, plundered Spain. She is already in dotage. The other witnesses are two rather intelligent farmers in Simancas. I have heard them separately, but their depositions are to the same effect :—One day, when a strong breeze was blowing, the French soldiers in the castle amused themselves with throwing Legajos from the uppermost balcony, and the papers, of course, were carried far away by the wind.

'The neighbouring field looked as though it were covered with snow.' As soon, however, as the commanding officer was informed of what was going on, he not only stopped these singular proceedings, but also ordered, under his own superintendence, all the Records carefully to be collected and restored to the Archives. Another circumstance, my witnesses continued, caused at those times much disagreeable feeling among the Spaniards. The French soldiers smoked their pipes in the castle, and lighted them with burning paper. What kind of paper that was none could tell with certainty, but the belief prevailed that the French burnt the Records.

"Thus far the witnesses. Their evidence does not go far in establishing the destruction of the Archives by the French. But all suspicion, I think, must disappear, if we consider that neither the officers nor the readers in the Archives have, during the space of fifty years, discovered any papers missing, except those which are in Paris, or purloined by the gentlemen already hinted at. Don Manuel Garcia, who entered the service in the Archives only a few years after the French occupation, is of opinion that the papers burned by the soldiers, if they belonged at all to the Archives, cannot have been taken from the Records, but from the 'Conteria,'—that is to say, the office of the accountant for the expenses of the administration; as, for instance, paper, ink, and other things, used in the Archives. Such a loss would not be great.

"If we sum up, we come to the conclusion that the Archives of Simancas, though not intact, have suffered much less than those of England, France, and Belgium. The consequence is that the reader generally finds in them the papers concerning the great political transactions during the sixteenth century, as complete as though he were studying a modern negotiation in the Foreign Office."

"SIMANCAS, *October* 1860.

"THE Archives of Simancas form the 'Archivo General' of Spain, that is to say, they are destined to receive only

such papers as relate to what is sometimes called 'high policy.' Documents of minor importance, or of merely local interest, are preserved in their respective Provincial Archives, of which some, as, for instance, those of Santiago, are said to be very important. I do not doubt that much useful information can be gathered from them; but on the whole, I suspect that they are valuable only to the student of Spanish domestic history. However that may be, besides Simancas, there are two more collections of historical documents in Spain which are of general interest.

"One of these, at Barcelona, is filled with the records of the kingdom of Aragon. They go back to the earliest periods of Spanish history, and come down to so late a time as the sixteenth century. Aragon was an independent kingdom till after the death of Ferdinand the Catholic (1516). I am reliably informed that the Archives of Barcelona are kept in perfect order, and provided with good catalogues. As far as I know, they are untrodden ground. The student who first ventures on a search in them may discover precious treasures, even with respect to the history of our country. The relations between Aragon and England were, at certain times, not uninteresting, and during the last twelve years of that kingdom, of a most curious character.

"The other Archives which deserve special attention are those 'de las Indias' in Seville, where the records relating to the Spanish discoveries and settlements in America and Asia are carefully preserved. It is self-evident that few Archives in Europe can compete with them in interest. Unhappily, the Spanish Government has hitherto rejected all applications for admission. It would be worth the trouble to try whether Spain has of late in this respect adopted more liberal ideas.

"Besides the existing Archives, there is a great plan for the formation of a new one. The Government intends to concentrate at Alcala de Henarez, eight leagues from Madrid, all the documents of general interest which are now preserved at Simancas, Barcelona, Seville, and perhaps

a few at some other places. The measure is already in the way of execution. The archiepiscopal palace stands ready to receive the papers, and the officers of the new 'Central Archives' are chosen. Meanwhile, in Simancas, there is not the least sign of a breaking-up visible. It remains to be seen whether this, as so many other great plans in Spain, is destined never to be executed.

"My intention is not to acquire a complete knowledge of the Archives of Simancas,—a task which would be above my power,—but to search for historical documents concerning the history of England during the reigns of our kings and queens of the house of Tudor. I am the first who has come to this remote village in the interest of English history. The list of literary readers in the Archives of Simancas is, on the whole, not very long. I must first name M. Gachard, M. Tiran, and Dr. Heine. The last of them was a German, who seems to have been occupied with the History of the Jews during the Middle Ages. He is said, in Simancas, to have perished in the Revolution of 1848 in Germany, before the fruit of his labours had come to light. To these three foreign scholars must be added the Spaniards, Pidal, Cávrá, and Lafuente. Señor Pidal, who has formerly been four times minister, and is now President of the Historical Academy at Madrid, and his colleague in his literary undertakings, Señor Cávrá, have caused numerous documents, among which are many concerning England, to be copied. Whether they will be published, or remain as manuscript copies in the library of the Academy, is more than I can tell. Señor Pidal himself seems as yet unable to answer this question. Lafuente, the Spanish historian, better known by the name of his satirical periodical, 'Fra Gerandio,' has also had certain copies from Simancas. The above six names exhaust the list of those who have made use of the Archives on a somewhat more extensive scale. Besides them, seventy-two more permissions have been granted to literary men of Europe. About one-half, as they had no other intention than to inquire for one or another document, have stayed

here some days or a couple of weeks, whilst the remainder have either not come at all, or left off their work as soon as they found that the reading of old Spanish documents is not so easy as they had imagined.

"A few English writers—and one authoress among them—have of lated quoted the Archives of Simancas as though they were quite at home in them. Here, however, their names are utterly unknown. Of English names, I find in the list of the granted permissions no more than four, namely, Mr. Wood, in the year 1845, with the remark, 'No venido;' Mr. Buckingham Smith, with the same remark; and Mr. MacGregor, to whose name is added the note that he has not asked for any documents. Mr. Dalton, rector of one of the two English colleges in the University of Valladolid, having twice been here for some hours, is the only Englishman who has read a few records of Simancas. But enough of this unpleasant matter. I will leave it to the above hinted-at authors and authoress to contradict the quoted list of the chief librarian, though I think that such an attempt would be a rather desperate undertaking, for the list is supported, not only by the unanimous testimony of all the officers of the Archives, but also by a most detailed journal, into which every reader is obliged to enter his name, as well as each document which he receives for his perusal. Meanwhile, I am of opinion that the writers in question had better not have suppressed the names of Gachard, Tiran (in the Documens Inédits) and Navarete, to whom, I think, they are really indebted.

"My going to Simancas was a venture. When I left London, I was afraid of two eventualities—either, I feared I might find nothing worth my trouble and my expense; or, on the contrary, I might find too much for the time I intended to spend here. The first apprehension has entirely disappeared. Those copies and extracts alone which I hold already in the safe keeping of my portfolio, would, in my estimation, repay my journey, and I have only begun. But the other danger is daily growing more threatening. If there are many bundles as voluminous and as full of

most important information as Legajo 2 in the first series of the treaties with England, I must confess that I do not feel sure whether I shall not run away, in utter despair of ever finishing my work. When I walk to and from the Archives, followed by Pedro, who, with the most consequential mien, carries my paper and pen after me, I cannot help comparing him to Sancho Panza, a comparison which, in its corollary, is not flattering to myself. And am I not a literary Don Quixote? Why do I endure the hardships of my life in Simancas?—why do I pass month after month over these papers, filled with letters almost as difficult to read as the hieroglyphics of Egypt? Have not the most brilliant reputations been won by historians who have contented themselves with arranging and breaking up the old well-known traditions, occasionally adulterating them from party-spirit?

"And yet, I am afraid, I have not the strength of will to leave off before I have read all the papers in question. They fascinate me. A single letter from a Spanish ambassador at the Court of Henry VII., which has been purloined from Simancas, and is now among the Egerton MSS. (616), has produced no small interest among the few students who have as yet read it. This letter neither is the most curious of the same writer, nor is its writer the only Spanish ambassador who has sent minute information about the secrets of State from London to the capital of Castile. The despatches from De Puebla, Caroz, Mendoza, Estrada, Silva, Chapuys, etc., fill many heavy bundles, arranged according to the years in which they were written. There is a well-known anecdote, that a diplomatic despatch, intercepted at great cost and risk, and deciphered with great difficulty, was found to contain nothing but a description of the latest fashion, and an order for two dozen of silken stockings. The despatches preserved in Simancas are of a very different character. Most of the Spanish ambassadors in England during the period of the Tudors were able diplomatists. They not only transacted their regular business, but, at the same time, studied all occurrences which

either weakened or strengthened the English Government, as well at home as abroad. They watched, with unrelenting vigilance, the schemes of England in foreign countries, and the plots laid by foreign courts in England, in order to make their own intrigues prevail. These letters are, in my opinion, indispensable to the historian who seriously intends to write real history. But of almost greater interest are the instructions from the Spanish Government to their ambassadors in England. Ferdinand the Catholic was a prince of considerable attainments and still greater industry. He was almost always well informed, and embraced in his instructions the whole field of European policy. Charles V. formed the centre of the political life of his time, and Philip II., though he never attained the pre-eminence of his father, stood still at the head of one portion of Europe which was arrayed against the other half. All of them were principal actors in the great political drama of their time. Their opinions and intentions, though we may disapprove of them, deserve our attention. It will suffice to give the simple translation of the superscriptions of a few Legajos, in order to show their importance:—

"'Year 1509. The very curious Instructions given by Ferdinand the Catholic to his Ambassadors in England, on the occasion of the death of Henry VII., explaining to him the Policy which Spain intended to follow in England.'

"'Year 1554. A great number of Letters from the Spanish Ambassadors, giving the most particular account of the Perturbations in England on the occasion of the Marriage between the Queen Mary and Philip II., and of the Conspiracy of her sister Elizabeth, Courtenay, and others, against the Queen.'

"However, there are bundles calculated to excite the curiosity of the reader to a still higher degree. I will, therefore, transcribe a few more headings—

"'1532-1533.—The original Correspondence of Queen Catharine with the Emperor Charles V., concerning her Divorce.'

"'1548.—The Letters of the Princess Mary (afterwards

Queen) to Charles V., giving him a full account of the miserable state of the kingdom.'

"Without year.—'A great number of Letters from Philip II. to his father, Charles V., written from England.'

"Without year.—'A great number of Letters from the Emperor Charles V. to his son Philip II., respecting the assistance which is to be given to the Catholic Church in England.'

"'1553.—Marriage of Queen Mary with Philip, and the machinations of France to hinder it. Original Letters from Queen Mary, Simon Renard, Francisco de Eraso, Diego de Acesedo, and Gomez de Silva.'

"The quoted bundles are only a few samples of what the Archives of Simancas contain. I have not yet read and copied them. I go only on the authority of the catalogues and of the Archivero. But, according to all my experience, there is no reason to fear that the contents of the Legajos will be below what their superscriptions promise. On the contrary, I have generally found them much richer than could be anticipated from their titles, probably because it has been beyond the patience of the compiler of the index to read all papers before him.

"Thus, I am afraid, I shall have to continue my work at all hazard. But I often feel that so laborious a task should not be left to a private person, whose limited means do not allow him to make use of all the facilities which can be had for money. There are memorials and State-papers now publishing in England under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. If a paper has been clandestinely carried away from Simancas and is now preserved in England, it is sure not to escape the attention of Messrs. Hardy and Co. But the anteceding and following documents, in which the same writer treats of the same subject, and which may be utterly indispensable in order to understand it, remain unknown if they are still kept in their proper places.

"The dulceina enters the Plaza, and takes up its stand under my window. I must therefore break off. It is

impossible to write on State-papers which are published and which ought to be published at the sound of the dulceina, the 'sweet-sounding.' The dulceina is the national instrument of Castile. It is something between a pipe and a clarionet. Antiquaries gravely discuss whether it was invented by the aborigines, or introduced by the Phœnicians, Romans, or Arabs. But whoever may have been guilty of having invented or introduced such an unmusical instrument, introduced it is. Its shrill notes, continually playing an air from 'Traviata,' and one Spanish melody, and nothing else, drives me often almost mad. September is the festive month in Castile, as August is that of the Biscayan provinces. Almost every day is a feast-day. They resemble one another like two leaves of the same tree. The dulceina, accompanied by a drum, leads the people in the morning to church, heads the procession, and, the procession over, marches to the Plaza, where, with short interruptions, dancing is continued till the break of day. During the night a large fire burns in the middle of the circle formed by the dancers.

"There are few men of such elevated sentiments that they can continue a life of calm reflection and purely intellectual enjoyment. Common mortals sometimes want excitement, in order to interrupt the monotony of their existence, and for the masses this excitement must be cheap. In some countries, therefore, the people have recourse to drinking and fighting. In Spain they dance. Dancing is so necessary to them, that it even enters the churches. I do not speak only of Simancas and similar out-of-the-way villages, where such things are less surprising; but in the cathedral of Seville there are, during the week of Corpus Christi, regular ballets performed by young men in the old Spanish costume before the high altar, and in presence of the Archbishop.

"I must now conclude. Benancia and Aurea, two female messengers under twelve years of age, enter my room and tell me that all on the Plaza, old and young, think it very rude of me that I do not participate in the general rejoic-

ings below. The women are just singing under my window the Rondalla—

'Estrellas en cielo son ciento y doce,
Las dos de tu cara ciento cuatorce.'

'The stars in the sky are one hundred and twelve,
One hundred and fourteen with those in thy head.'

"G. B."

"SIMANCAS, *December* 1860.

"IF I look back on the months which I passed in Simancas, I come to the melancholy conclusion that almost half my time has been lost, as far at least as my immediate purpose is concerned. In the month of September the Archives were shut during a fortnight, in order to dust the rooms. Besides, there were the annual bull-fights; the Queen's birthday; the Queen's saint's-day; the King's saint's-day; and other saints'-days; a fire, not in the Archives, but in the village; and last, but not least, the confirmation of some thirty Christians, from six days to six years old, by the Archbishop of Valladolid. I think, in the two months of September and October the Archives were open on no more than about twenty-nine days.

"The bull-fights, of course, obtained the first rank among the Old Castilian festivities. Cuchares, the best 'Spada,' and, in consequence, the most popular man in Spain, had his right arm dislocated, and El Tato, the next best champion of the ring, was wounded and disabled for a fortnight. The bulls were very brave this year. However, it is not my intention to hurt the feelings of your readers by a detailed description, especially as I could speak only from hearsay. Having witnessed similar exhibitions on former occasions, I contented myself with observing the people outside, who, from their small towns and villages, flocked in long files to the ancient capital of Castile. The bridge of Simancas, though full two leagues distant from Valladolid, was often literally crammed with horses, mules, donkeys, and carts, laden with men, women, and children. I sometimes observed whole families, from the grandfather

down to the baby, packed on the back of one mule and one donkey. It is wonderful with how little comfort a Spaniard is able to put up, and what heavy loads their small animals can carry. The donkey is generally preferred by the younger women. They are not handsome in this part of Spain. However, a few make an exception from that rule, and almost all sit with exquisite natural elegance in their wide saddles without stirrups. They look so womanly, so Madonna-like. There is nothing of the amazon about them.

"The pace at which the journey proceeds is, naturally, very slow. Those who come from places twenty or thirty miles distant pass two or three nights on the road. They bring all their provisions from home. The aristocrats,—such, for instance, as the families of substantial farmers,—enter sometimes a 'posada,' or inn. But the great mass, if they do not content themselves with cold meals, put their pot to the fire between any two stones near the road, on the plaza of a village, or in a ruin, not of an old castle, but of a comparatively modern barn, in which the country abounds. When the night comes on, they lie down on the ground, wrapped up in their long cloaks and innumerable blankets, which, by daytime, form the greater part of the saddle. It is evident that such a mode of travelling is eminently sociable. Thus, I drifted with the stream of men and beasts from my corner-stone on the bridge of Simancas down to the Puerto Santiago of Valladolid.

"I found the town much less interesting than the roads which lead to it. The city with the finest sky in the world—such is the pretension of the 'Valladolisónitanos'—had even in the festive week preserved a good deal of her constitutional dulness. The picture-gallery of Santa Cruz, filled with thousands of country-people, would have been itself a pleasant picture, had it not been overcrowded. The mad-house, thrown open to all visitors, formed another public show, and was scarcely less thronged than Santa Cruz. It is, I am told, very curious, especially as all the rooms and inmates are said to be clean. However, though I have lived in many countries, I have not yet got rid of

all my prejudices, and found the exhibition of the madhouse not quite to my taste. Thus I sauntered on till I came to a booth, at the door of which stood a poor stroller with a long staff in his hand, on which a well-fed professional rat performed a quantity of most clever tricks. But the public did not patronize its performances, for, they said, they knew it to a certainty, that the rat was a French rat. I paid my halfpenny and entered. But even this extraordinary treat lost some of its attraction, and I was glad when I found myself again on the road to Simancas. Valladolid has since been visited with great affliction. The Radicals have carried the election of a butcher in the Town Council. As he sells me good meat, I do not grudge him that honour. But my friends are inconsolable. What a shame, they say, would it be, if this man, who stands behind the shambles and offers pork and beef, put on little wooden sticks, to all buyers, should—the case may happen—provide a bull-fight and sit on the place of honour which has once been occupied by Charles the Emperor and master of half the world. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* The 'Feria' of Valladolid had scarcely concluded, when, according to custom immemorial, the smaller places in the neighbourhood came forth with similar festivities, only of a more rustic character. Tordesillas and Medina del Campo, both formerly residences of the kings of Castile, distinguished themselves before all other places. High scaffoldings were there erected, which signified the stronghold of the Christians, and the bulls were understood to be the Moors. With very excusable disregard to chronology, the valiant Hidalgo of La Mancha and his esquire performed among the Christian champions. As for Dulcinea, no señora could be persuaded to act her part. But of men-amateurs there was no end. On the whole, the Castle of Christianity—similar Castles of Chastity, of Honour, etc., were very fashionable three hundred years ago in Westminster Hall, and other princely courts—contained more men in the disguise of women than real women. The fun, but undiluted Spanish fun, was amazing.

"However, I speak of Tordesillas and of Medina only according to the information I got from most respectable caballeros, who came home covered with dust, and glowing with patriotic admiration of what they had seen. I, for my part, desired to see nothing more when I had witnessed the much more modest performance of Simancas. We in Simancas could not afford to have the bulls killed,—they cost from three thousand to four thousand reals apiece,—and had, therefore, only a simple Corrida de Novillos. Novillos, according to the dictionary, are young steers, a little better than calves. But, in fact, they are most formidable bulls, in the prime of age, that is to say, from four to six years old. The difference between a Corrida de Toros and a Corrida de Novillos consists in nothing else but in the circumstance that in a Corrida de Novillos the animals get off scot-free. When the great and much-talked-of day only dawned, the well-known dulceina and the drum performed a noise as though the Moors stood, at least, on the bridge, ready to give assault. The Plaza is a little smaller than Leicester Square. Only two streets lead to it, which were strongly barricaded with carts. Besides, on the Plaza itself, there was, a few yards distant from the houses, an uninterrupted line, formed by the same clumsy vehicles. The indispensable castle—that is to say, two carts—stood in the middle, and the fourth side of the Plaza was left unencumbered, as thence the animals had to enter the arena. Two hours before the performance began, the castle, all carts, all windows, and all balconies, were covered with a variegated multitude, which consisted of about five times as many strangers as inhabitants of Simancas. However, if we were in the minority, our ladies outshone all others in splendour. It was surprising to see what almost incredible volumes of crinoline sallied forth from some of the small houses. When I looked down from my balcony, I could not help acknowledging the good taste of Spanish women, who do not wear bonnets. The natural form of a female head and neck seemed to me a much more agreeable sight than the best bonnet from the best court milliner. The per-

formance itself was a silly thing. As the men do not use weapons, they are utterly impotent either for attack or for defence, and their only safety consists in their legs. The great moments of the day were when a poor wretch was caught. Such was five times the case, and the connoisseurs declared that it was a creditable Corrida. Once, when a fellow—who had been carried by a bull on his horns, and then thrown to a great distance on the ground—hastily got up, and ran to hide himself between the wheels of a cart, the frantic cry of jubilation was beyond all measure.

"My room and my balcony were early invaded by señoras and caballeros, none of whom I had ever seen, nor was I likely ever to see them in future. They were quite at home, and partook freely of the preserved fruit I had put on the table. Some, who were more intimately acquainted with Pedro, my landlord, spoke a few words, acknowledging me as their host. But the great majority ignored me entirely,—at least, in my dignified character of Amphitryon. Their good-natured, free and easy manners were quite charming. One young lady fell into fits when a man below was carried away apparently lifeless. She swooned, awoke, and screamed out maledictions against the barbarous entertainment and the men, who were worse than beasts, and swooned again. I was just opening a bottle of eau-de-cologne for her, when a wild cry of the multitude brought her to her senses. With tears running down her cheeks, she hastened to the balcony, where she remained to the end of the performance. My eau-de-cologne remained in the bottle.

"The last animal had scarcely been secured when all the spectators jumped down from their seats; the dulceina and the drum played off the old tunes, and dancing began. It lasted, with the interruption of a few hours, three days and three nights. When the rejoicings were over, four babies under one year of age were carried to the cemetery. They were called in the burial register 'niños Jesus,' because the Virgin is generally represented with an infant in her arms. The burial-fees for a 'niño Jesus' amount to two reals, or a

little more than threepence; but the mother must find some one who digs the grave, an operation which is here exceedingly simple. Coffins, however, are not utterly unknown. If a rich man has ordered, in his will, that he be buried in a coffin, his heirs must go to Valladolid, and thence, on the back of a mule, bring that dismal chest to the house in which he has died. But such luxury is reserved for a few. The great majority make use of one of the coffins which belong to the church, only in order to carry their dead to the margin of the grave, into which the corpse is laid, wrapped up in nothing more than a fine cloth. The three coffins of Simancas are remarkable for their antiquity. They are said to be almost as old as the church, and to have accompanied to their last resting-place more than ten generations.

"However, I must return to the festival. The houses in Simancas are no castles. Nothing is easier than to get access to them, for the police as well as for simple honest visitors. Thus, when stunned with the din of the Plaza, I sought refuge in the back rooms and in some of the more remote houses, I found myself almost in a different world. Of the eight bulls and one cow which had figured in the Corrida, and of the five, by their mishap, ingloriously distinguished fellows, there was scarcely any mention made. But friends and relations who had not seen one another perhaps for years renewed their former intimacy; accounts were settled, old feuds were made up, and, I dare say, some new feuds contracted. In a country like Spain, where travelling is so slow and so difficult, a strong incitement seems to be necessary to prevent the villages and hamlets from becoming as many isolated septs. However, what struck me most was the great care with which parents inquired into the merits of the schools and of the teachers in other places.

"It is, I think, a widely spread opinion, that the Spaniards are too indolent to trouble themselves with questions respecting the education of their children. I at least, when formerly travelling in Spain, took that for granted. Closer

observation, however, teaches me that I was wrong. It is a fact, which I can attest from my own knowledge, that in Simancas and its neighbourhood, there are only a few field-labourers and shepherds to be found who are not able to read and to write, and who do not know the rudiments of arithmetic. Formerly, when the convents were numerous, and the number of the monks legion, there was scarcely a family, even among the poorest, a member of which had not entered holy orders; and the love of their family prevailing over their indolence, the monks became teachers of their younger brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces. After the suppression of the convents, a very extensive system of popular instruction was established. In our village of about one thousand souls, we have two public schools, one for boys and one for girls; and the small hamlets in the neighbourhood, consisting of twenty or forty houses, are besides provided with their own little schools. The schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are independent of the Church. They are lay persons, and appointed and paid by the Ayuntamientos, or common councils. My friend, the Maestro of the boys in Simancas, is a good-humoured, healthy-looking man, of about fifty years of age. On school-days he teaches his disciples what he has learnt from his master; and on holidays he likes to spend some hours in the here ordinarily vain attempt to shoot a rabbit or a partridge. As far as the most elementary instruction is concerned, Spain has no reason to be afraid of a comparison with other countries. But her weak point consists in the almost complete absence of useful books; the consequence is, that though even the common people are generally able to write and to read a letter and to keep their accounts, their ideas remain undeveloped, their views narrow, and the ignorance on all matters which do not touch them immediately is all but complete.

"When the Archbishop was here, he left some dozen of little books behind him for distribution among the children. But it is scarcely necessary to mention that they concerned very little the welfare of man in this world, and I think

neither the boys and girls nor the parents were very anxious to get them. On the whole, the presence of so high a dignitary of the Church was of much less consequence than might be expected. He, of course, was received with all respect due to his elevated position. The son of the Sacristan rode the day before on the back of the donkey of the Señor Cura from one flour-mill to another in search of eels, which slippery animals he did not get. When the Archbishop entered the village, the bells were rung; the authorities went to receive him; the women debated the question whether his Excellency put on his stockings with his own hands, or had it done by his attendant priests; the men discussed the qualities of his four excellent mules; and Claudio, the boy of our porter—I mean, in the Archives—told me, in all confidence, that he would rather like it to be one day Archbishop of Valladolid. But here the conversation stopped. There was not the least sign of fanaticism visible; and I, though a Protestant, was treated with the same civility as before. If I am not greatly mistaken, the people of Simancas watch with much more eagerness the white trails from the funnels of the locomotives on the railroad from Valladolid to Medina than the movements of their prelate. However, I do not advise a Protestant to come to Simancas and to preach against the Roman Catholic Church.

"In order that your readers should not suspect that I pass my time only in so-called amusements, and in observing the doings of the Archbishop, I will transcribe a short paragraph from a long despatch, the deciphering of which has occupied me this whole week. On the 25th of July 1498, Don Pedro de Ayala wrote from London to his masters in Spain:—'I think your Majesties have already heard that the King of England has equipped a fleet in order to discover certain islands and continents which he was informed that some people from Bristol had found who manned a few ships for the same purpose last year. I have seen the map which the discoverer has made, who is another Genoese, like Columbus, and who has been in

Seville and in Lisbon, asking assistance for his discoveries. The people of Bristol have, for the last seven years, every year sent out two, three, or four light ships (caravelas), in search of the island of Brazil and the seven cities, according to the fancy of this Genoese. The king has determined to send out (ships), because the year before they brought certain news that they had found land. His fleet consisted of five vessels, which carried provisions for one year. It is said that one of them, in which went one Friar Buil, has returned to Ireland in great distress, the ship being much damaged (*roto*). The Genoese has continued his voyage. I have seen, on a chart, the direction which they took and the distance they sailed, and I think what they have found or what they search is what your Highnesses already possess. It is expected that they will be back (*seran venidos*) in the month of September. I write this because the King of England has often spoken to me on this subject, and he thinks that your Highnesses will take great interest in it. I think it is not further distant than four hundred leagues. I told him that, in my opinion, the land was already possessed by your Majesties: and though I gave him my reasons, he did not like them. I believe that your Highnesses are already informed of that matter; and I do not send now the chart or *mapa mundi* which that man has made, and which, according to my opinion, is false, as it gives to understand that (the land in question) are not the said islands.'

"These lines were for the first time deciphered in the month of December of the year 1860! The deciphering secretary of the country whence Columbus had sailed, and it was D'Almazan himself, did not think this paragraph important enough to be translated in letters. He contented himself with a short note respecting the 'other Genoese[1] like Colon,' and Ferdinand wrote back: Henry might beware of such men, who are sent by the King of France in order to distract him from serious business.

"G. B."

[1] The family Cabotto were, according to other authorities, from Venetia.

"SIMANCAS, *December* 1860.

"A PORTION of the Spanish press has published extracts from and remarks on my former Simancas letters. I have to say only a few words in answer to the observations of the London correspondent of the *Correspondencia de España*. He finds it difficult to believe that no more Spanish historians than those mentioned by me, have made an extensive use of the principal Archives of Spain. I respect the patriotic feeling from which his doubt evidently springs, especially as he expresses it in a calm, gentlemanlike manner. It would even afford me pleasure to argue with him the point in question, only that the simple rule that two and two are four is a rather awkward subject for argumentation. If he further thinks that Don Patricio de la Escosura, who is writing a Constitutional History of England, *must* have consulted the documents of these Archives, I must tell him that Don Patricio is here well remembered, not, however, as a student in the Archives, but as a boy who passed sometimes his holidays in this village. Since, he has not returned. As much as that may be regretted by some of his personal friends, I think there is no reason to turn that circumstance against him in his character of historian. For, rich as the Spanish Archives are in most important papers concerning the history of England, these papers have a direct bearing only on her policy towards, and her position among, the other European powers. For documents connected with her constitutional development, the student does well to look to England, and almost exclusively to England. But I must return to my principal subject, the historical documents of Simancas connected with the history of our Tudors.

"I am at present doing a very laborious, but highly interesting piece of work. In the Archives of Simancas there is an old chest of exquisite workmanship and rich gilding. It would fetch a good price in Wardour Street, even if its history were not known. And yet the circumstances connected with it would probably double its value in the estimation of any amateur. That chest was once

the property of Charles v., who had inherited it from his pious grandmother, Isabella the Catholic. When, during the war of the Comuneros, the correspondence of the Kings of Spain was in danger of falling into the hands of the rebels, a portion of the most secret papers was put into the box in question, and carried to the Convent of ——, in Burgos, where it remained till the Archives of Simancas were formed. It has, in the time of Napoleon I., been in Paris, and after its restoration to its former place, some students, Pidal and Cávrá, have opened it before me. However, its contents remain still unpublished; and a considerable portion which is written in cipher, and of which no translations are preserved, is, I think, still unread.

"The art of writing in cipher was at that period,—when standing embassies were becoming more common,—if not discovered, at least perfected, and generally employed. I have seen no despatches written in cipher of an earlier date than the year 1480, and even then the ciphers were for about fifteen years of a rather simple and primitive character. Latin numbers, rarely more than 500, were the signs for so many words, most of them names of persons and of countries, as for instance, in the year 1488, iv signified the King of the Romans, xxiii the Duke of York (Perkin Warbeck), etc. In the year 1496 a new system of cipher was added. Each letter of the alphabet was represented by a conventional sign: and these signs were gradually so much multiplied that I possess one alphabet of the year 1498 of more than seventy signs for twenty letters, which sufficed to write in the Spanish language of those days. As a complement to the alphabet in question, some short words, written in common letters, which had a special meaning, as for instance, 'la' signified Venetin; 'dam,' war; 'hop,' King of England; 'feb,' England; 'fib,' Englishmen; 'cov,' Scotchmen, etc. At the same time, the Latin numbers were augmented from about 500 to more than 3000. By a clever mixing up of three systems of cipher, a skilful writer could compose a letter which, at first sight, seems to defy all human industry and

sagacity. And yet, by a patient comparison of the signs in their different conjunctions, the keys can be discovered. I am already in possession of four complete alphabets, and four more have so much advanced that they begin to become serviceable. However, there remains a whole bundle of despatches, written in the most complicated style, over which I hope, but cannot yet promise, that I shall triumph. I have to-day looked at them, and am glad that already I can read most of them.[1]

"This is not the place to write history, and much less to publish historical documents. But some blabbing from the contents of the described box, or a few light sketches, may, perhaps, be acceptable to some of your readers.

"Henry VII. always acknowledged to have personal obligations towards Charles VIII. of France, and even the sophistical Ferdinand the Catholic was unable to reason away that fact. However, the foreign policy of Henry was not dictated by his personal considerations. The first Tudor was, on political grounds, fully convinced that friendly relations between England and France were a blessing to both countries. I shall render his ideas on this most important subject as much as possible in his own words; which, however, first translated from English into Castilian, and now from Spanish back into English, must lose much of their clearness. 'Former kings of England,' he said, 'had always a special interest in Brittany and in Flanders. But such is, happily, no longer the case; and the present King of England may conclude his alliances with whom he chooses. The King of France is the nearest neighbour of England, and at the same time the most powerful prince. His friendship is therefore worth more than all the Indies, and it is bad policy to provoke his hostility as long as he entertains friendly intentions.' 'I am the more convinced of this truth,' he added, 'if I see that all the Christian powers combined can scarcely hold out against him.' On another occasion, the same king declared, 'France is strong, and does not want foreign help: and England is not in the habit of asking foreign

[1] See page 205 for his "Remarks on the Ciphered Despatches."

help. The conditions of an alliance between them are, therefore, equal. On the other hand, the enemies of France—that is to say, about all other Continental princes —ask assistance from England against France, whilst England is not in need of their assistance. An alliance with them is, therefore, disadvantageous to England' (Doctor de Puebla a sus Altezas, xxv de Agosto de xcvi). However, if Henry esteemed so much his friendly relations with France, he was far from undervaluing the good-will of the other princes—Maximilian, King of the Romans, perhaps, excepted, of whom he entertained so low an opinion that he sometimes ridiculed him in the presence of foreign ambassadors. At the head of the powers which looked with ill-will on France stood Ferdinand and Isabella, of Castile and Aragon. A few years later they concluded the Most Holy League against France, the principal members of which, besides themselves, were such a pope as Alexander Borgia, such a prince as Ludovico Sforza—the poisoner of his nephew, and the usurper of his throne—Venetic Maximilian, and the Archduke Philip.

"Ferdinand, squinting with the left eye, and lisping, in consequence of the loss of one of his front teeth, was of a robust constitution, sanguine complexion, and smiling countenance. His intellectual faculties were far above the common range, and his strong will was untrammelled by moral considerations. 'It is,' he ordered his ambassador on one occasion to tell Henry, 'good policy, before going to war, to ruin your adversary in the opinion of God and of the world. We (he and Isabella) have always observed this rule, and generally been successful.' Ferdinand, though by no means infallible in his political calculations, had only one great illusion, and one feeling so constant and so violent that it approached to a passion. His illusion consisted in too much believing in the strength of family ties. He flattered himself to be able to keep his daughters in blind subjection to himself, and, through them, to chain down their husbands, and all the relations of their husbands, to his will. His passion was not hatred, but an instinctive,

cold, and yet uncontrollable desire to do as much harm to France as possible.

"Such was the man whose favour Henry undertook to secure without sacrificing his friendly relations to Charles VIII. But why, your readers will perhaps ask, did a king of England stoop to court the friendship of the most implacable enemy of his best friend? It seemed to him a political necessity. His blind poet-laureate might praise in verse and in prose his Jove-like power; and other authors, of a better class, but not initiated in the affairs of State, might tell us that the union of the houses of Lancaster and York had obviated all danger. But the statesmen, English as well as foreign, and the king among them, were all persuaded that any of the more powerful Continental princes could raise such a sedition in England as to put the throne in jeopardy. In the extensive diplomatic correspondence which I have before me, I do not find, during the first fifteen years of the reign of Henry VII., one dissenting opinion that is meant in earnest. So much was the instability of the English throne regarded as an undeniable fact, that an ambassador of a friendly power could, in a solemn speech before the king in council, very broadly hint at the possibility of dethroning him without offending either Henry or his ministers. Placed in such circumstances, the first duty of the first king of a new dynasty, towards himself as well as towards the country, was to re-establish the throne on more solid foundations, and meanwhile to win the good-will of so mighty a prince and so daring an intriguer as Ferdinand. The princess Catalina, or, as she was called in England, Catharine, was scarcely born when Henry asked her hand for Prince Arthur. Ferdinand did not like to have foreign ambassadors in Spain. He saw in them so many spies. He, therefore, sent late in the year 1487 an embassy to London, the principal member of which was Gondisalvo de Puebla, Doctor-at-Law, and formerly Judge in different places. Puebla did not possess those polished manners which we are accustomed to regard as a necessary requisite

in a modern diplomatist. His earlier despatches are written in the style of a clerk of the peace—heavy, and even not free from low—not only antiquated—expressions. His recommendation to Ferdinand was his honesty; not that our ex-Judge was a saint. His views on the duties of a diplomatist were of a rather doubtful morality. 'I told Pedro de Ayala,' he once wrote to his king, 'that the ambassadors of your highnesses are not only destined for what they are apparently sent; but also to praise their masters, to tickle France (*hacer cosquillas*), that she might commit indiscretions, and to calumniate her.' One of the first performances of Puebla in England was, that he went to Scotland, and persuaded the young king to marry Juana, a daughter of Ferdinand; not, however, the first-born princess of that name, but one of his many illegitimate children, falsely pretending that she was legitimate, and born in a secret marriage. The consequences might have been very serious; and Ferdinand, as soon as he heard what had passed, reprimanded his ambassador. But on what grounds? 'I well believe that you were guided by the best intentions in stating that Doña Juana is a legitimate child; but you did wrong . . . for the ambassadors of the Scotch king, coming that way (through France), which you write they are coming, will be informed of the truth,' etc. (Minuto sin fecha). A few years later Puebla wrote sometimes rather clever despatches, and no longer committed such blunders, as he had learnt that the Scotch were a people in the highest degree astute (*astutos in sumo grado*).

"But I must return to the month of December of the year 1487. Doctor de Puebla took lodgings in the inn of the Augustine Friars, which he describes as the most public place in England, where the foreigners generally domiciled. Not all were of an honest trade, for 'quick spies and barefaced adventurers from all parts of Europe,' abounded at that time in England. The task of the ambassadors was not an easy one. Ferdinand and Henry did not yet know one another, and either of them was persuaded that his new

ally was no match for him. Ferdinand hoped to involve England in a war with France without concluding a binding treaty of marriage, and Henry desired to have concluded the marriage, and to get the young Infanta into his safe keeping, without waging war with Charles. When Puebla, in the first week of June of the year 1488, announced that the long-expected power to conclude a definitive treaty had arrived, Henry 'widely opened his eyes with joy,' and broke out in a 'Te Deum laudamus.' He instantly nominated his commissioners, at the head of whom was Richard Fox, then Bishop of Exeter. The marriage was first discussed. The English asked a marriage portion which was four times as great as that named by them two years before in Spain, and about ten times as much as Ferdinand offered. 'I told them,' Puebla relates, 'with great calmness, that, according to what happened every day to the kings of England, it was to be wondered at that Ferdinand and Isabella dared to give their daughter in marriage to a Prince of Wales. However, I pronounced these words in a loving voice, in order not to offend them, and they abated one-third of their demands' (Doctor de Puebla a sus Altezas, 15 de Julio de 1488—this portion in cipher).

"As for the war with France, Ferdinand asked nothing less than that Henry should make war or peace at his bidding (*que el dicho Rey de Inglaterra faria pas o guerra al dicho Rey de Francia a neustra voluntad.*—Instrucion de los R. R. C. C. para el Doctor de Puebla, 17 Diciembre, 1488). Henry and his commissioners, of course, objected against a stipulation which would have placed England in a state of absolute vassalage to Spain. They loaded the Spanish ambassadors with civilities. If Henry spoke of Ferdinand, it was, according to Puebla, 'like the chanting of psalms,' and every word which came from his lips was like 'precious stones.' But the Spanish ambassadors had precise instructions, and all blandishments were lavished in vain on them and their masters. The English commissioners bethought themselves, therefore, of another expedient.

'They took a missal and swore most solemnly before a crucifix that it was the intention of the king, first to have the marriage and the alliance concluded, and as soon as that was done to make war against France at the will of Ferdinand and Isabella. They asked that we (the Spanish ambassadors) might meanwhile sign the treaties, and thus, accompanied by five-and-thirty English gentlemen, go to Spain and receive the orders respecting the war.' The king did not swear, but, continues the despatch in cipher, from which I quote, 'He spoke of your Highnesses in words of highest veneration, and as often as he pronounced your names he took off his hat. He told us that he knew of the oath his commissioners had sworn, and he said he felt great pleasure in assuring us that it was a certain, plain, and true oath, without reservation or ambiguity' (Puebla a sus Altezas, 15 de Julio, 1488).

"Sepúlveda, one of the ambassadors, was despatched to Spain with two draughts of the treaty in which the clause respecting the war was suppressed. However, before Sepúlveda left, Henry invited the Spanish ambassadors to see the young bridegroom naked in his bed. They went to a most magnificent place, twelve miles distant from London, and the ceremony of inspection was so touching that the doctor confesses to be unable to describe it. 'Besides, we entered the room of the queen in order to see her at an unexpected hour. She was accompanied by thirty-two ladies, beautiful like angels (*de angelico parescer*), and all we saw there was in a grand style, as the case required.'

"Ferdinand, who had not tasted the sweets of English hospitality, nor beheld the angelical faces of the thirty-two ladies, and who, besides, was not a man to be won by trifles, told his ambassadors rather plainly that they had been duped. His intention, he said, was not to receive Henry into his kin (*debdo*)—an honour which he appreciated very highly—but to have him make war against Charles in order that he, Ferdinand, might get back for nothing the countries of Roussillon and Cardaña, which were pledged to France for a very handsome sum of money. He very judiciously

observed, that if the English swore, they might as well sign. The utmost concession for which he was prepared was that the stipulation respecting the war might be re-embodied in a separate and secret treaty.

"My sheet of paper is almost filled, and I must be short. After lengthy, but interesting negotiations, a treaty was at last signed at Medina del Campo, on the 27th of March of the year 1489, according to which the Infanta Catalina was to marry Prince Arthur, and Henry bound himself to make war upon France as often and as long as Ferdinand was at war with that power, whilst Ferdinand took upon himself the same obligation with respect to Henry. There was, however, one most important clause added. Henry had the right reserved to conclude peace without the consent of Spain, if the King of France restored to him the duchies of Normandy and Guienne; and Ferdinand was at liberty to desist from further hostilities, without asking Henry, if Charles gave him back Roussillon and Cardaña. By additional treaties Maximilian and Philip of Burgundy were admitted into this alliance.

"At first sight, the conditions seem to be equal. Ferdinand could even point out with an assumed air of sincerity that his beloved cousin Henry was so much more the gainer, as Normandy and Guienne were more considerable than Roussillon and Cardaña. The King of England, however, would have been a mere tiro in politics if he had not been aware that, in fact, all the advantage was on the side of his cunning ally. For, even abstracted from that most important consideration that Ferdinand wished war and Henry wished peace with Charles, Normandy and Guienne formed such important portions of France that they could not be won without a long and exhausting war, whilst the relative insignificance of Roussillon and Cardaña, or rather of the sum of money which they represented, rendered it probable that Ferdinand might attain his ends and then leave Henry alone to cope with the power of France. It is more than probable that Henry never intended to fulfil his obligations, and hoped that the fickle and im-

provident Maximilian would offer him a good pretext at a convenient moment to break his engagements.

"Whilst the negotiations between Henry and Ferdinand were still going on, the affairs of Brittany had already for a long while attracted the attention of the political world. Brittany was the only great fief of France which was then not yet united with the crown. There were five different parties in that duchy, the friends of Count d'Albret, and besides them, the Spanish, the English, the French, and the Austrians, that is to say, Maximilian's party, all disputing the inheritance whilst the old Duke still lived, and each with a pretender to the hand of his eldest daughter. D'Albret was not strong enough long to continue the contest, and Henry and Ferdinand were not much in earnest. Henry—whose pretender was the Duke of Buckingham—made a great virtue of his sacrifice in favour of Spain, and Ferdinand renounced willingly his claim in order to support the English Duke, though the Bretons had sent deputations entreating him to accept the hand of the heiress, and the duchy, for his only son, the Infant Don Juan. Neither Henry nor Ferdinand was much touched by the apparent generosity of the other party. However that may be, there remained henceforth only two pretenders. Maximilian was supported by Ferdinand, who thought to kill two birds with one stone; that is to say, to weaken France, and, at the same time, to involve the blundering Austrian in such difficulties as to keep him in perpetual dependence on Spanish assistance. Henry, on the contrary, favoured France, not only because he did not like to oppose Charles, but also from the more statesmanlike wish to see so near neighbours as the Bretons at peace.

"In this conjuncture, all means were used by Ferdinand to make Henry and Charles enemies of one another. The system of the '*cosquillas*' (tickling) was employed with unusual vigour. The Spanish diplomatic agents stirred up as many Englishmen as they could. 'El Conde' Scales, for instance, entertained secret practices with De Puebla, when he, against the wish of Henry, went to Brittany. Foreign

soldiers were disguised as English troops, in order to raise suspicion on the side of the French. But, above all, Ferdinand insisted on the fulfilment of the treaty of Medina; and Henry, who did not dare to dismask himself, stooped to act the farce of his French campaign, which ended in the so-severely-censured treaty of Estaples.

"Of the money which Henry was to receive I think very little was paid as long as Charles lived. It was well known at that time that Charles was a bad debtor, and if Henry on one occasion announced with great ostentation to the ambassadors at his court, that Bacquier had brought great sums of money from Paris, we know it from documents in the Cott. MSS., that the King of France, instead of paying to, was asking money from, Henry. The money stipulations in the treaty and the punctual payment of French pensions to English officers and noblemen, which we would never call corruption, were principally calculated to render the alliance with France popular with the nation.

"The behaviour of Henry with respect to Brittany was not that of a hero in an historical romance, and many princes have acted in reality a much nobler part. The first Tudor king was placed in most difficult circumstances, and, as Pedro de Ayala tells us in a most interesting description, grew soon old under the weight of sorrow. If he often sacrificed his personal dignity, he never willingly betrayed the essential interest of England, and has been and still is unpopular in his country. Many kings have done the reverse, and the praise of their favourites is echoed to our days. G. B."

IX.

At the time the foregoing papers appeared, the Master of the Rolls was actually seeking a person qualified to attempt the composition of a Calendar of State-papers relating to English history in Simancas. These letters in the *Athenæum* at once disposed him to think of intrusting Bergenroth with this task, who had besides become personally known to many persons in the Record Office while prosecuting in previous years his diligent investigations. The Master of the Rolls accordingly addressed overtures, to which Bergenroth willingly responded; and Mr. Brewer was instructed to visit Simancas, and report on the expediency of the contemplated arrangement. His opinion was most favourable to the undertaking,[1] and to the selection of

[1] The following extract from a letter written to the Master of the Rolls by Mr. Brewer shows how highly he appreciated Bergenroth's self-devotion: "*Aug.* 21, 1861.—Valladolid.—In Simancas all is as primitive, as native, and as shameless as the days of Adam. None of the decencies of life are to be found there—not any, not so much as would be found in the poorest village in France—I say nothing of England. Simancas is a collection of wretched hovels, half buried in dust and sand. There is not a good house in the place. The one in which Mr. Bergenroth lives belongs to a farm bailiff, consists of two storeys, all the rooms of plaster, and the floors of brick. No fireplace in any of the rooms, and as the winter is very intense here from November to February, and the walls full of holes, nothing but the strongest desire to do service to history could reconcile any man to so much hardship, and Mr. B., in speaking of his residence there, does not exaggerate when he calls it the life of a hermit, and complains of his total

Bergenroth, who then engaged in the appointed labour with an energy and conscientiousness of which the following letters furnish signal proof:—

"SIMANCAS, PROVINCIA DE VALLADOLID,
31*st of March* 1861.

"SIR,—It is with unfeigned gratitude for the interest you take in my labour that I have read your letter of the 2d inst., and the papers enclosed in it.

"Mr. Brewer's journey to Simancas will be of great advantage to me, as I shall have occasion to profit of the advice of so experienced an editor as he is, and as, if he examines the historical documents here preserved, he will release me to some extent of my own responsibility concerning the continuation of the Calendars.

"Don Manuel Garcia, the Archivero, showed me, a few days ago, an order of the Director-General of Public Instruction, by which, in compliance with a request made by Her Majesty's Minister in Madrid, in December last, he is directed to admit such a person as a reader in the Archives as the English Government may name. If Mr. Brewer can avail himself of this order, I think few formalities remain to be fulfilled. I beg, however, to observe that neither the Archivero nor any other officer in Simancas is able to read English, and that, therefore, the paper designating Mr. Brewer as the Commissioner of Her Majesty's Government must be written either in Spanish or in French. If, on the contrary, the said order is not available for Mr. Brewer, I beg to suggest that the permission for him be asked without delay through Her Majesty's Minister in Madrid. There will still some months elapse before the answer of the Spanish Government reaches London.

"I am happy to inform you that, since I wrote you my

isolation. I cannot but admire the perseverance and resolution which could set at defiance so many personal inconveniences, to say nothing of other obstructions, especially as Mr. B. undertook all in the first instance from his sole desire to advance the study of English history, without any prospect of remuneration for his labours."

former letters, I have discovered a key to new cipher of Doctor de la Puebla, and the key of the cipher of the Duke de Estrada (in English letters generally called Fernanducas). This cipher of De la Puebla is only a small matter, but that of the Duke de Estrada is the most difficult, and at the same time the most important of all, as a greater number of undeciphered despatches are written in it than in any other kind of cipher. When copying an instruction to the Duke, I discovered little dots, like full stops, behind two signs of cipher. As interpunction is never used in cipher of this kind, the dots could only be signs of abbreviation. But even abbreviations (a skilful writer would never have made use of them) offer so many difficulties that they can be employed only on the most common occasions, as, for instance, V. A. for Vuestras Altezas, or n. f. for nuestra fija, or nuestro fijo. From obvious reasons, I decided in favour of 'neustra fija,' and inferred further that the preceding signs must correspond to 'princesa de Gales.' The breach was opened, and before three o'clock in the next morning I was in possession of eighty-three signs, representing the letters of the alphabet, and of thirty-three monosyllables, signifying words. The key is far from being complete, but there remain no longer unconquerable difficulties. As I am now able to read the correspondence of the Duke de Estrada, I find that some despatches exist in five, and even in six copies, a circumstance which greatly reduces their number, but to what extent I am not prepared to state.[1]

"There remain now, as far as the reign of Henry VII. is concerned, only three systems of cipher which I do not yet understand, viz., the cipher of the Comendador de Haro, the cipher of the Princess of Wales, and a very curious-looking letter, which I suspect is an English letter, perhaps from John Stile to the King. Of the two first-named alphabets of cipher I think I have already discovered the weak point; and the supposed English letter, though it looks formidable, does not seem to be written by a master

[1] See Appendix, No. I., page 205.

in his art, and is therefore, I think, capable of comparatively easy detection.

"Although I consider myself now almost independent of the keys which the Archivero keeps from me, it would be still better if I could get the authors' originals. In order to attain this end I shall avail myself most thankfully of the assistance of Her Majesty's Minister. My information, too—it is from persons who are not without political influence in Spain,—is rather encouraging, and I hope that the order of the Minister to the Archivero will not be a mere sham. I wish, however, to delay this affair a few weeks. My distrust may be exaggerated. But I do not like to incur any danger if I can avoid it. It is therefore my intention now to copy all despatches in cipher, and when I shall have accomplished that task to ask redress of the wrong the Archivero is doing to me. For if I made now the affair in question the subject of official correspondence, I could possibly be prevented from further copying the despatches in cipher on the not very implausible plea that, as the Government assumes the control over what the readers in the Archives may copy or not, I could not be permitted to copy papers with respect to which such a control is impossible. I hope by the end of April to have copied all despatches in cipher, and, as the Archives will be shut from the 1st to the 16th of May, I can go to Madrid, and there bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

"I can already form an idea of the completeness of the information here to be found. No doubt, many important documents are lost. What now exists is perhaps not more than one-half of the original correspondence. But on the whole I am not so much wondering at what is lost, as at the quantity of documents still extant. As long as the Archives of Rome are not opened, the Archives of Simancas will obtain, as far as the period of Henry VII. is concerned, pre-eminence over all other Archives of Europe. I now even suspect that, relying too much on the authority of the Archivero, I was mistaken when I wrote in a letter to the *Athenæum*, that after the time of Philip II. the Archives of

Simancas lose their importance. Is it not too much for your patience, if I give you one instance from the seventeenth century?

"In the Thirty Years' War, the Government and the Spanish branch of the house of Austria united all their forces with the determined will to extirpate Protestantism on the whole Continent. They had almost succeeded in the execution of this plan, when, all at once, a period of inaction intervened, which enabled the German Protestants to seek foreign assistance. This inaction seems to be inexplicable. Here in Simancas, however, the explanation can be found, which consists in nothing less than in the strange circumstance that the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church were implacable enemies of the champions of Catholicism. They raised all kind of obstructions to the Emperor and the King of Spain. Even Father Lamormaine, the confessor of the Emperor, was the most consistent and uncompromising enemy of the Austrian cause. The Government of Spain was fully aware of it. It remonstrated in Vienna and in Rome with the Pope and with the General of the Jesuits, but all in vain. When Gustavus Adolphus made his appearance in Germany, the Emperor and the King of Spain asked from the Pope the permission to levy subsidies from the clergy, but the Pope scornfully rejected the demand. When Gustavus Adolphus had won the battle at Leipzig, the victory of the Protestants was celebrated in Rome with public rejoicings. At last the King of Spain instructed his ambassador, Cardinal Borja, to remonstrate with the Pope. No audience could be obtained, and Borja saw no other way to deliver his message than to address the Holy Father after a secret consistory. But the Holy Father took this liberty by no means in a forbearing and paternal manner. Cardinal Borja was in a rude way pulled out of the room by his vestments, not certainly by the Pope, but by the other Cardinals. Two days later the Pope reprimanded the Cardinal Borja in the strongest language, concluding his philippic with the words: 'And I order you to write every word I have

said to you to your master.' The despatch describing these scenes is lost. But when the news arrived in Spain, the members of the Consulta (Privy Council) were requested to present, each of them, a separate vote in writing. These votes are still extant, and from the quotations contained in them, we learn the particulars of the whole transaction. It is even mentioned in them that, at the command and in the name of the Pope, the Cardinal of San Onofrio gave to Cardinal Borja a box on the ear. In the Spanish Consulta the question was mooted whether it was not permitted to call out the Pope to a duel.

"Isolated as this transaction here stands, it resembles much a common scandal in high life. But if it forms only one link in a long line of consistent policy, it assumes the importance of a great historical fact of rare eloquence. As long as Naples belonged to Spain, the Roman Court was seldom a sincere friend of the house of Austria. Political reasons entirely superseding the interests of religion, the Popes who made themselves in later times entirely dependent on Austria were then almost constant allies of France; and the long struggle between France and the house of Austria, begun by Lewis XI., by Maximilian, and by Ferdinand the Catholic, and the last act of which is, perhaps, now performing, was at that period acrimonious enough to make Cardinal Richelieu and the Pope most valuable allies of Protestantism. The Stuarts were then on the throne of England. What was their position in the general politics of Europe? I think that this question is by no means exhausted, and worth the while of a student whose mind is wide enough to understand all parties, and who, equally avoiding a narrow-minded information against, and an even more narrow-minded justification of, that unfortunate family, is capable to elucidate the facts in the interest of historical and political knowledge.

"Will you permit me shortly to mention another fact, which is connected with the death of Gustavus Adolphus? Here is a letter of Father Quiroga, Spanish confessor of the Queen of Hungary (a Spanish princess), in which he tells

that four gentlemen, and one of them a very great personage, asked an audience of the said Queen, and offered her to assassinate the King of Sweden for a consideration of 30,000 ducats. The Queen did not dare to give a decisive answer without asking the opinion of her confessor, who not only approved of the murder, but took it also upon himself to procure the 30,000 ducats from the King of Spain. The answer of the King is characteristic. After a deliberation in the Consulta, it was decided that the assassination was desirable, and might be justified, but that it was below the dignity of a *great* King to meddle in this affair and to pay the assassins.

"I must beg your pardon for this long digression from the real subject of my letter.

"Once more, sir, I pray you not to be offended by the impertinent length of this letter, written by a man who now lives entirely separated from the civilized world, and who is most sincerely—Your true and obedient servant,

(Signed) G. BERGENROTH."

"Sir JOHN ROMILLY,
Master of the Rolls."

"SIMANCAS, *5th of April* 1861.

"SIR,—I suppose you will remember the reasons, stated by me in my last letter, why I did not like to make the question of the keys to cipher, a subject of official correspondence with Madrid, before I had secured copies of all the despatches in cipher. To-day, I am sorry to tell you, I have learned how well-founded my apprehension was. I am no longer permitted to copy the despatches in cipher. Whether the inhibition originates with the Archivero, or proceeds from the Minister de Fomento, I am as yet unable to say. In a few days I shall know it. Meanwhile I shall write this very day to Her Majesty's Minister at Madrid asking his good offices.

"I suspect that the Archivero does not act entirely on his own responsibility. Men of indifferent abilities, of indifferent knowledge, and of indifferent industry, are the

natural enemies of every one who strives for something above mediocrity. They are always ready to combine in order to put him down or to raise obstacles to him. I am even persuaded that their persecution has not yet reached its end. I shall hear that they want my copies of cipher to be given back to them, a thing which I am determined to do under no circumstances, even if I should be deprived of my permission to study in the Archives.

"At the bottom of the whole affair is the Archivero. He enjoys the reputation of being the greatest proficient in the knowledge of the historical documents relating to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, and, in fact, he is the only man in Spain who knows something about them, Marquess Pidal, Lafuente, etc., having received their information only through him. They cannot bear the idea that a foreigner comes to Simancas and ruins the reputation of their great men in a few months by deciphering the despatches in cipher without the keys, which he and they all are unable to read with the keys.

"Though this meanness I have to contend with, and the harm already done to me, and still in store, are by no means insignificant, and though my position is not a little aggravated by the circumstance that there is not a person in this village I can speak with, not a distraction which could make me forget my troubles for a moment, I am not disheartened; on the contrary, I hope to preserve my temper and to triumph over my adversaries. The greater the wrong done to me is, the more probable is it to get redress even in Spain. Besides, it is a consolation that I am already in possession of a nice collection of despatches in cipher.

"I hope Lord John Russell has not forgotten to instruct Sir A. Buchanan to render me his good offices.

"Excuse me, sir, that I trouble you so often, and hoping that my next letter will be a more satisfactory one.—I am," etc.

"MADRID, *30th of April* 1861.

"SIR,—I beg to inform you that since I wrote my last

letter to you the Archivero of Simancas went one step further in his obstructions to my labours, ordering the copyist whom I employ, and who is an officer of the Archives, to suppress all such portions of the documents he transcribes for me as he should not think calculated for publication. As soon as I was informed of this order (not by the Archivero, who assured me quite the contrary), I suspended my work, and went to Madrid.

"Mr. Edwardes, the English Chargé-d'Affaires, was most willing to render me all assistance in his power, and there is no doubt that the results we have obtained are almost entirely due to him. But you will perhaps permit me to mention that the Prussian Embassy likewise interested itself very warmly for my cause, and that the French Ambassador, *without being applied to*, came to my hotel, left me his card, and, as I am told, spoke to the Spanish authorities in my favour.

"The result is that, down to the reign of Philip II., all papers preserved in Simancas, without any exception, and those documents which hitherto have been kept entirely secret included, shall be shown to me; but that, on the other hand, I am obliged to leave copies of my deciphered despatches in the Archives, the *Spanish Government most solemnly taking upon itself to prevent the communication of them to any person or persons before the English Government has made such use of them as it might think proper.*

"Besides, I have asked Mr. Edwardes to avoid all such expressions in the agreement (which will be drawn up in writing) which would imply the acquiescence of England in the pretension of Spain to conceal from the students of history any historical documents belonging to the reign of Philip II. and his successors, as, at a later period, the English Government might order the State-papers of Philip II. to be in the same manner examined as I am now searching those of Ferdinand and Isabella.

"I think that, if the agreement is faithfully carried out, I can execute my task effectually. But if you wish anything to be altered, I beg you to inform me of it as soon

as possible. I do not resume my work at Simancas before the 16th of May, as the Archives will not be open before that day.

"Before I left Simancas I found two papers which seemed to me to be of extraordinary interest. The one is a letter written by Columbus from the Canarian Islands to a friend of his, when he, on his first expedition, was on the return to Europe. His first impressions of the strange islands he had seen are contained in it in all their freshness. I have copied it. The other document is of considerable length, filling forty-two pages in folio. It contains the instructions of Ferdinand and Isabella to the great discoverer, and, as it seems, his report together with his journals of his second voyage. I am not aware that this paper has been published. If the Geographical Society, or any other institution, should like to have a copy of it, I am ready to have it transcribed.

"After my hard life in Simancas, and the still harder work in the cold Archives during the winter, my health has somewhat suffered. I intend, therefore, to make a little trip to Granada. If you think it worth while to write to me, I beg you to direct your letter to Simancas, where I shall be back before the 16th of May.

"Hoping that none of the other editors gives you so much trouble as I, unfortunately, have been obliged to do, I remain," etc.

"SIMANCAS, *29th of May* 1861.

"SIR,—You will remember that I complained to the Director-General of Public Instruction of the Keeper of the Archives in Simancas, when he had taken from me the despatches in cipher which I was copying.

"Before I had received an answer, I found one morning on my writing-table in the Archives a little strip of paper, with the following significant words, written in the hand of the clerk who copies for me:—'*He* told that if I find any passage in the letters I am copying which I do not think calculated for publication, I ought to suppress them.'

"After this mysterious communication I suspended my

work in Simancas and went to Madrid, in order to speak personally with the Director-General. Mr. Edwardes, the Chargé-d'Affaires of Her Majesty's Government, procured me soon an interview with him, to which I went in company of Mr. Brackenbury, the Consul of the English Embassy.

"Don Pedro Saban, the Director-General of Public Instruction, and, at the same time, Secretary of the Royal Academy of History, is a man, I think, nearer sixty than fifty years of age, a little ceremonious, but very civil. He enjoys the reputation in Spain of being a great scholar, and, I believe, he was not entirely free from the desire to impress upon us the notion that he is a man of superior abilities and of more than common acquirements. He quoted all my little papers in the *Athenæum* with such a detailed knowledge of them that I suspected that, in preparation for our interview, he had read them only the day before, perhaps in a French translation in the *Revue Britannique*, or even only in a Spanish newspaper. He discoursed on the best method of discovering keys to ciphered despatches, and I was impolite enough to suspect that he had never come into very close contact with such papers. But, of course, I kept my counsel. In spite of these little foibles, however, he made on me the impression of a man of a cultivated understanding. When he therefore told me that the Government of Spain is obliged to prevent the divulging of the 'miserias de España,' I had the conviction that such a prejudice could not be very deeply rooted in his mind. He insisted on my obligation to communicate the deciphered despatches to the Archivero, adding that my copies were intended only for official control. He did not admit the justness of my observation that such a control could only be exercised if the officers were able to read the originals, and I concluded from his obstinacy that he was unwilling to communicate to me his real reasons for not receding from his demands. The results of this interview are embodied in a letter which I asked Mr. Brackenbury to write to me, and a copy of which I enclose.

"The following days I went to see Don Pascual de Gayangos, who is sufficiently known in England, and some other members of the Junta de los Archivos. I found Mr. Gayangos, who possesses a considerable influence in Madrid, very ready to render me all services in his power. Another member of the Junta permitted me a hasty examination of some portion of the Archives of the Duque de Frias, where I, however, found nothing that I wished to copy.

"Meanwhile, the Prussian Chargé-d'Affaires (the Minister-Plenipotentiary was absent) went to see the Minister de Fomento, the Director-General of Public Instruction, and Don Aureliano Guerra, the first and very influential officer (after the Director-General) of that department. The news he communicated to me *were* rather encouraging, though I was, at the same time, warned to be very cautious in my dealings with the Spanish Government.

"I had paid a visit to Mr. Tiran, who is Chancellier of the French Embassy. The next day I received in my hotel the card of the French Ambassador. Supposing that it was a mistake, I sent it back. It was, however, directly returned to me with my name written in pencil on a bit of paper. As I was, a few days later, asked in the Ministry de Fomento whether I had also engagements with the French Government, I concluded from the aforesaid circumstance that the French Ambassador had spoken of my case, and if so, I think there can be no doubt in favour of scientific progress. As I, however, had no opportunity of seeing the Ambassador,—to tell the truth I did not much seek it, because I was not sure whether even this unofficial interference would be agreeable to you,—I cannot speak with positive certainty.

"When, after all this, I returned to the Ministry de Fomento (Public Instruction forms one branch of it), I saw Don Aureliano Guerra, who informed me that all my complaints were to be redressed. Moreover, he told me that the Junta de Archivos had decided that all the papers in the Archives of Simancas, down to the year 1550, were to be communicated to me, even those which hitherto had

been secret. If the Archivero thought that one or more of these papers were utterly unqualified for publication, he was not to decide the question, but to report to the Director-General. As for the copies of the deciphered despatches, Don Aureliano said that the Spanish Government would regard them as a kind of recompense for the extraordinary facilities granted to me.

"Mr. Edwardes thought these arrangements, though satisfactory in substance, insufficient in form. I composed, therefore, a little memoir, in which I stated the principal points, and he hoped to get a formal promise, signed by the Minister de Fomento, in a few days.

"When matters were in this state, I wrote my letter of, I think, the 30th of April to you, and as the Archives were shut till the 16th of May, I set out for an excursion to Granada and Malaga.

"On my return to Madrid on the 14th of May, I found that Mr. Edwardes had not succeeded in persuading the Minister de Fomento to sign any agreement. Not free from apprehension, I went to the Ministry de Fomento, where, however, Don Aureliano Guerra repeated all the former promises. He gave me an order, signed by the Director-General, to the Archivero. I enclose a translation of it. This order, he explained to me, was only destined to save appearances, the real very liberal and very strict instructions being contained in a separate letter which he showed to me, but which delicacy forbade me to ask the permission to read. Don Aureliano, moreover, told me that, in case I should meet with new difficulties in the Archives of Simancas, I might write to him personally, he promising to take care that my grievances be as promptly and as effectually redressed as possible.

"Having attained so much, I did not ask Mr. Edwardes to take any further steps, from fear to wound the susceptibility of the Spanish Government by too much pressure.

"When I came to Simancas, the Archivero received me at first very cordially, like an old friend. When I began to speak of the business I had transacted in Madrid, he

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feigned to know very little of it. But as soon as he saw that I was informed of the contents of the separate letter, he got into a passion bordering on frenzy. Twice I was obliged to suspend our conversation. The final result was that the Archivero told me he would send a protest to Madrid, and, till he had got the answer to it, not execute the order of the Director-General. I sent the same day a new complaint to Don Aureliano Guerra. As soon, however, as the passion of the Archivero began to cool, he changed his mind and showed a conciliatory disposition. By degrees we became again friends, as far as such friendship goes. A clerk is now under my superintendence copying my deciphered despatches, and to-day I found on my table the whole collection of the despatches in cipher, and the keys to them. I have not yet had the time to examine them. As I had informed Don Aureliano of the bad behaviour of the Archivero, I lost no time to let him know his reformation. Don Aureliano answered me with next mail, that the Director-General will repeatedly remind the Archivero of the earnest and decided wish of the Spanish Government that I shall enjoy the greatest liberty and the greatest facilities in completing my work.

"Thus, I think, I find myself placed in rather favourable conditions. And yet I should regard it as a special favour if the new Minister-Plenipotentiary of Her Majesty's Government in Madrid were instructed to lend me his assistance in case I should need it again. It is impossible to say what may happen to-morrow. In Spain there linger still a good deal of old prejudices, and many influential men are discontented by the concessions made to me. Marquess Pidal, for instance, who is now writing the history of Ferdinand and Isabella, is, by my researches, placed in a very disagreeable position. I am told that he thinks that the Archivero is wronged.

"I beg to observe that I do not think that the obstacles which were thrown in my way sprang from the circumstance that the English Government intrusted me with a commission. It cannot be denied that the Spaniards are

a little touchy with respect to interference from England, but I do not think it goes very far. The Spanish Government may answer in the negative the letter of Sir Andrew Buchanan, asking greater liberty of research for the Commissioner of the English Government; the Spanish Government has perhaps answered in a similar manner to the request of Mr. Edwardes; in the order by which it granted me some concessions I am expressly styled 'caballero aleman,' and as it is not usual to state in such orders the nationality, there is little doubt that it was done on purpose;—but in spite of all that I am fully persuaded that the circumstance of being intrusted by the English Government with the work in question has not only not called forth any restrictions, but on the contrary materially assisted me in obtaining more favourable conditions. Spain is jealous to preserve the *appearance* that it is uninfluenced by other powers, that is all.

"My case is very different from that of Mr. Gachard and Mr. Tiran,—as I sought and partially obtained an exemption from the very regulations which were made for them, and with which they were contented. The source from which all the disagreeable things sprang was of a personal kind—jealousy of the Archivero. His career is an extraordinary one. He was gunner in the army which fought against Napoleon I. In the year 1809 he was made prisoner of war, and marched to Nancy, where he learnt French, which he has not yet *entirely* forgotten. After the peace he got a very subordinate place in the Archives, through the influence of a distant relation of his. By his industry he raised himself to the position of Archivero. For a gunner, he is exceedingly well instructed; but a very learned gunner is still not sufficiently educated for the place of Keeper of such Archives as those of Simancas. He is fully aware of it. In spite of his imperfect education, it is he who has been the general purveyor to *all* living Spanish scholars on the field of historical research, and, to be just to him, he has done half the work of Mr. Gachard, and three-fourths of the work of Mr. Tiran,—

badly, it must be confessed, and I call on Mr. Froude as a witness,—but from pure interest in the work, and from a desire to distinguish himself. Had I placed myself under his guidance, he would, as he told me (and I believe him), have worked for me. But as I proceeded quite independently, and endangered his reputation as a scholar, he, most naturally, resented it.

"But excuse my long letter, and pardon the bad writing of it. As Mr. Froude leaves a few days earlier than I expected, I have been obliged to write the whole night through. I thank you for all the kindness and interest you have shown for me.—I am," etc.

"SIMANCAS, *20th of June* '61.

"SIR, ... You must feel it with me that I am placed in a disagreeable position, as I have hitherto been the only herald of my own deeds. I have not the intention to exaggerate, but I may do so unintentionally. I am going, therefore, to ask a great favour of you. Would you be so kind as to commission Mr. Brewer to examine my papers, and to report on them? Whether favourable or unfavourable, his opinion would much comfort me.

"I am now going to explain to you my plan concerning the one hundred pounds, which, however, I could accept only in the case that the report of Mr. Brewer proves to be favourable. I have found in Simancas documents of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, which were despatched or received in very different places, from Seville in the south to Laredo on the coast of the Bay of Biscay. But all these places belonged to the kingdom of Castile, not one of them to the Crown of Aragon. As the Archives of Aragon (in Barcelona) were then already long in existence, the idea suggested itself to my mind that the despatches received or written in Aragon may have been preserved in the Archives of that kingdom. I got, through a friend of mine, an introduction to the Archivero of Barcelona, and asked him to tell me whether I can reasonably expect to find there any papers of interest to me. Only

yesterday I received his answer. He has ordered a search to be made, the result of which is that in the *political* department of those Archives there are not less than 349 Registros belonging to the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic. I do not know what a Registro in the Archives of Barcelona is, but if it corresponds to a Legajo in Simancas, the riches of the Archives in Barcelona would be quite amazing. Rome, Castile, and Italy form separate collections. There is no English series, but a good number of Registros are superscribed 'Miscellaneous.' Thus far the superscriptions; the contents are hitherto unknown. Should I find in those Registros the documents which are wanting in the Legajos of Simancas? The Roman correspondence of a later period which is here in Simancas is so important that, without knowing it, no one can fully understand the history of any European country. On the other hand, of Roman documents belonging to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Henry VII., Charles VIII. of France, and the Popes Alexander Borgia, Julius II., and Leo X., there is here almost nothing to be found. There is a good number of letters from the ambassadors in Rome, but only speaking of bishoprics and vacant canonries, and constantly referring to another set of despatches, of which not a single one is to be seen here. Has perhaps Ferdinand preserved them in his own Aragonese Archives? To-morrow I shall write to Madrid, asking the permission to examine the Archives of Barcelona. If I do not find there what I seek the loss is not great,—a week or a fortnight of my time, and a petty additional expense to the English Government. But if I find there the papers which are wanting in Simancas, the discovery would be great, and in such a case I ask you whether you can give me the permission to spend the money destined for Simancas on having copies made in Barcelona?

"The Archivero of Simancas suffers much from me. My translations of the ciphered despatches are now in the way of being copied for the Spanish Government. If a copy is finished he and the first officer collate my transla-

tion with the copy. On such occasions his face grows as white chalk, and occasionally comes an outburst of passion. Only yesterday I had a very stormy scene with him. When the storm is over he comes and asks my pardon. Poor man, I pity him. But his behaviour does not contribute to make my life in Simancas more agreeable.

"Don Aureliano Guerra, officer in the Ministry de Fomento, whose name I have already mentioned, has been elected member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin. I am glad of it. Though I am not a member of any academy, he will see in his election an additional reason to be liberal to me as a Prussian. Excuse my long letter, and believe me most truly, yours," etc.

"SIMANCAS, 23 *of July* 1861.

"SIR, ... The despatches in cipher are all copied and deciphered, with the exception of two small letters (the one of them from John Stile to Henry VII.), which I intend to decipher in Barcelona or in London. I am now too fatigued for a work which requires so much concentration of thought as the discovery of the keys to unknown cipher does. Since I wrote my last letter very little has been added to my collection of despatches in cipher; whilst, on the other hand, some more extensive ciphered despatches have disappeared from my list, because they are duplicates of documents which I possessed already. I could not know it before I had deciphered them.

"I am now examining the so-called Libros de Berzosa. Philip II. did not content himself with collecting the State-papers of Castile, but sent also Berzosa, a native of Zaragosa, to Italy, in order to have made there a collection of historical documents from the Archives of that country. The result was more than thirty huge volumes of copies, principally from Rome. Some volumes of them have been retained in Paris, and the whereabouts of some more of them is unknown. The remaining volumes, however, form a very valuable collection of State-papers, which, as long as the Archives of Rome remain inaccessible, deserve the

attention of the student of history. As the Libros de Berzosa begin about with the reign of Charles V., I have found very little in them bearing on the history of Henry VII.; in fact, till now, only two documents. The one is an instruction of Pope Innocent VIII. to his ambassador in England, of very small importance. But the other document is of a very curious character. It is the capitulation of the cardinals assembled in the conclave which elected Pope Pius III., the successor of Alexander VI., Borgia. It is very lengthy, and yet I cannot prevail upon myself to have only an extract from it. I am copying it, though that will cost me a week's labour. The chapters which the new Pope was made to swear, and which were declared to be binding to all successors, bear a strong resemblance with the Mad Parliament of Oxford. The Pope was stripped of all power with respect to the cardinals, and the patrimony of St. Peter was divided by lot among the electors.

"As I must leave time to the officers of the Archives to copy my deciphered State-papers, I shall probably stay about from three to four weeks more in Simancas. I mention this fact because it might be interesting to Mr. Brewer, of whom I have heard nothing of late, and the order of whose admission as a reader in the Archives has not yet arrived here.

"I knew Sir Francis Palgrave only in the last years of his life, and even then our acquaintance was only superficial. One day, it is true, he would treat me as his friend, and regret that Hallam was dead, and that he could not introduce me to that accomplished scholar, whilst perhaps the next day he did not remember that he had ever seen me before. I have studied Sir Francis's *Rise of the English Commonwealth*, and am of opinion that this work, though its form is rather imperfect, contains an unusual amount of valuable information, the result of serious and continued studies.

"As for the promotion of Mr. Duffus Hardy to the important post which has become vacant by the death of Sir Francis, I am persuaded that not only his personal friends,

but every true friend of historical scholarship, will rejoice at it.—I am," etc.

"SIR,—I beg to inform you that I arrived on Wednesday morning, the 18th of September, in Barcelona. I was, however, unable to begin my work before Saturday, as the Archives, though open, were deserted by almost all their *employés*, the Archivero being absent in Monserat. Saturday he returned to town, and was so amiable, and offered me so much assistance, that, if his deeds are half as good as his words, I shall have every reason to be thankful to him.

"The most important contents of the Archives seem to be the so-called *Registros*. All orders, letters, instructions, etc., issued by the Kings of Aragon, were from the draughts transcribed into the Registros, and from these transcripts were the copies made which the Kings signed. The Registros are considered as full evidence in the courts of law. There are 6388 volumes of them in quarto preserved in the Archives of Barcelona, most of them belonging to earlier periods.

"The plan on which the Registros are arranged is very imperfect. They are divided into 'Communia' and 'Negotia privati Sigilli,' and in both divisions the correspondence with Rome, with the several Italian possessions of Aragon and the 'Itinerum,' form separate collections. The 'Itinerum' comprises all papers, without distinction of the subjects, which were issued by the Kings when they were travelling.

"Besides these Registros there is a large collection of treaties and charters on parchment. They are not likely to occupy much of my time. But another collection, that of the 'cartas reales,' royal letters—that is to say, original and holograph letters from princes and other personages to the kings of Aragon—ought, I think, to be carefully examined.

"The documents in the Registros follow in chronological order, and an instruction to an ambassador on the most im-

portant business of State may be followed by an injunction to the master of the hounds to keep the dogs ready for hunting. But even the chronological order and the above-mentioned divisions of the contents of the Registros are by no means strictly adhered to.

"There are catalogues enumerating the volumes, but no indexes detailing the contents of them. Ciphered despatches, the Archivero tells me, do not occur in these Archives.

"As for the character of the papers here preserved, it seems necessary to state that they are not only documents bearing on the concerns of Aragon. The government of the entire kingdom of Spain was in Aragon as often and as long as the Kings resided in this latter portion of the empire; and during such periods the Registros contain the fullest information concerning the general policy of Spain. There are even a very considerable number of State-papers, despatched in Castile, to be found in the Registros of Aragon—I suppose all those which were still in the hands of the secretaries when the Kings came to Aragon and its dependencies. Thus the Archives of Aragon are the complement of those in Castile (in Simancas). The reader meets with the same negotiations, despatched by the same secretaries,—Alvarez, Colonna, De la Parra, Almazan, etc. The only difference is, that in Simancas there are the papers bearing on foreign policy selected in one collection, that of the 'Estado,' whilst they are here mixed up with an infinite number of documents of only local and private interest.

"There are two ways in which I can proceed; that is to say, I can search only for such papers as are known to me to have existed in these Archives, or I might undertake a thorough examination of those collections which are likely to yield a reasonable recompense. The first method would have the by no means insignificant advantage, that it could be executed in comparatively short time. Mr. Brewer told me that you wish to see at least the beginning of my work finished without great delay, and I am almost impatient to

offer the fruit of my researches in Simancas to you, and to the public at large, for approval or disapproval, as the case might be. But, on the other hand, it is obvious that if I do not more than search for a certain number of papers, I cannot say that I have examined the Archives. This task would remain to be done by some successor of mine, and my work would be incomplete. I have therefore begun my work in Barcelona as a thorough examination of the State-papers there preserved, and belonging to the period with which I am at present occupied, and it is my intention to continue doing so till I receive further directions from you.

"I am sorry that I cannot yet send you more positive information respecting the contents of the Archives. I openly confess that I think the Archives worth a general examination, but I am guided only by the general character of the collections. Whoever undertakes that task, though he may reasonably hope to be amply rewarded, must be prepared to find that his time has been wasted to little purpose.

"The time corresponding to the reign of Henry VII. comprises seventy-five or eighty volumes in the Registros alone. The volumes are not very thick, but the writing is very close and the letters small. If I work very hard, and get proper assistance for copying, I may hope to finish the examination of them during the course of the winter. Hitherto I have examined only two volumes, in which I have found a considerable number of documents of great interest and importance respecting the history of the Inquisition, of the persecution of the Jews, of Italy, Bohemia, and France, and certainly above all of Spain. Some of these papers are so interesting that I am exceedingly sorry to leave them uncopied, especially those relating to the Inquisition and to France.

"Before the long struggle between France and the combined houses of Austria and Spain broke out, both parties were very anxious, at least in appearance, to avoid hostilities. A marriage was therefore planned between Isabella,

the eldest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, with Charles VIII. of France. When this scheme proved a failure, it was designed that two women, Queen Isabella and Madame de Bourbon, were to meet and settle the affairs of Europe. Their decisions were to be *law*. After this second scheme had been found impracticable, and open hostilities had begun, Queen Isabella, though instigating all other powers to wage an unrelenting war against France, seems never to have ceased negotiating peace with France on favourable conditions for her. But excuse, sir, this digression.

"Of papers bearing *directly* on the history of England I have hitherto found not more than one. Ferdinand and Isabella tell the Pope, as early as May 1490, that peace between England and France is prejudicial to their own interest, and that they consider all those who promote such a peace as their enemies.

"The reason of this scarcity seems to consist in nothing else but in the circumstance that I have not yet come to such a portion of the Registros in which English business is treated. As soon as that will be the case, I have no doubt that the documents respecting England will be as numerous, as curious, and as exhausting as those relating to France, Italy, etc.; and I beg to observe that the 'Registros,' being bound books, have the great advantage over the collections in Simancas (which are loose papers), that, if a negotiation is registered in them, the whole correspondence is to be found in its full completeness, and with all the minor letters to those officers and personages who had sold themselves to Spain, and who were expected to carry the measure, even against their own Government.

"Of documents bearing *directly* on the affairs of Brittany, and therefore *indirectly* on England, I have already gathered a good harvest, each of them containing some new and curious information. I must confess that I am not entirely free from vanity. It affords me pleasure to think that, where the affairs of France are so intimately mixed with those of England that I must speak of both, I can show the French scholars that we in England are better informed on

their own concerns than they are. I even intend to copy one or two documents respecting the Inquisition and the persecution of the Jews, as illustrative of the spirit of the age, and especially the character of Queen Isabella. One of these documents reads like a romance :—The Bishop of Segovia digging up in the night the bones of his father, mother, and grandmother, and hiding them none knows where, in order to prevent their being burnt as heretical at the stake; the Queen and her confessor, the prior of Santa Cruz, openly accused of prosecuting dead persons from avarice, in order to appropriate to themselves their inheritances, and the Queen justifying herself before the Pope with reasons which would appear exaggerated in the mouth of the wildest declaimer against the royal birds of prey. She boasts that she has depopulated flourishing towns and provinces of her realms, and laid waste large tracts of land.

"But excuse this digression. The officers of the Archives tell me that whatever has been said about frequent researches made in the Archives of Barcelona, I am in this most important portion of them on entirely untrodden ground.

"Before I conclude I beg to mention two difficulties with which I am contending. The deciphering during the nights in Simancas has tired my eyes. I am not without fault. From petty reasons of economy, I could not prevail upon myself to incur the quite extravagant expenses of a good lamp, and worked therefore by bad candlelight. I hope, however, that by proper treatment my eyes will soon regain their former strength.

"The second difficulty consists in the circumstance that I have not yet been able to secure any assistance, not even that of a scribe, to copy a single line for me. In Simancas the officers of the Archives copied for me; in Barcelona they are forbidden by the regulations of the Archives to do so. Men who read the old Spanish writing so far that they can form a general idea of what the papers contain, right or wrong, are not seldom, but they would be of no use to me. Of men, however, who read it correctly, I do not believe that there are twenty in the whole of Spain, and in

England I do not know a single person able to do so. I have heard here in Barcelona only of one—excepted, of course, three officers in the Archives. He is an officer of the Public Library. As the office-hours in the Library and in the Archives are the same, he is not at liberty to assist me during that time. But the Archivero, Don Manuel Boffarull, has promised me to open to him the Archives after the office-hours, if he is willing to copy for me. I am now negotiating with him.

"I live here in the Fonda de Cuatro Naciones, an hotel which is only a little worse, but not dearer, than similar hotels in Marseilles, Genoa, etc. My remarks on the expensiveness of life in Spain, which I made in my letter from Valencia, do not therefore apply to Barcelona.

"As a letter directed to my hotel might perhaps not be so safe, I beg you, sir, to send your letter for me to Mr. James Baker, Her Majesty's Consul in Barcelona, who has promised to deliver it directly to me. It would be, I think, advisable to write the direction in French or in Spanish. In Spanish it would be—Sr. Dr. Jacobo Baker, Consul de Su Magestad la Reyna de Inglaterra, Barcelona.

"I hope, sir, you will excuse this long letter, and believe that I am," etc.

"Barcelona, finished the 29th of September 1861."

"Sir,—When I wrote my last letter to you (more than a week ago), I had not quite finished the examination of the two first volumes of the Registros, which promised so well. Since that time, however, I have examined eighteen more volumes, which contain invaluable material for a History of Aragon, but very little on the political affairs of Europe in general, and on England in particular. I never expected all the volumes to be equally rich in information. Nevertheless I think it is my duty to inform you, without delay of time, that so considerable a number as eighteen volumes of the Registros have yielded not more than four short papers of secondary interest. I expect your decision whether I ought to continue the search of the Registros, or

may, without concluding it, directly search the 'Royal Letters.'

"I know now by experience that of such volumes of the Registros *which contain nothing, or next to nothing,* I *can* despatch two volumes and a half every day, looking at every paper contained in them. Thus, in the worst case, the loss of time would be about thirty days, or little more than five weeks. Though the examination of two volumes and a half in a day is very fatiguing work, I declare myself ready to do it. For I have not yet abandoned the hope to gather a good harvest from the Registros. My reasons are, that I positively know that important transactions have been carried on in Barcelona between Ferdinand and Isabella and Henry VII.; that according to the customs then prevailing in Aragon these transactions must be registered, and that the Registros, to all appearance, are complete. I find only that their imperfect original order has been rendered much more confused by subsequent Archiveros, who have attempted to reduce the papers to some systematical order, which has been four or five times altered. At all events, in my estimation, even if my researches were fruitless, the time spent in making them would not be entirely thrown away, because they would enable me to state in a positive way that the Registros contain nothing more than I shall mention. Thus all doubts about them would be set at rest for all times. But certainly, sir, that is only my opinion, and it is for you to decide.

"As for copyists, I have the greatest difficulty to find them. I have already employed four of them, all lawyers without briefs, I suppose. They begin their work with an astonishing amount of self-reliance, but when, on comparing their transcripts with the originals, it is found that they make on each page from *twelve* to *thirty* blunders, they pretext some urgent business, promise to be back in half an hour, and show their faces never again. I have now at last got hold of one who has the intention to learn. He gives me and the officers of the Archives who have the kindness to superintend and to correct him much trouble, and his copies

will be found to be dear; but if I spent my time in copying, the copies would be, I think, still dearer.

"There is, in imitation of the École des Chartes in Paris, a school in Madrid in which young men are educated expressedly for the purpose of being afterwards employed in the Archives. But they leave that institution as ignorant as they enter it. I know two of them who won the prizes in the last competition. If they know correctly to read and write *modern* Spanish, that is all that can be said of them. They are even unacquainted with the rudiments of Latin, which is so common in Spain. One of them, who got a place in the Archives of Simancas, calculating that, in spite of his salary, he spends more in that village than he would spend without a salary in his native town, is looking out for additional sources of revenue, and when I left he was actually in correspondence with some bull-fighters, in company with whom he intended to undertake the management of the bull-ring in Logroño. What can be expected from such men?

"Don Manuel Boffarull, the Archivero, and the two *employés* who are worth anything, continue to behave in the most amiable manner. I will mention only one example. The Archives are shut from the 1st to the 16th inst., and the officers have their autumn holidays. In order, however, to enable me to make the best use of my time, I am admitted every day in the Archives, as though there were no holidays at all. As if I go to the Archives at least one of the officers must be present in them, their courtesy consists in something more than in mere words. It involves a real sacrifice of their time.

"I have written to you once from Valencia and once from Barcelona. I have, since I saw Mr. Brewer, received no communications from you.—I am," etc.

"*P.S.*—I have found to-day in the 'Itinerum' a volume full of curious papers belonging to the year 1495, and illustrating the great contest between Spain and France, and the Spanish intrigues in Italy before the conquest of

Naples. Unfortunately there is nothing in that volume bearing directly on England. I am taking short notes (only a few) from this volume. As often as I find such historical treasures, though relating to other countries, my hope is revived to meet in other volumes with similar sources of information illustrating the affairs of England."

X.

In the autumn of 1861 Bergenroth came to England to superintend the publication of the Calendar for which he had been so assiduously collecting materials. Great as had been his harvest, he came back more impressed with an anxious sense of his being still wanting in what was needful than elated with the harvest he had gathered. There were gaps in the Spanish Archives which his encyclopædic thirst for exhaustive knowledge of the politics of that period made him burn to make good by investigation in other Record Offices, particularly in Paris and Brussels. The more Bergenroth worked on, the more the scope of his task grew in his mind, so that what would have constituted the delight of a dozen ordinary students only served to him as stimulating aliment to further exertion. He would not be satisfied without having got the key to unlock every entanglement and knot of a peculiarly devious age, and the clue to follow out every thread in the most complicated of political webs. Thus it came about that the literary scheme he had originally entertained was dismissed by him as too narrow, and instead of a history of the Tudors, he resolved on writing that of Charles v., as a subject of truly comprehensive range, embracing naturally a cosmopolitan survey of the politics of Europe. In the

winter of 1861-62, he passed some time in Paris, and the following letter to his mother is characteristic of his habits of life and of thought :—

"PARIS, 5 RUE NEUVE DES CAPUCINES,
25th January 1862.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Though in Paris, I am yet leading a very quiet life. At times I go out of an evening, and visit one or another of my few acquaintances in Paris. Formerly I had more of them. The older I grow, and the more occupied I am, the smaller becomes the circle of those with whom I have intercourse. Now and then I go to the play. That is for me not merely a recreation, but in some sense a duty. An individual who, like myself, presumes often to express an opinion on his age, must not neglect to inform himself on it as much as ever he can; and the theatre, at least in Paris, is one of the most important sources for getting to know one's age. In Germany one has no conception of what in France the theatre really means. All the questions of life, great and small, are discussed on the stage, and the public stand by as critic. Whether serious or comic, the pieces always seek to reflect an image of real life. In action, French actors are not the stiff ones our Germans are, who fancy they have done enough when they declaim their parts. In France there is no declamation on the stage. One speaks and moves just as naturally as in every-day life. Most evenings, however, I am at home, and work. The work I now have in hand is so frightfully long that I must husband the remainder of my life."

The Calendar was issued in the spring of 1863, and at once excited much attention, the merits and extraordinary vigour of Bergenroth's Introduction being recognised by leading periodicals in this country and on the Continent. This acknowledgment of his labours gratified Bergenroth, and stimulated his energy to increased activity; so that no sooner was his volume launched, than he hastened back to Simancas with

flushed spirits. Here he found that, annoying as had often been the difficulties previously interposed by Spanish jealousy, they were nothing by the side of obstacles he now had to contend with. The very fact of the sensation produced in the literary world by his volume reacted to his prejudice on the minds of ignorant officials, envious of his reputation, and yet themselves quite incapable of turning to account the treasures that so long had been in their keeping. But Bergenroth was not to be easily balked by obstructiveness, and with what genial perseverance and admirable tact he fought on against the dense phalanx of official ill-will, until he fairly mastered the same, and drove out of the field his chief antagonists, is recounted in the following charming letters to the Master of the Rolls and Sir Thos. Duffus Hardy, which we give without break, because, though not all written from Simancas, they furnish a sufficiently connected narrative of his doings down to 1866 :—

"Simancas, *Octor.* 7, '62.

"My dear Hardy,— . . . I am now working satisfactorily. The papers with which I am at present occupied are dry, but they are necessary for the understanding of the negotiations then going on. Thus I do not complain. Besides, you must not imagine that all papers are dry. I hope the whole will be rather interesting. The best account I am able to give is that my eyes improve. I have put aside all spectacles, and can without great exertion read and write from six to eight hours a day, even if the writing is bad. Such being the case, I am progressing with my work.

"I have engaged the Belgian Professor for French and Latin correspondence, and the officers of the Archives work for me in the Spanish correspondence.

"Looking over the Legajos which I have had already in hand, I find that some documents have disappeared. I do not know what I shall do. I have copied them, and do

not, therefore, want them any longer. But shall I tell the Archivero that the papers are wanting, or shall I leave this matter quiet? If I speak of my observations, very unpleasant consequences would follow; if I remain silent, I could perhaps hereafter be accused to have occasioned the loss.

"My house, for which I pay £10, 10s. a year, is still in an unfinished state, and I am restricted to one bad room. Patience is a great virtue in certain circumstances. I have chicks and chickens in my courtyard, but they are as dry as a stick—bones and feathers, that is all.

"Remember me to Mrs. Hardy, to Brewer, Stevenson, and Edwards.—Most truly yours," etc.

"SIMANCAS, *14th of June* 1863.

"SIR,—Towards the end of January last I wrote you a long letter concerning my labours in Simancas. I asked afterwards Mr. Brewer and Mr. Hardy to tell me whether you had received it. As, however, my questions have hitherto remained unanswered, I think it is my duty to write once more to you.

"My work in Simancas is much more difficult, and in especial requires much more time than I ever suspected. One of the principal reasons thereof consists in the circumstance that the series 'Inglaterra' contains, as far as the reign of Charles V. is concerned, comparatively few documents, and that the papers bearing on the history of England must be collected from the other series, as for instance Castilla, Roma, Alemania, etc., which almost all of them are, in contradiction to the series 'Inglaterra,' uncommonly copious. Castilla alone contains in the reign of Charles 132 Legajos, comprising about 30,000 despatches from ambassadors, instructions to diplomatical agents, and similar State-papers. No choice is left to me but to examine with equal care all these series. I sometimes work a whole week, and read many hundreds of despatches, without finding a single word pointing to England, whilst immediately afterwards I meet with abundance of papers

concerning England. The four last Legajos of the series Roma, for instance, which I have had in hand, contain no less than 91 State-papers either exclusively treating of English concerns, or speaking of England in connexion with the general politics of Europe.

"Besides this, I have not been able to procure myself efficient assistance. The Rector of the English College in Valladolid, as I told you in London, had promised to procure me a young student who had left his College in order to assist me. The only objection he made was the insufficient allowance of the Government. When I promised to pay more, the young man was still not forthcoming. At last I found out that the Rector, instead of helping me to find a secretary among the former students of his College, did all in his power to prevent me from finding one. The reason he alleged is, that he does not like to have a former student of his College living so near Valladolid as Simancas. Whether this is the true reason, or whether he thinks that the divulging of the secrets of so emphatically Catholic a government as that of Spain is an undesirable thing, I am unable to state. When I had lost the hope to obtain a secretary through the intervention of the Rector of the English College, I engaged a Belgian ex-Professor, who is employed in researches in Simancas by Count Villermont, the historian of Tilly. He is an intelligent man, and lives in the utmost destitution. A short time ago he had, literally speaking, *no* shirt and *no* stockings. He now possesses *one* shirt and two pairs of stockings. I offered him liberal remuneration, but I found it impossible to make him work. The utmost exertion he imposes on himself is to remain half-an-hour, and, on extraordinary occasions, three quarters of an hour, in the Archives, not always employing his time very profitably. Thereby he gains as much from Count Villermont as he wants for his miserable life. The rest of his time he passes in his bed (by no means a luxurious one), without books, without society, and in the evenings without candles.

"When I found that I could not count on the help of

the ex-Professor, I had recourse to Spaniards. Their promises were excellent, and they were highly recommended to me, but there was not one among them who was of the least use to me. At present a young German gentleman is staying with me. He is a friend of mine, and renders me excellent service. Unhappily he cannot stay much longer here.

"The greatest obstacles in my way come, however, from another source. The Archivero retains again all despatches in cipher, of which no decipherings are to be found. He pretends that he has received orders from the Director-General in Madrid to that effect. The Director-General, on the other hand, denies to have given such orders, and calls the Archivero an 'ass' and a 'liar.' The fact, I think, is that here, as well as in Madrid, there is a great amount of double-dealing. The present state of things is the following:—The Director-General has ordered the Archivero to decipher all despatches in cipher, and to communicate to the literary readers the decipherings, just like other papers. The Archivero, on his part, says that he is unable to decipher them, and that in consequence he cannot communicate them. The affair is pending since Christmas without coming to a final conclusion, although the Minister de Fomento, the Director-General of Public Instruction, and the members of the Junta de Archivos, that is to say, all authorities concerned in the affair, most solemnly affirm that very soon new and more liberal regulations for the use of the Archives shall be given, and that another Archivero shall be sent to Simancas. About a fortnight ago it was assured that in a very few days the whole affair should be brought to an end. I am now waiting for further news from Madrid. The best would be to speak personally with the Minister de Fomento and the Director-General. Considering, however, the slow way in which business is carried on in Madrid, my going thither would involve a sacrifice of about three weeks of time, which, if possible, I very much desire to avoid.

"You will perhaps be astonished when I tell you that I

have not yet had recourse to the English Embassy. But I think I am right in not asking the English Ambassador to intervene in this case until all other means have failed. The reasons thereof are better communicated by words of mouth than in a letter.

"Before the question respecting the ciphered despatches and the sending of another Archivero is terminated, I cannot conclude my work in Simancas. If I, for instance, finished to-morrow my researches in Simancas, and after to-morrow another Archivero and other regulations were sent, a quantity of documents now withheld could possibly become accessible, and my work would from the beginning be incomplete and antiquated. If the final decision of the Spanish Government were likely not to be given before some years, I would propose to publish now the documents which are shown, and, according to circumstances, hereafter to give an appendix. But if the delay should prove to be no more than some months, I would, in such a case, be of opinion to postpone for some while the publication.

"This question, however, is not to be decided at present; for during the course of this summer I will be fully occupied with examining those papers which are communicated to me, and I will esteem myself very fortunate if I can leave Simancas before the winter and its cold comes back. I have been prevented by a very serious illness to work during the month of December and a portion of the month of January last. But with the exception of this involuntary interruption, I have worked every day since I came to Simancas, on the days on which the Archives are open in the Archives, and on the other days at home. In the Archives I generally do not leave my writing-table for a single moment till the porter announces that he is going to shut the rooms. I have not made for the last ten months a single holiday. I do not tell you that in a way of complaint. Although my labour is heavy, and although I live here in utter seclusion from the civilized world, I am perfectly satisfied. I obtain every day more knowledge respecting so important a period of history as that of

Henry VIII., Charles V., and the Reformation, which I could draw from no other source. If I therefore speak of the manner in which I employ my time, it is only because I fear you could grow impatient.

"As far as the results are concerned, I am not yet able to give a definite opinion. I fear, however, many blanks will remain in my collection, and the part which England acted in the great political and religious questions of Europe will not appear so prominent as might be expected. The great powers of Europe of those days (exclusive of the Turks) were the house of Austria, France, and the Pope. England has seldom an independent European policy. But although, according to the Simancas papers, Henry VIII. was not one of the principal actors in the great European policy, his part is by no means insignificant, and the political drama itself is of more than common interest. Such being the case, every addition of knowledge is valuable; and the documents of Simancas contain exactly, with respect to the most momentous years, so much new information, that many of the principal chapters of the history of this period must be re-written when they are published. I will only mention that till the year 1534 the Pope and the College of the Cardinals were always ready to make so much concession to the Protestants, that Melanchthon and the moderate party would have been fully satisfied by them,—that is to say, the marriage of priests, communion *sub utraque specie*, etc. The person who did all in his power to prevent a reconciliation was the Emperor Charles. If I would give extracts of all the letters and despatches treating of this most important subject, I should be obliged to fill perhaps the volumes with them. My method is to read them all, and to select those which refer to England directly or indirectly, adding a few of general and paramount interest, which do not mention England.

"When we come to the year 1546 the history rises to one of the greatest tragedies that was ever acted. We are told Charles V. made war upon the Protestants, and remained victorious. I read here he waged war for the

empire of the world, and was miserably defeated. Victory was within his grasp. But he was a man of too mean a character for the execution of so vast a plan. He, Cobos, and Granvella had made the arrangements, and the preparations and negotiations were carried on in all countries from Moscow to Teheran. Mean covetousness in small things alienated from him all his allies, first the Pope, then England, etc. Charles, who in September 1546 was so near the fulfilment of his wishes, was in the summer of 1547 forsaken by all his friends, without money and without credit. He broke down physically, morally, and intellectually. Always implicated in murder (I have the papers which prove that he ordered the assassination of Rincon, the French Ambassador, and Fregoso, and the Duke of Mantua, Pier Luigi), he became, after the failure of his vast plans, an habitual assassin. The papers of Simancas teem with these dark deeds. The Emperor stooped even to correspond with common bravos, who did not conceal that they had no other means of subsistence than the money which was paid them for the execution of murder.

"But excuse me that I permitted myself to be led away from the subject of my letter.

"I promise you to do all in my power to conclude my work as soon as possible; but the first consideration seems to me to be to do it satisfactorily. So many able and well-instructed authors have occupied themselves with the history of Charles V. and Henry VIII. that it is not easy to add an important amount of new information, respecting that period, to what is already known. It has cost me a considerable amount of money to have the principal collections of documents belonging to that period sent to Simancas, and now I must spend a considerable portion of my time in studying them.

"Excuse, sir, my long letter.—Most respectfully," etc.

"SIMANCAS, 23*d August* 1863.

"SIR,—I am very sorry that I cannot avoid troubling you again with a long letter, the contents of which, I am afraid, will not be altogether agreeable to you.

"To speak out at once the worst: it is now quite clear that I shall not be able to conclude my researches in Simancas this year,—that is to say, my researches in so far as they concern the reign of Henry VIII. On the 15th September the Archives will be shut for a fortnight, and in October there is a great number of holidays. In November begins here the winter, and I must confess I do not feel strong enough to pass another winter in this place. What I intend to do, if I do not receive other orders from you, is to go on the 15th September to Madrid. It is almost an absolute necessity that I speak, if possible, with the Minister de Fomento, but at all events with the Director-General of Public Instruction. Besides, I very much desire to look at the 180 volumes in folio in the Royal Academy of History, which, I am told, are filled with original correspondence of Charles V. with his ambassadors and statesmen at foreign Courts. From Madrid I intend to go to Paris, in order to examine there during the winter that portion of the Simancas papers which are preserved in the Archives de l'Empire. Early in spring I can then return to Simancas. The work in Simancas will, however, not be entirely interrupted during my absence, for I have a long list of documents which are to be copied whilst I am absent.

"I am now a year in Simancas. The Archives have been open during that time on about 230 days, four hours a day in the winter, and five hours a day in summer; on the whole about 1935 hours. That is a considerably long time, and you are fully entitled to expect a corresponding amount of work from me. I think I have performed it. At all events, I know that I have not idled; and I think that the amount of labour is by no means insignificant, for I have examined, at a rough guess, at least 20,000 documents, written in Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian, besides a few German, and some Dutch. Many of them are short, but, on the other hand, many fill twenty and thirty pages folio of close writing. The greater number of them are legibly written, but others are exceedingly diffi-

cult to read. As, according to my calculations, the average time spent on each document is about three minutes, it seems to me that I am rather exposed to the imputation of having too much hurried, than to that of having idled away my time. But I feel quite sure that I have not overlooked any papers of importance to the history of England.

"I am now in possession of 565 copies of documents. Besides them, I have about 300 abstracts from State-papers. The material I have now collected would, I think, fill considerably more than one volume. There are comparatively few short and insignificant papers. But it is utterly impossible to edit the first volume before the whole collection is complete. Editors who work in London can do so. They have the advantage to work in the Archives, which are chronologically arranged. I do not enjoy such advantage. The papers belonging to the reign of Charles V., corresponding to the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, are mixed up pell-mell without any regard to the years to which they belong. The inevitable consequence thereof is, that I have documents belonging to every period of the reign of Henry VIII., but that not a single year is as yet complete.

"Some ten or twelve days ago, two Government Commissioners made their appearance in Simancas in order to inquire into the state of the Archives. The one of them, the principal person, remained about half-an-hour, and has never returned since. The other Commissioner came three times. When he was last here he declared that this is not a season for working; he would go to the seaside, and come back when the heat is over. He is right. The heat is quite oppressive. I have been and still am one of the sufferers. My gastric complaint, produced by the excessive heat, has, however, not seriously interfered with my work.

"One day I had a long conference with the Government Commissioner and the Archivero. I was asked what I had to complain of. I answered I had no complaints, but begged the Commissioner to use his influence with the Archivero that he might facilitate my work, and especially

not withhold from me the despatches in cipher. I added, I felt perfectly sure that the ciphered despatches will be communicated to me, because it is impossible that the Government of a country in which science is cultivated can purposely hinder scientific pursuits of others. The final result was that I shall designate those despatches which I wish to have deciphered, and that the Archivero has promised to decipher them. I have little hope that he will do it. But I think I will afterwards be permitted to decipher the despatches, on the condition that I say they have deciphered them. I must proceed with great caution, not to rouse national jealousy against the strangers. It is already quite awake enough, as you will see by the little notice from the *Novedades*, the most read newspaper in Spain, which I enclose.

"I may observe here, that I have never since my return to Simancas complained of the Archivero, and that I have never insisted on having the despatches of which there are no decipherings. The attacks on the Archivero come from a very different quarter, and I observe strict neutrality between the contending parties. However, I do not think it well advised to correct this and many other false statements in the press, because I think I must keep clear of all newspaper disputes.

"I have been occupied the whole last week with one Legajo. It is a most curious one, and I have seen it only in consequence of a mistake made by the officer who delivered it to me. Most papers of it are designated as 'secret.' The subject on which they treat is the marriage of Octavio Farnese, grandson of Pope Paul III., and Margaret of Austria, illegitimate daughter of Charles V., who acted afterwards so important a part in the politics of Europe when she was Regent of the Low Countries (Margaret of Parma).

"A sensation novel of the lowest kind, and calculated only for readers of Holywell literature, cannot be more licentious, more filthy, and more extravagant than the real facts of the story. Imagine, for instance, commissioners

of the Pope and of the Emperor assisting when the young bridegroom cohabits with two girls who by these grave personages, dignitaries of the Church and ambassadors, are led to his bed. The object of these proceedings was to prove whether Octavio Farnese had the physical strength to recognise his wife. Poison, philtres, human souls, incantations, ravishing, incest, pederasty, converted Jews, monks, inquisitors, subterranean dungeons, torture, sentences of death, threatening the life of high personages, etc.,—all this and much more is to be found in the correspondence.

"But you will probably ask, What has English history in common with these old scandals? That is just the most curious side of this miserable story, that it influenced the destinies of Europe, and of England in particular. The facts briefly stated were the following:—

"Pope Paul III. (Farnese), very unlike his predecessor Clement VII., did all in his power to reconcile the Emperor with Francis I., and to direct their united forces against the heretics in Germany and England. He almost succeeded. He, the Emperor, and the King of France, met at Nice, the Emperor and the King met at Aigues Mortes, and the Emperor went to Paris. In all these meetings there is no doubt the measures to be taken against the heretics in Germany and in England formed a subject of negotiation. There were different plans in contemplation. One of them was to divide England in three portions, one of which was to be given to the King of Scots, the other to the Emperor, and the third to the King of France. Another proposal, originating with the King of France, was to divide Europe in two portions, one of which was to be commanded by the King of France, the other by the Emperor. In order to cement this league, and to secure the future greatness of the house of Farnese, the marriage of Octavio Farnese with Margaret of Austria was concluded. The bride was a young woman who had already been married to the Duke Alexander of Florence, and her life during her short widowhood had been very gay, and

not quite unexceptionable. Her husband was a boy of fourteen years of age, and small and slender even for his years. In the wedding-night . . . . His wife, in return, flung him out of bed on the floor. The dispute between the house of Austria and Farnese, which was the consequence of this occurrence, grew soon so passionate that the young Duchess was forbidden to eat anything in the house of the Pope, and that Octavio Farnese was not allowed to touch any eatable or drinkable that came from the kitchen or from the cellar of his wife, from fear that they might have been poisoned. The Pope refused to transact business with the Emperor before the affair of the marriage was arranged.

"The King of France, always a faithless ally of the Emperor, availed himself of this occasion to propose to the Pope an opposition marriage, which would have deprived the Emperor of the kingdom of Naples if the plan had been executed. The Protestants, who had just been threatened with subjugation and extirpation, were also politic enough not to let the occasion pass without improving thereby their condition. The King of Poland was the brother-in-law of the Marquess of Brandenburg, one of the Protestant Princes, and through him the Protestants made offers of reconciliation to the Court of Rome. Paul, though he disliked the Protestants, accepted their proposals from hatred to the Emperor. The consequence of the unfortunate marriage was that Charles, who a short time ago had been the arbiter of Europe, saw himself deprived of his allies, and had against him the Pope and the strictly Catholic party, the Protestants, France, England, and the Turks. Under such circumstances it is of itself clear that Charles must abandon all plans of extirpating heresy in Germany and of conquering England. In fact, he saw himself forced to make to the Protestants the concessions of the colloquy of Worms and of the Diet of Ratisbon, which, Professor Ranke tells us, sprang from his patriotic desire to live at peace with his people. As for England, Francis, as well as Charles, sought her friendship

instead of sending over their lansquenets and men-at-arms. The time over which this correspondence extends is from 1539 till 1541.

"Excuse my bad writing. Every one here is enervated by the excessive heat.

"If you have a few minutes' time to spare, and will be kind enough to write me a few lines, you will very much oblige me. As I have stated, my intention is to remain till the 15th September in Simancas, and then to go to Madrid. I am unable to give any other address in Madrid through which a letter would reach me than that of the English Embassy.

"Once more, sir, excuse my long letter, which, I suppose, will reach you when you are enjoying the refreshing air of the country.—I am," etc.

"SIR,—Although nothing particular has occurred worth writing to you, I beg to send you a few lines, in order to give you a general account of my doings in Paris.

"But before I speak of my researches in the Archives, permit me to tell you that my eyes are much better than I expected they would ever be. Although I am still under medical treatment, I am perfectly able to read and write four or five hours by day, and, after some repose, as many hours at night. The only thing that remains to be done is to choose a suitable pair of spectacles. That is, however, not so easily to be done as it appears. My eyes must by slow degrees become accustomed to the use of spectacles, and I cannot directly begin to use those glasses which the preservation of my eyes require. I have begun with weak glasses, and am ascending to the stronger ones. The spectacles I use are not of the common description. Every pair of them must be made for the purpose. Thus I have been, and still am, obliged to pass, every week, one or two hours in the waiting-room of my oculist, and three or four hours in the workshop of Mr. Nachet, the optician.

"My researches in the Archives are finished. I have

found about ten documents which I consider as being of first-rate importance. I think these ten documents alone would repay my labour; but it is scarcely necessary to mention that I have found besides them a great number of other State-papers, which, although of less interest, are all more or less valuable.

"Among the papers I esteem most is one relating to the interview of the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of France, at Nice (1538). It has for many years formed a subject of curiosity to know what the potentates assembled at Nice transacted with one another. Those who say they met in order to conclude a treaty of peace, or a truce, inform us of very little, if they cannot tell us what were to be the conditions of the intended treaty of peace. All historians, down to Professor Ranke, could do nothing more than make guesses, as no documentary evidence was known to exist. Such being the case, is it not surprising to find, not in some obscure hiding-place, but in the Archives de l'Empire, which every historian of note pretends thoroughly to know?—

"1. The protocol of a sitting of the Privy Council of the Emperor, in which it was determined upon what matters were to be made the subject of the conferences. They are 105 in number, and relate to all pending questions, and to all then known parts of the world. England comes in for her share. The imperial policy was by no means conciliatory. Conquest of England, and the deposition of the King, are not openly pronounced, but covertly hinted at.

"2. The decision of the Emperor with respect to every one of these subjects. It is carefully stated what matters the respective Ministers are to treat, and what points are to be reserved for the personal meeting of the Sovereigns.

"3. The protocols of the negotiations between the Imperial and French Ministers, in which the Legates of the Pope afterwards participated.

"I have found no memoir respecting the personal meeting of the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of France. But the letters of the Emperor and his Ministers, which

inform us that the King of France acceded to all demands of the Emperor at Aigues Mortes, and which had scarcely any significance as long as I did not know what these documents were, assume now a great importance. I think these papers will serve to elucidate one of the most important translation of European history in general, and that of the Reformation and of England in especial.

"I have, as I have already stated, finished my work in the Archives de l'Empire. But my copyists are far behind me. It is in Paris as difficult as it most probably would be in London, to find persons able to copy old Spanish documents. Even a professor of the Spanish language would be of little use for that purpose. My choice of copyists was therefore limited to a very narrow circle, or rather I had no choice, and was obliged to take what I could get, and to pay what they asked. I employ two copyists, one of them for transcribing despatches in cipher, the other for copying State-papers in common writing. Count de Laborde has permitted them to continue their work during my absence. Neither of my copyists is thoroughly reliable, and I must, after my return to Paris, compare the copies with the originals.

"I intend to go in a few days to Brussels. I would have done so earlier, had I not been afraid to interrupt the cure of my eyes. I must see once more my oculist, and when I have done so I shall be at liberty to leave Paris.

"I have engaged a young Englishman to serve me as secretary. He is not brought up for literary occupations; but he writes tolerably neat English, French, and German, and will, I hope, soon learn enough Spanish to be able to read my Spanish copies. Such as he is now, he is of little use to me, but he seems to have the best intentions to learn something.

"I have not often seen Count de Laborde. When I saw him last, he told me that he was just composing a long letter to you. I do not know whether he has executed his intentions.

"I hope to be in Madrid about the 15th of next month.

A change of Ministry has taken place in Spain during my absence. The head of the Government is Mr. Mon, the brother of the Marquess Pidal, and, I think, a friend of Sir John Crampton. The Marquess Pidal is a scholar and an historian. It may be that he takes more interest in my historical researches than his predecessors. But whether the influence of Marquess Pidal on his brother will render my work more easy or more difficult remains to be seen.

"I am taking great care of my eyes, and do not task them more than my oculist permits me to do.—Believe me," etc.

"PARIS, 5 RUE NOS. DES CAPUCINES,
21 *March* 1864."

"BRUSSELS, HOTEL BELLEVUE,
3*d April* 1864.

"SIR,—Allow me to write a few lines respecting the Archives in Brussels. But before I do so, let me tell you that my reception at them was more flattering to you and to me than I could have expected. Your name is as much known among the literary men in Brussels as in London, and the services you are rendering to the students of history are fully appreciated.

"Mr. Gachard, the Director-General of the Belgian Archives, did not only open to me all the recesses of the Archives, but communicated also to me his private notes on the contents of the other principal Archives of the Continent, which he had collected during his long career of more than forty years. I have derived great advantages from them.

"Mr. Gachard has worked in the Archives at Vienna only last summer. He is of opinion that if I intend to treat my subject in an exhaustive manner I cannot avoid going to Vienna.

"I have as yet been only three days in the Archives. The two first days I was exclusively occupied with the Catalogues, which do not only mention the documents *now* preserved in Brussels, but which enumerate also those which formerly formed part of the Belgian Archives and after-

wards were carried away by the Austrians. Part of these latter documents have been returned in modern times, and others are in the way of being restored to Belgium. The last parcel has arrived only a few months ago. Thus the contents of the Archives at Brussels and those of the Archives at Vienna are continually changing place,—a circumstance which renders it the more imperious to see both Archives.

"Yesterday I began examining the documents, and I am exceedingly glad to tell you that they will materially contribute towards rendering my Calendar complete and useful. I have found already, among many other valuable documents, the correspondence of the Emperor with Gonzalo Fernandez, his chaplain, who was in Ireland in the year 1529, and with the Irish rebels. The Irish style the Emperor, in anticipation of his universal empire, 'dominus mundi.' I have found letters on the same subject in Simancas and in Paris, and will probably find more in Vienna and Lille. I have further found the English correspondence of Mr. de Chantoney (brother of Mr. de Granvella), who was in England in the year 1543. I have not yet examined it in detail, but the mission of Mr. de Chantoney to England is always spoken of in the despatches of that time as one of the greatest importance. I have searched for these papers Legajo after Legajo in Simancas, and am glad to have found them at last in Brussels.

"According to the Catalogue, there is to be found here the correspondence of the Emperor with his Ambassadors in England during the years 1537, 1538, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543. The despatches of the year 1539 are not here. They are to be sought for in Vienna.

"Besides the original documents, there is here a considerable number of copies of documents which are now at Vienna. Before the Austrian Government had decided on removing a portion of the Belgian Archives to Vienna, it was in contemplation to complete the Viennese Archives by transcripts from the Archives at Brussels. When, however, in the year 1748, the original documents were

carried away, the Austrians left the copies here which originally were destined for Vienna.

"I must forbear from enlarging on the details, but let me tell you that I am satisfied with what I have found in Brussels. My task grows every day more laborious, but the hope of completing a work worthy of your protection sustains my energy. It would have been a subject of regret for the rest of my life had I been obliged to leave so valuable materials as I have found in Spain incomplete and incoherent, and almost unconnected with England by direct and documentary evidence. I was hitherto unable to state the great plans of Charles V., intending nothing less than to remodel the political state of Europe, and of England in special. I hope soon to be able to tell in how far the English statesmen were informed of, and in how far their policy was influenced by them. . . .

"Mr. Gachard has found me a copyist, formed in his school. He will begin transcribing in a few days. I have now one copyist here, two in Paris, and two in Simancas. In a short time I hope copying in Lille and Madrid will begin. The despatches in undeciphered cipher which I have had copied in Paris amount to full 200 pages.

"I will do all I can to return soon to Spain. To-day I received a letter from the Archivero in Simancas, who informs me that during my absence transcripts for 1263 reales have been made for me. The day when he wrote that letter (28th March) it was snowing in Simancas.

"Mr. Le Glay, the distinguished scholar, and Director of the Archives in Lille, died at the end of last year. Mr. Le Glay, his son, became his successor, but died also a few weeks afterwards. Of the new Director of the Archives in Lille I know as yet nothing.

"Unfortunately, I have not yet obtained the right spectacles. That is such a difficult thing. I will therefore be detained in Paris perhaps a week or ten days. The time will not be lost. I must now compare the copies with the originals, and study the cipher, in order to discover the keys.

"Excuse my long letter, which I have not the time to read over again, as I have an appointment with the Director of the Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, who will show me some papers which he thinks are of interest to me.

"I hope you are in good health, sir, and am," etc.

"BRUSSELS, *6th April* 1864.

"SIR,—Excuse me that I am again trespassing on your valuable time. But I think I made a mistake in my last letter, or, at all events, did not state the facts quite clearly, respecting the two spoliations which the Belgian Archives underwent in the last century.

"The first spoliation was executed by the French in the year 1748. The papers of which the Belgians were then robbed were deposited in Lille. A portion of them was returned in the year 1770, but the greater part remains still at Lille, and forms one of the most valuable collections in the Archives Générales du Département du Nord.

"The second spoliation took place in 1792, when the Austrians were forced to retire before the French revolutionary army under Dumouriez. The restitution of State-papers to the Belgian Archives which I mentioned in my last letter as taking place in modern times, relates only to this second spoliation by the Austrians.

"On three different occasions have hitherto State-papers been sent from the Archives of Vienna to those in Brussels, viz.:—

"1st. In October 1856. These papers have only a moderate interest for the history of England.

"2d. In December 1862. They are very important.

"3d. In October last.

"More State-papers are expected from Vienna.

"I find every day more documents of importance. The circumstance that I am able to discover unknown State-papers in the Archives at Brussels, which are so accessible to all students of history, shows of how little value partial researches are. Only a thorough search can exhaust the matter.

"I beg to state that I never lose sight of the object of my work, that is to say, to calendar only those papers which bear on the relations between England and Spain. All documents relating to the negotiations of the Netherlands, Germany, etc., with England, must remain unnoticed by me, however interesting they may be.—Once more, sir, I beg you to excuse me," etc.

"MADRID, 31*st May* 1864.

"SIR,—I do not know whether it is not wrong of me to write to-day, as I am, since some days, in rather low spirits. My work advances so slowly. I am now nearly three weeks in Madrid, and my work is not half done. It is true we had during my present stay in Madrid Whitsuntide and Corpus Christi. But it would be a self-delusion if I were to accuse the feast-days as the *principal* cause of the little progress I have made. The principal reason of my slow advancement is to be sought for in the very nature of my work.

"The Royal Academy of History preserves in its Archives the so-called Biblioteca Salazar, a collection of some hundred volumes of manuscripts, that is to say, original diplomatic correspondence. Happily only thirty-one of these volumes correspond to the time of Henry VIII., and of these thirty-one volumes, again, at least ten or twelve are filled with matters respecting the local governments of Aragon, Naples, etc. I skim only over the leaves of these folios, and finish such a volume in a few hours.

"But the remaining nineteen or twenty volumes cost me each on an average four days, that is to say, Sundays and feast-days deducted. I must employ three or four months to work through them. The principal contents of them are the letters of Don Juan Manuel, Imperial Ambassador in Rome in the years 1520-1522, and of his successor, the Duke of Sessa, who filled the place of Ambassador in Rome in 1522, 1523, and 1524. Hitherto I have made the acquaintance only of Don Juan Manuel. He was the brother of Doña Elvira Manuel, who had been the First

Lady of the Bedchamber of Queen Catharine, and shared with Mons. de Chiévres the direction of the Imperial affairs. The letters of such a man must be carefully read. Besides, he was the man who opposed the election of Wolsey, and was at the same time, quite contrary to common opinion, an opponent of Pope Adrian. There are a great number of very important historical notices that can be learned from no other source than from his letters. But he wrote like a penny-a-liner, all kinds of political gossip, without distinction of what was important or unimportant, of what he knew to be true and of what he had from hearsay. To cull out the important notices from the great mass of irrelevant facts is a most tiresome and very slow work.

"Of the letters of the Duke of Sessa I cannot yet judge. At all events they are very numerous.

"But the folios of the Salazar Collection are not my only enemies. There is in the same Archives a very formidable volume, belonging to the Biblioteca Muñoz, which is filled with instructions of the Emperor to the Duke of Sessa. It will occupy me at least for ten or twelve days. To make the case still worse, there has been found to-day a gigantic volume, in very bad writing, which contains the depositions of the witnesses in Aragon and Catalonia in the divorce case of Queen Catharine.

"Can I leave them unnoticed? I think it is impossible. But they will occupy me the best part of the summer, and then comes Simancas, and Lille, and Brussels, and Vienna. When the year closes I shall be still very far from concluding my work. At first I was some time afraid that I should find only poor materials for my work. Now I begin to become overwhelmed by the stupendous abundance.

"To speak out the whole truth, I must add that many of my copies, especially those made in Paris, are far from being perfect. I have spared no money to get the best copyists in Paris. I have paid this winter, in Paris alone, 1222 francs, or nearly £49, for copies. The ciphered despatches and the French papers are well copied, but the

Spanish transcripts are so imperfect that I must once more compare them with the originals.

"1 *June.*

"I resume to-day my letter where I left it yesterday. Again a new volume of documents has turned up, which I must examine. It is what the Spaniards call Registros, that is to say, the drafts or transcripts the Government kept back of its letters for its own information. This volume is not in the Academy, but in the Biblioteca Nacional, or Public Library. It contains letters of Charles v. and his Ministers to different persons, and among them to Henry VIII., to Wolsey, etc.

"The letters of Don Juan Manuel become the more interesting the more they approach the election of the Pope. I am now in the year 1521, and Pope Leo X. is still alive. Wolsey, it is known in Rome, has sent great sums of money to the English Ambassador, in order, when the Pope dies, to carry his election. This precaution exposes him to danger. For the Emperor and his Ambassador in Rome are almost penniless. The Neapolitan army is not paid, and refuses to march. The Swiss are mutinying, and the navy is in utter destitution. Even the couriers cannot be paid, and refuse to carry the despatches. Money must be procured by any means. When I left off reading to-day, Don Manuel and some Cardinals were just trying all means to persuade the English Ambassador to lend them the money he had received from Wolsey, promising to pay it back in a very few days. The pressure put on him is great. Poor man, if he does not resist, he is without money at the death of Leo X., and Wolsey naturally loses the election.

"But excuse this digression, and permit me to return to my subject.

"I am now working as hard as I can: I have not been a single night out since I am in Madrid. I am not working alone: we are now four persons engaged in this work in Madrid. In Simancas two copyists are working for me.

They are lazy fellows, it is true, but I cannot change their nature. I employ in Paris still two other copyists, and in Brussels one, now perhaps already two. At least I have written and asked to add to the copyist I had already there a second one. The quantity of collection increases considerably, as you may judge, and yet so much remains to be done that I cannot see the end.

"I know that it is not in your power to help me, and I am further fully aware that such lamentations as these are very tiresome. But, on the other hand, I think it is my duty to inform you of the state in which things are.

"I have all kinds of inducements, even of a pecuniary class, to finish my researches, and to begin printing as soon as possible. Let me confess it, I am even persuaded that I shall earn some renown in the literary world by this work, and I am not entirely indifferent to renown. I would like to enjoy it as soon as possible. But all such considerations disappear as soon as they endanger the best possible execution of my task. I have the ambition to do my work thoroughly and as well as any other man in my place could do it. Although I sometimes feel weary under the heavy load, I do not think of lightening it by curtailing my collection. The great historical events of the sixteenth century, and especially those of Henry and Charles, form a great drama, in which each scene is necessary for the understanding of the whole. The papers in which these events are embodied are dispersed over one half of Europe. It is my ambition to collect them, to group, to form, and to animate them, so that the past age stands again revived before the mind's eye, not of the careless reader, but of the serious student.

"It is now late, about one o'clock in the morning. I will go to bed and sleep, and begin to-morrow my work again with renewed strength. I am again full of courage. The materials I have already collected are in my opinion so valuable, that it would be a pity if my weakness, or other circumstances, prevented me from concluding it as it ought to be concluded.

"My eyes are in a satisfactory state of health. Once more, sir, excuse this letter.—Your most obedient," etc.

"SIMANCAS, *17th June* 1864.

"SIR,—I have just arrived at Simancas. Before leaving Madrid I received your letter of the 7th inst., and on my arrival here your note of the 23d May, which Mr. Murcet had left for me, came to my hands.

"Mr. and Mrs. Murcet have been here. Mr. Murcet has made a sketch of the old Castle; and then they have left without leaving their direction. Thus it seems I cannot be of any use to them. I am very sorry for that. It would have afforded me quite a peculiar pleasure to invite Mr. and Mrs. Murcet to dine in my house, and to have their opinion on the performances of my cook. For, sir, I have a cook! and what a cook! Señora Lina Alonzo y Silva is as stately a lady as any this side the Pyrenees. I dined yesterday in Valladolid. Whilst I was mingled with the common herd of passengers, commercial travellers, and such like people, she presided at the table-d'hôte, and patronized, on her left, a French lady, and on her right a young Englishman and his wife, who seemed greatly to admire her. She is a grand dame; and whether she is a good cook I shall presently know, as it is almost dinner-time.

"Mr. Gachard wrote me a short time ago, and asked who the most influential persons in Spain are. I answered him, 'Las faldas;' that is to say, The petticoats. Had I had the experience I have now, my answer would have been more precise—A good cook.

"The cook I had last year in Simancas, though a person on the wrong side of fifty, finished her career in my house by declaring that she was desperately in love with me. I thought it therefore safer to look out for a substitute of a less romantic character. The American Ambassador intended to travel in Germany, and offered me to lend me his cook during his absence. I accepted. Madrid is not very large, and its inhabitants are not so much occupied that

they do not care even for trifles. Thus the transactions respecting the cook were soon known even beyond the diplomatic circles, and I observed that the members of the Academy and the Junta de los Archivos were much more courteous to me than they had formerly been. No obstacles were any more to be thrown in my way. I was at first foolish enough to imagine that my personal influence, or the justice of my cause, had worked a change in my favour. But soon I learnt it was the cook from the American Embassy, who was famous for her culinary performances.

"Unhappily for me, Spain got into difficulties with Peru, and the United States thought it their duty to offer their good offices as a mediator. The consequence was that the American Ambassador could not leave Madrid; consequently he could not spare his cook; consequently I became again a poor cookless person; consequently I could no longer count on the friendship of my new friends. But the cook of the American Minister was a sensible, good-natured person. She had pity on me, and recommended me her friend, the selfsame Señora Lina Alonzo y Silva, who now astonishes by her presence the good peasants of Simancas. Her doctor had ordered her to live in the country during the summer. That was the reason why she accepted my offer, and condescended to pass some months in a village. Whether she is a good cook or not does not much matter. Her friend and colleague at the American Embassy has declared that, except herself, there is no more accomplished artist than she in all the kingdoms of Spain. Could any facts prevail against such authority? Certainly not.

"But excuse me, sir, that I write you such a letter as this. I hope you will be indulgent enough to forgive me.

"With respect to your letter of the 7th inst., I beg your permission to write you in a few days a more detailed answer, and will here only state that it never entered my mind to delay the publication of the Calendar for four or five years. I must have very badly expressed myself in

my last letter, which, indeed, was written in a moment of great depression of mind. If *you must insist on it*, I can even begin printing the first volume before Christmas. But I beg to repeat,—only if you must insist on it. I will state my reasons in my next letter. The first volume would contain only the papers from 1509 till 1516, the death of Ferdinand the Catholic.

"My whole work respecting the reign of Henry VIII. is now so much advanced that I think it is more than half done. This, however, is nothing more than my opinion. With absolute certainty I can only speak when I have finished it.

"Once more, sir, pardon me for writing you this letter. —Most truly," etc.

"MADRID, FONDA DE LAS CUATRO NACIONES,
Saturday, 8th April.

"SIR,—Whilst I write these lines, 9½ o'clock in the evening, the street below my window is full of tumultuous people and of soldiers—the people vociferating, yelling, and whistling, the soldiers, as it seems, ready to charge at the first word of command. I am convinced all will end without bloodshed this night, if in no other parts of the town no more serious conflicts have taken place. Spain, however, seems to be ripe for another revolution, and every man here expects ere long barricades and fighting in the streets and in the houses.

"10¼.

"The tumult is now over. It has retired more to the interior of the town. I will, to-morrow, in the morning, when people generally are calm, deposit my papers in the English Embassy.

"10¾.

"The alarm has been groundless. It was said that fighting had begun, but the fact is, that only one musket has by chance been fired in the air. Nevertheless I will send this letter to the post. For, if fighting really begins, I fear it will be impossible to write to you. The papers, at

all events, will be in safety in the house of the Ambassador, and I hope and expect with full confidence that I shall not come to harm. As the next week is Easter week, during which the Archives are shut, I do not even lose much time in case that the tumults should grow into a revolution. It would be to no purpose if I went now to Simancas. Valladolid and its neighbourhood are as excited as Madrid, perhaps even more.—Your obedient servant," etc.

"MADRID, FONDA DE LAS CUATRO NACIONES,
9th April 1865.

"SIR,—As I took last night the liberty to write to you about the tumults in this place, I beg to tell you to-day that order and tranquillity seem to be re-established. 'The revolution is adjourned,' such is the *mot d'ordre*. There is therefore no reason to deposit my papers in the English Embassy.—Most respectfully," etc.

"MADRID, FONDA DE LAS CUATRO NACIONES,
15/4/1865.

"SIR,—I wrote you on Sunday last that in all probability order was re-established in Madrid. I was mistaken. Sunday being in Spain the day set apart for bull-fights, people had no time to fight with one another that day. But on Monday the scenes of disorder were repeated on a much larger scale than on Saturday. From about fifty to more than one hundred persons are said to have been wounded or killed. The Government understates their numbers, and the opposition, I think, overrates them.

"The principal question is now, whether the revolutionary movements will be repeated and increase in intensity. All official persons to whom I have access say they will not, but almost all who are not officers of the Government pretend the contrary. From my own observation, I can only state that great excitement still prevails in all classes. In a very few days the debate in the Cortes will begin. Strong and inflammatory language will be used, and it remains to be seen what influence it will have on the people

out of doors of the Senate and House of Deputies. The 2d day of May is the anniversary of the beginning of the rising of the Spaniards against the French. It is still a popular feast. Few persons in Madrid expect it will pass quietly this year. On the whole, the state of Madrid is such that it is impossible to say at noon how the day will end. Even to-day disturbances are predicted. But in spite of all this, I think the fate of Madrid depends on the question whether the army will remain faithful to the Government or not.

"I am decided to remain in Madrid, and to continue my work as long as it is possible. Hitherto the disturbances of public order have not interfered with my occupation. By a special favour of the Keeper of the Archives in the Academy, I have even been enabled to work during the Easter week, with the exception of Good Friday. I hope soon to finish my work in Madrid.

"The excesses which took place on Saturday 8th and Monday 10th inst., are not without influence on my position in Madrid and Simancas. The Archives in Spain depend on the Minister de Fomento and the Director-General of Public Instruction. The Minister de Fomento, Don Antonio Alcalá Galiano, and the Director-General of Public Instruction, Don Eugenio de Ochoa, were, in spite of their many shortcomings, men with whom it was possible to argue, and I had good reason to believe that they were not disinclined to remove some of the obstacles which I have daily to contend with. Alcalá Galiano is now dead. The moral responsibility for the excesses of Monday last has killed him. The Universities are as well subordained to the Minister de Fomento and the Director-General of Public Instruction as the Archives, and as the occasion, though certainly not the real cause of the last disturbances, was a measure of the Government concerning the University of Madrid, the Minister de Fomento and the Director-General of Public Instruction were more personally concerned in them. On Tuesday a Cabinet Council was held, in which further measures of repression were debated.

When Alcalá Galiano was asked to give his vote, he uttered scarcely audibly his assent to the proposed measures, and sank down to the ground with the words, 'Tenth of March!' These were the last words he spoke, and two hours afterwards he was dead. On the 10th March 1820 the Minister had been witness of the slaughter of the unarmed people of Cadiz by the troops of Ferdinand VII.

"With the Director-General, Don Eugenio de Ochoa, I had an appointment on Wednesday night, in which I was to explain to him what I wished to be done. On the morning of that day I received a note from him, in which he tells me that the excesses of Monday last have so much harassed his mind that he finds it impossible to stay any longer in Madrid, and that he has gone to Toledo. He clearly hints that he will not return to his post. Thus all my efforts to gain the good-will of the Minister and Director-General are foiled. I must either give up the hope of seeing the papers which are concealed from me, or begin my work anew. It is as yet impossible to state who will be the successor or the successors of the Minister and Director-General. Some persons to whom it is said their places were offered have refused to accept them.

"Excuse my troubling you with this long letter.—Most faithfully," etc.

"I have retained this letter two days, but will send it to-day. The Government are making show of their military forces, but the people is quiet hitherto. We have to-day a bull-fight, where great crowds are assembled.

"*Monday, 17th April, 3 o'clock afternoon.*"

"MADRID, FONDA DE LAS CUATRO NACIONES,
30/4/65.

"MY DEAR HARDY,—I enclose a letter to your friend Mr. ——, and beg you to be so kind as to forward it to him.

"Under the present circumstances it is impossible to do here anything for him. A party hostile to all and every independent researches is triumphant.

"Mr. —— seems to think that his son could be of great use in this affair. He may try it, but to me who knows something about Spain, such an attempt seems utterly hopeless. I have made use of much more powerful means than an English Chargé-d'Affaires, and have failed. Almost all the foreign Ministers residing at Madrid have used their influence in my favour. I have even won over some of the Spanish Ministers, and have had last week, through the medium of the Princess Charles of Prussia, the sister of the Queen of Prussia, a long private conversation with the Queen of Spain. If she dared, she would be glad to have all the papers without any reserve communicated to me, if it were not from other reasons, only to render a service to the Princess of Prussia. But she dares not. The Ultramontane party is not even to be defeated by the Sovereign.

"I have obtained many curious papers, but the reasons thereof are of a quite peculiar nature, and I do not like to speak of them here.

"In about a fortnight I go to Simancas. I could go earlier, if it were not that from the 1st to the 15th May the Archives at Simancas are shut.

"Remember me to Brewer, Stevenson, Edwards, etc.—Most truly yours," etc.

"SIMANCAS, 14*th June* 1865.

"MY DEAR HARDY,—I do not repeat to you what I write to the Master of the Rolls, as he will certainly communicate to you his letter.

"These lines are destined to inform you that I am since about a month in Simancas in case that you or Brewer or Stevenson should really condescend to write to me.

"I shall most probably be driven out of Simancas, as the proprietress of the only half habitable house which is to be had here has told me that she wants to live herself in her 'palace.' On the other hand, my cook and valet—all female servants are banished from my house—have declared to me that they can no longer bear the life in such

a miserable place. What is to be done? I must give in. But until middle of August I intend to continue in my house in Simancas. If my work is not finished at that time I must go to Valladolid, and go every day from that place to Simancas and back.

"In your next report to the Lords of the Treasury I think you will be able to state that my Calendar is printing.

"Remember me to Brewer, Stevenson, Edwards.—Truly your faithful," etc.

XI.

EARLY in 1866, Bergenroth was back in his old London quarters, Ford's Hotel in Manchester Street, to get ready for publication the long-due second volume of his Calendar. Beyond doubt this is the most important publication he lived to complete, and the Introduction he has prefixed thereto will alone serve to show how great an historical grasp of mind has been lost in Bergenroth. It is nothing short of a broad and vigorous outline of the general history of the period, as powerful in delineation as it is startling in views. The great discrepancy between many received notions and those Bergenroth advanced with trenchant definiteness caused this publication to elicit no little criticism. In this country, many protests were made in the press against the one-sidedness and hasty belief in false testimony assumed to have been exhibited by Bergenroth, in his depreciatory estimate of Henry VIII.'s statesmanship and of Wolsey's conduct. He was charged with having shown an incapacity for discrimination in the judgments he enunciates, simply on the strength of statements in Spanish State-papers, as if these must needs always contain gospel truth. A point particularly impugned was his altogether novel depreciation of Adrian VI., who by all previous historians

had been described as the type of what a Pope should be in feeling—unworldly, unselfish, and undeviating in simple conscientiousness,—whereas Bergenroth depicted him graphically as surrounded by individuals to his knowledge sunk in corrupt practices, at which he connived. Professor Maurenbrecher, while expressing "admiration for Bergenroth's brilliant and powerful delineation, his fascinating and sparkling language, and a vivid conception penetrating the essence of men and things," could not refrain from remonstrating against what he considered a tendency towards over-statement on strength of partial and therefore inconclusive authority, and he particularly demurred against the correctness of his view of Adrian VI.'s character. Now, no one was more alive than Bergenroth to the defect inherent to the particular composition in which these challenged statements were advanced, as he felt in an unavoidably abrupt manner from the fact that, by imposed limits, he was precluded from supporting them with the requisite array of auxiliary evidence. In the letter from which we have already extracted his remarks on Ranke, he says, about this very Introduction, "I finished writing the Introduction to my elephantine Calendar (1200 pages) only yesterday. If I had to review it myself, Ranke would be avenged. I know I have most thoroughly striven to be conscientious, yet the whole is a wretched piece of patchwork. Nothing but absolute necessity impels me to let it be printed. Were it not so, I would throw the whole thing into the fire, and begin it over again. All I say in it is true, and yet but half true, therefore false. Besides, it is a wretched bit of workmanship. The great broad substructure on which the whole life of the age rests is utterly wanting. But how

can that be otherwise in a Calendar?" This keen self-criticism fully expresses the truth. The Introduction was the distilled essence of historical knowledge possessed by Bergenroth alone, for it was extracted from sources never before reached, but this essence, by the enforced conditions of his performance, he had to administer to the public in the undiluted pungency of concentration. What men, even like Maurenbrecher, though alive to Bergenroth's great qualities, shrank, however, from taking on trust, we have good reason to believe will be found to have the warrant of well-sifted investigation whenever the collections accumulated by Bergenroth's conscientious industry are given to the public.

During this summer Bergenroth worked in London with a quite extraordinary assiduity. His powers for labour were indeed astonishing. For days and weeks he would shut himself up with books and manuscripts, denying himself to every one. Though he had acquired great mastery over the English tongue, no doubt the fact of having to compose in a foreign language added to the strain of his labour. The only relaxation he would indulge in was an occasional dinner, to which he would bid a few friends. Such convivial gatherings were ever a delight to him, when for the time the ascetic student would wholly divest himself of his character, and exhibit the ways of a thorough gastronome. To see Bergenroth in these rare moments of social enjoyment, one would have set him down as a mere man of pleasure and wit,—a clever sybarite who loved no severer study than that of good living. Yet so indefatigable was his activity, that, engaged as he then was in the completion of a bulky Calendar, and the composition of

his Introduction, he thought of adding to his labour. He revolved the expediency of working up portions of the vast material he had amassed, and was still bent on adding to, for a History of Charles V., into separate essays suitable to a periodical. With this view he opened a correspondence with Mr. Douglas, and the subjoined letter contains a most interesting and characteristic sketch of the design he had in his mind for the great work he did not live to finish :—

"FORD'S HOTEL, MANCHESTER ST., MANCHESTER SQUARE,
LONDON, *Aug.* 1/66.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter of yesterday, which I take is an answer to a note I wrote some time ago to Mr. Grant Duff. It will afford me the greatest pleasure to send you one, and, if you like, more than one, article for the *North British Review*. It is, however, impossible for me to write a good article in so short a time that it can be printed in the next number.

"Almost all my time is now absorbed in writing a rather big volume of the Calendars, which are publishing under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. In a fortnight, I think, I shall have done, and be able to begin other work.

"Permit me, sir, to explain to you in a few lines what I intend to do. I have spent many years, and shall spend some years more, in reading and collecting copies of the real State-papers of the Emperor Charles V., not only for the Calendars, but for an historical work which I hope I shall live long enough to complete. These real State-papers, the despatches and instructions to the ambassadors, ministers, councillors, etc., and the letters and despatches received from them, reveal to us a very different history from that we read in our historians, who have based their narratives in the main on chronicles, memoirs, and, at the best, on such *pseudo* State-papers in the Venetian *Relazioni*. I call them false State-papers, because they were never meant to contain

any truth. It is quite a mistake to suppose that they were composed only for the Signory in order to inform them of the real state of policy in the kingdom to which they relate. The Relazioni were *public* manifestations, such about as *mutatis mutandis* a Lord Rector's speech in your University. They were first concocted between the ambassadors and the Signory, and then between the Signory and the Government of the State to which they related. That done, they were read in solemn sitting of the Pregadi or Pregai, consisting of about 300 citizens. All the foreign ambassadors present in Venice were invited to hear them read, and copies were despatched to all Courts with which the republic was at peace. Such formed State-papers cannot, it seems to me self-evident, contain important revelations. Venice was certainly not the State which would have published the truth, if they had known it. But excuse this digression.

"The volume of my Calendar, which I am now editing, comes down to February 1525, that is to say, to the battle of Pavia, in which the only powerful opponent of Charles V. (the King of France) was taken prisoner. Charles thought he was near the accomplishment of his plan to make himself Sovereign Lord of the whole of Christendom, and to place both crowns, 'that of the Orient as well as that of the Occident,' on his head. He was mistaken. France was humbled and lay at his feet; the other States of Europe were comparatively weak, but the Church, though the schism was already taking place (Reformation), was still strong. Both the Catholic Church and the Protestants opposed the absolute and universal monarchy Charles intended to establish. Both were afraid that religion would be degraded to a mere servant of the secular policy of Charles. Popes and Reformers continued more than ever to resist him. The idea of reconciliation was more than once strong enough to overcome their mutual antipathies. Negotiations were entered upon, and, as it seems, treaties between Rome and the Reformers actually signed. Rome was the more conciliatory party. Clement VII. offered to reform the whole Roman Church in the sense of Luther.

"Charles, positively declaring that his whole policy would immediately break down if such a reconciliation should take place, did all in his power to prevent it, and to make the breach still wider. From the year 1525 his great rival and antagonist was no longer France, but the Church—Protestant as well as Catholic. This contest, of about thirty years' duration, I intend to describe. It is one of the greatest periods in the history of mankind. It has for me an additional interest, because it laid the foundation of our present political and religious state of things. The State-papers introduce us to the Councils of State, in which the greatest political questions were only debated by great statesmen. They reveal to us, on the other hand, all the shortcomings, narrow-mindedness, obstinacy, the crimes and the sins of the actors. You find the same Pope who, when a prisoner, and abandoned by all the world, subdued by his moral greatness the master of a thousand legions who kept him prisoner, on other occasions ridiculous, mean, and even repulsively depraved, committing pederasty with one of the best statesmen the Roman Church had ever at her command. When that Pope was on his deathbed he did not repent. On the contrary, he recommended, with loving solicitude, the accomplice of his vice, as though his secretary had been his faithful wife. Such facts contain strange moral lessons.

"The principal figure, however, is Charles himself. We see him break down, piece by piece, in his great struggle, politically, morally, bodily, until he finishes his miserable life in his miserable retirement at Yuste. The Emperor 'of the Orient and Occident' stooped so low that he was in the latter period of his life a vulgar criminal, and did not think it below his dignity to correspond with common highwaymen and professional assassins. His life is one of the greatest tragedies ever enacted.

"It is clear that I cannot write the history I have in hand either in one year or in two. But chapters out of it which, as it were, form a picture in itself, would perhaps be not uninteresting articles in a Review. I have the intention to compose them, and should be glad if you would

publish them in the *North British Review*. I think I can send you the first article in about six weeks ; that is to say, not for the next number, but for the number of January.

" One observation, however, I must make. As I intend to write more than one such article, either for your or for another Review, I think it is essential that they should be published in a chronological order. Facts which happened in the years 1525 and 1527 explain those which took place in the years 1530 and 1532. It would not be good to write history against the current of the stream of events. I propose, therefore, that my first article shall be the struggle between the Imperial and Papal powers in the years 1525-1527—the sacking of Rome, and the causes of it. The next article would thus treat of the endeavours of Rome and the Reformers to bring about a reconciliation between them.

" I am a Protestant, and do not feel the least inclination to become ever a supporter of the Church of Rome. On the other hand, however, I think it is my duty as an historian not to be hostile to Rome, and not to underrate her many good qualities. I think I am bound to narrate those movements in which the natural sympathy of the unbiassed reader is enlisted on the side of Rome, with the same sincerity as I narrate facts which will offend the sensibilities of enthusiastic Catholics. I cannot find in the State-papers from which I have derived my historical knowledge anything that justifies hero-worship. I am most emphatically a non-hero-worshipper. The consequence thereof will most probably be that I shall very soon find myself in open contradiction with three very influential classes of able writers, viz., with those who belong to the *ultra-Protestants*, to the *ultra-Catholics*, and to the school of *hero-worshippers*, although I most sincerely wish to avoid giving to my papers the character of controversial writings. If I, for instance, state that the Court of Rome fully approved the articles of the Augsburg Confession, and that the Reformers declared their readiness to return to the allegiance of Rome, those who think that the Pope is the Antichrist, and a kind of devil,

as well as those who think all Protestants are heretics who will for all time to come burn in hell, will be strongly inclined to disbelieve me, and even intentionally represent me as a liar. I have the proofs in my hands, but I cannot publish them in a Review. Now, I do not mind the hostility of either the one or the other sort of fanatics. But you—what is your opinion? Excuse my long letter, written in great haste. It is perhaps best that I write first one of my articles, and you judge then whether you think it convenient to publish it in your Review or not.—Most faithfully yours, G. BERGENROTH."

"To DAVID DOUGLAS, Esq., etc."

Nothing came of this intention to write for the *North British Review*, from sheer overpressure of his other labours, to which was added a sharp attack of cholera.[1] The moment the Calendar was off his hands, Bergenroth hastened to pay a flying visit to his aged mother, in East Prussia, whom he had not seen for a long time, and then, to recruit himself after his severe labours, he proceeded to Rome for a few weeks' holidays. There he amused himself greatly, and having regained strength and spirits, he returned, in the beginning of 1867, to

[1] Bergenroth excused his default in this characteristic note :—

"FORD'S HOTEL, *7th October.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—Overworked and tired as I am, cholera cowardly assailed me; not of the killing kind, as you see. Little as it was, it was bad enough. I went for a fortnight away to recover some strength, and when I came back I found your letter of the 20th. Do not be angry with me. I will send you as soon as possible an article as good as I can write it, but this moment it is impossible for me to fulfil my promise. I have not yet finished my Introduction to the Calendar I have in hand, and want absolutely some weeks' rest. . . . On the other hand, as I do not intend to write only for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, but also to some extent for my own fame, I wish that the article should be good; and, dear sir, the subject is a very complicated and difficult one. A sketch, you may say, —yes, a sketch, but every line in that sketch ought to be correct and true."

Spain. The reception given in the interval to his book, and the many sharp criticisms his Introduction encountered, disagreeably affected Bergenroth, who was remarkably sensitive of stricture. He felt keenly the charge of undiscriminating hastiness and credulity which ran through the observations of those who impugned the correctness of his views. But though, perhaps, he allowed himself to be unduly nettled at these strictures, the energy of his nature was not a whit daunted in the prosecution of his studies. On the contrary, he returned to Spain, animated only with a yet firmer conviction in the justness of the views he had emitted, and a feeling akin to grim determination to confute his critics by the overpowering weight of additional material out of the virgin quarries he had opened.

XII.

THE summer of 1867 was marked by quite unusual heat, and Bergenroth suffered not a little in the arid region of Old Castile. He describes his mode of life in this trying season graphically in the following two letters, of which the first, dated the 15th June, from the Fonde del Siglo, in Valladolid, and written under the refreshing action on his system of a first fall of rain, after weeks with an average range of 36 degrees centigrade heat, is specially interesting, as commemorating the moment when he actually set hand to the composition of his long-contemplated work. "The rain this afternoon has refreshed me," he writes to his mother, "and at once I began to make a hundred new projects. I always carry with me some volumes of our old Goethe. So, instead of taking a walk, I seated myself in a most uncomfortable arm-chair, and read some of his poems. This makes me young, and gives me fresh strength. From Goethe's poems I jump at a leap into the age of Charles V. and my History,—for I have begun occupying myself, not only with my Calendar, but also with my History. I have even already begun to write; it will be in English. My grounds for this are too weighty to admit of change. But I intend translating it myself into German, that you may read it in the tongue in which, as you say, I used when a child to prattle to you. What do you say to this? Is it not a good idea?

June 16th.—This is Sunday! I have not rested much, but have turned to account the cool atmosphere we to-day still enjoy, to put together the first chapter of my History. All beginning is hard. So much has to be considered. But it begins to make progress."

The fatigue of a daily journey to and from Valladolid in the broiling sun made Bergenroth remove to Simancas, and take up his residence in a peasant's house, of which he gives the following amusing description:—

"*June* 28.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am now living at Simancas, in an humble peasant's home, without servant and without cook, and sleep on a straw sack; but this is my own choice, for people here have mattresses of sheep's wool; and sheep's wool is extremely hot, whereas a straw-sack is the coolest couch one can have. My food is sent me every day with the mail from Valladolid. From eight in the morning till one o'clock I work in the Archives, when I rest a while, playing with rabbits and chickens in the yard, and go back to my papers. At five I start, armed with an umbrella, for the Pinas, a pine-wood. The soil is sandy. The atmosphere, full of the aroma of pine-cones and wild lavender and thyme, is refreshing. Behind glides the Douro, a small but rapid river, with a wide and sandy bed. I bathe, and then walk back slowly through the wood to Simancas, where about 7½ I dine, after which I read for a couple of hours, and then go to bed. My life is simple and lonely, but I do not feel unhappy. I should make a good hermit now."

Some of the subsequent letters to Lord Romilly are of anterior date to the foregoing, but we have thought it better for the narrative to give them together, as they convey a succinct account of the course of Bergenroth's life during the period they cover, and indicate the progress that attended his active exertions.

"My Lord,—After having spent a month in Italy in order to recruit my health, and especially to repose my eyes, I proceeded to Spain, where I arrived about a fortnight ago.

"You will perhaps remember that I had been promised that, during my absence from Simancas, the ciphered despatches in which I was interested should be deciphered. On my return I found that the work had been really begun, but that it was advancing at so slow a rate that I could scarcely hope to make use of the decipherings in the volumes which are now publishing under your direction. Discouraging though this slowness is, I do not yet quite despair.

"Among the many persons who opposed the communication of the ciphered despatches, the Keeper of the Archives at Simancas, Don Manuel Garcia, occupied the most prominent rank. More than once I had been promised in Madrid that strict orders would be sent out enjoining the Archivero not to withhold from me the ciphered despatches; more than once I had been given to understand that he would be removed from his place if he refused to obey the orders of his superiors; but all these promises remained in their essential parts unfulfilled. Now, however, the state of things is essentially altered. The old Archivero *is* removed from his place; and though his successor is not yet chosen, I have reason to hope that he will not imitate the behaviour of his predecessor.

"I mentioned in my last report that during my last absence from Spain, new Archives, the Archivo Historico Nacional, had been opened in Madrid, and that, according to my information, they contained about 60,000 historical documents, belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which hitherto had been inaccessible in the repositories of the different Ministers. Don Tomas Muñoz, the Keeper of these Archives, tells me now that the 60,000 documents have already increased to about 100,000. I have not yet had time to examine them, but from a most superficial glance at them, and from what I learn from the officers, I think that they will not occupy me for any length

of time, as it is not likely that there are many documents to be found in them which relate to subjects immediately connected with English history.

"As soon as I am able to form a more accurate estimate of them, or as soon as any decisive step concerning the ciphered despatches is taken, I shall beg the permission to write again.

"When I left London I was told, in the printing-office of Her Majesty's Printers, that the second volume of my Calendar was finished in as far as the printing of it was concerned. It seems that it has not yet been published. I think a few words from you would suffice to place the volume almost immediately in the hands of the public.

"My journey from Italy to Spain was rather unlucky. I embarked in Leghorn for Marseilles during the week of the great gales. When we had been only a few hours at sea our engine broke down, and we were obliged to seek shelter behind the coast of Corsica, and afterwards behind some other smaller islands near the coast of France. Instead of spending twenty-two hours, we spent nearly six days on this most uncomfortable voyage, and the first delay caused further delay at Marseilles. The second cabin was full of Neapolitans. During the gale they were on their knees before a monk who happened to be in the same cabin, begging him to say his prayers for them. As soon, however, as they considered themselves out of danger, they turned round, insulted the monk, and drove him out of the cabin, accusing him, according to a wide-spread superstition, that his presence had been the cause of all the mischief. Such is the state of religion in Italy.

"*Postscriptum.*—I have just seen Don Severo Catalina, the Director-General of Public Instruction. He tells me that all the restrictions concerning the communication of ciphered despatches, or any other reserved State-papers at Simancas, are done away, and that the orders are already given, and that an official copy of them will be delivered to me. If that is true—and it is difficult to believe that it is otherwise—I have at last, after five years' struggling,

obtained a result which enables me to do my work completely, and which will be beneficial to all the students who will after me consult the Archives at Simancas.—I am," etc.

"MADRID, *25th of February* 1867.

"Letters addressed Aux soins de la Légation d'Angleterre will always reach me."

"MY LORD,—On the 25th of February last I took the liberty of informing you of the state in which the long-pending affair of ciphered despatches in Simancas then was. Don Severo Catalina, Director-General of Public Instruction, had made me ample promises, and all depended on the question whether he would and could fulfil them. I must add that it was understood between us that I should have recourse to no diplomatic interference, but communicate direct with the Spanish authorities.

"On the 27th of March I really received the promised order, accompanied by a private letter of recommendation to the Keeper of the Archives. I was authorized 'to make extracts and to take notes from the ciphered despatches in Simancas, of which the decipherings might have been lost, and from any other document which hitherto might have been kept secret; all this, however, under strict observation of the rules laid down for the Archives.' Mr. Friedmann, who is kind enough to help me in my researches in Simancas, received a similar authorization.

"As I was still occupied in examining the papers in Madrid, which only of late had become accessible, Mr. Friedmann went alone to Simancas. To his astonishment, however, he found the new Archivero as indisposed to permit him to decipher the despatches in question as the late Archivero had been. When he remonstrated, he was informed that there existed secret orders in Simancas, by which the Keeper of the Archives was positively forbidden to communicate to any one ciphered despatches of which the decipherings are not known, and that he must abide by them in spite of the new authorization.

"I therefore applied, on the 14th of April, again to the

Director-General for redress. On the next day I received already a note from the Secretary-General of Public Instruction, informing me that the Keeper of the Archives was not so much in the wrong as I had supposed, since such orders really did exist (they were given by the so-called Liberal Government of O'Donnell), and could not be set aside except by a decree of higher authority. The Minister de Fomento promised me to procure such a decree in the shortest time possible. And, in fact, Señor Orovio had the very next day (16th of April) an audience of the Queen, in consequence of which the order was given, of which I enclose a translation.

"I hope no more difficulties will be made by the Keeper of the Archives at Simancas. I am sorry that the illimited authorization is only a special favour conferred on me and Mr. Friedmann, but I can do now nothing more than to turn it to the best use for the benefit of the public in general.

"As I have already hinted at, I am still examining the newly discovered State-papers in Madrid. A good number of them are very important for European history in general, but few relate direct to England. Most of the latter, however, are interesting. I will mention only one of them, namely, the letter which Pedro de Ayala wrote immediately after the marriage of Prince Arthur and the Princess Catharine. He informs King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella that King Henry, considering the young age and weak bodily constitution of his son, thought him then unfit for married life. He intended to keep the Princess a couple of years near his own person, whilst Prince Arthur was to live in Wales. The writer goes then on explaining the intrigues of Doctor de Puebla, who at last succeeded in persuading King Henry to send the Princess Catharine, together with the Prince, to Wales, not in the hope that the marriage would be consummated, but in order that he might in that way get her plate, worth about 30,000 ducats, into his power.

"All the witnesses heard in the divorce case deposed that the marriage of Prince Arthur was not consummated,

and, considering the physical incapacity of the Prince, could not have been consummated. The letter of Don Pedro exactly tallying with this evidence, which was given more than twenty years later, goes far in explaining the reasons why the Princess was suffered to live with her moribund husband under the same roof.

"Some other papers are also highly interesting.

"Mr. Friedmann goes to-morrow to Simancas, and I shall follow him in about a fortnight's time, during which I shall still be occupied in Madrid.—I am," etc.

"MADRID, HOTEL DES PRINCES,
22d of April 1867."

"(*Translation from the Spanish original.*)

"INSTRUCION PUBLICA, NEGOCIADO 1°.

"I send to-day the following order to the Archivero at Simancas:—'After having taken notice of your report of the 12th of the present month, and in spite of the orders of the 26th of January 1863 and 14th of April 1864, the Queen (God preserve her!) has deigned to command that the authorization granted to Mr. Bergenroth and Mr. Friedmann be amplified in such manner that they are henceforth at liberty to decipher, copy, or extract all despatches in cipher of which the decipherings have been lost, and also to examine, copy, or extract any other document of whatever class it may be, which, if they judge, is necessary for their historical studies; on condition, however, that they leave a literal copy of every deciphering they make in the Archives.'

"This transcript of the order of the Queen I send you for your information and for your use. God preserve you many years. (Signed) OROVIO.

"MADRID, 16*th of April* 1867.

"To Mr. Bergenroth, Fonda de los Principes. Whose hands kisses the Director-General of Public Instruction."

"VALLADOLID, *June* 14, 1867.

"MY LORD,—In my letters of the 25th of February and 22d of April I took the liberty to inform you that Don

Manuel Garcia had been removed from his place as Keeper of the Archives at Simancas, and that all State-papers, without any exception, had been declared communicable to me.

"I am now for about a month working here, and as far as I am able to judge I think that the order given in my favour is honestly carried out. At all events a very considerable amount of State-papers (much more than I had suspected), the very existence of which had been concealed from me, are now perfectly available for my purpose.

"The so-called Patronato Real forms a separate section of these Archives. It consists of several rooms with vaults and heavy iron doors. In these vaults, which are worked into the thick walls, are old wooden chests, some of them curious as works of art, in which wills of persons belonging to the reigning families, title-deeds of their property, and similar papers, are preserved. Don Manuel considered the Patronato Real to be of a more secret character than the rest of the Archives. But in the chests, and besides them, there are heaps of papal bulls and treaties, reaching as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century, diplomatic correspondence as old as the beginning of the fifteenth century, etc. These papers and parchments are pell-mell mixed up with despatches and letters belonging to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They form the old stock of the formerly secret papers—secret, I think, from no other reason but that the old Archivero was ashamed to let me see in what a state a considerable and by no means unimportant portion of the Archives were. But the old stock has been much increased by new additions. It seems that Don Manuel from time to time took out certain papers from the other Legajos and locked them up in the earth. Whilst I am examining them, I am sometimes trying to discover the principle on which he selected them, but I have not succeeded. He seems to have been satisfied with making the Legajos incomplete. One instance:—You remember, perhaps, that I mentioned on a former occasion a most scandalous correspondence between Rome and the

Imperial Court, concerning the marriage of Margaret of Austria, illegitimate daughter of Charles V., with Octavio Farnese, grandson of Pope Paul III. From this correspondence the late Archivero has secreted four or five despatches, which are comparatively quite innocent. By chance, however, is one among them which explains the reasons of the conduct of the Emperor.

"The examination of the formerly received papers requires considerable time. Sometimes I am able to despatch in one day six or eight Legajos, but on other occasions I must carefully read a whole Legajo, and spend on it perhaps a week. The disorder in which these papers are renders my task much more difficult, and the officers of the Archives are unable to assist me in putting them in order. Their time is entirely occupied just now in other researches. As the present Italian Government intends to sell the Church property in Italy the Spanish Government intends to protest against such a measure in as far as religious foundations endowed by Spain or Spanish subjects are concerned. For that purpose it has ordered that all the documents which are to be found in Simancas relating to Spanish religious foundations in Italy shall be copied, and the copies be sent to Madrid. That work would occupy the whole staff at least during five years, and there is no doubt the Government will be forced to abandon their original plan. But meanwhile the order exists, and the *employés* must obey it.

"Besides the heaps of papers which are in the vaults of the Patronato Real, I must again examine all the Legajos which were incomplete when I saw them, in order to ascertain what the papers contain which afterwards have been replaced in them. When that is done, I shall begin deciphering. I reserve the deciphering for the last moment, because I then shall be better able to judge whether a document in cipher is to be found in another place in plain writing.

"Six Legajos which were in the Archives when I first arrived at Simancas are now missing. The original corre-

spondence of Walter Raleigh with the Spanish Government, which I have opened and seen, but not read through, is among them. Every corner has been searched for the missing Legajos in vain. How have they disappeared? It would be idle to indulge in mere guesses on this subject.

"Mr. Friedmann, who had been assisting me in my work in Simancas, has also left. I am now alone. The heat has set in with great force since about a week, and the daily ride to and from Simancas fatigues me much. But I have not yet succeeded in discovering a habitable room in Simancas. If this temperature continues, I shall most probably again be visited in the month of August by my old enemy, intermittent fever. I shall do my best to ward it off, but if it comes nevertheless, I must submit, and try to get rid of it as soon as possible.

"I hope that, if nothing unexpected turns up, I shall be able to begin printing a new volume before the end of this year.

"My address is, *Simancas, Valladolid, Spain.*—I am," etc.

"My Lord,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind and encouraging letter of the 4th of October. I should have earlier thanked you for it, had I not been suffering from a rather severe rheumatic attack, and afterwards been obliged to strain all my energy to finish as soon as possible this year's work in Simancas, which, I am afraid, will occupy me at least a fortnight longer.

"In one of my former letters I have already mentioned that several Legajos have disappeared from the Archives during the period I have been working in them. Subsequent researches have shown that the loss is even greater than was suspected. Ten Legajos are now missing, that is to say, between 2500 and 3000 State-papers. Happily none of the missing Legajos belong to the period I am concerned in, and I think not a single person in Spain will suspect me. But as there are whole Legajos missing, have there not also single documents been abstracted from the Legajos which still are extant, and which I have had in

hand? The suspicion induced me to re-examine several of them, and there is no doubt that some papers I have calendared are no longer to be found, at least are no longer where they formerly had been placed. Have they been stolen? I do not think so. For all of them (in as far as I am aware) are only transcripts or abstracts from insignificant formal papers which are to be found in other Archives, or have been printed in other publications. They are too uninteresting to tempt the cupidity of a thief. It is, therefore, more probable that the late Archivero, who was continually shuffling the documents, has placed them somewhere else where nobody will look for them. That is the state of things to-day; what to-morrow may be discovered no one can tell.

"I am sorry to hear that my opinions about the French pensions paid to English Ministers during the reign of Henry VIII. so widely differ from those of Mr. Brewer. I do not know Mr. Brewer's reasons, but I do not in the least doubt that they deserve the greatest consideration. The grounds, however, on which Wolsey and his colleagues generally are defended do not seem to me tenable. However great the talent may be with which they are sometimes adduced, I think all of them come substantially to this, that because the practice was general, and carried on with a certain amount of publicity, it must be admitted that it was not immoral in the sixteenth century for a Minister to accept money from foreign potentates. But frequency and publicity would not deprive a crime or an immoral act of its criminal or immoral character. It would prove nothing else but that immorality was widely spread and deeply rooted. If even kings sometimes winked at them, so much the worse for the morality of those times. Thus, if we wish to form a just estimate of the political character of Wolsey and his colleagues, we must, I think, judge their conduct on its own merits, quite irrespectively from the frequency or publicity of the failings with which they are reproached. Now, I think no one will pretend that a Minister, or even a King, was at any period of European

history exempt from the moral duty of furthering the interests of his country to the best of his knowledge and his power. If that is conceded, it follows of itself that a Minister who transferred for pecuniary considerations a portion of his services, his influence, and his allegiance to a foreign Prince, was betraying his country and his Prince in the sixteenth century as well as in any other; and there can be no doubt that the King of France would not have paid the smallest sum of money to Englishmen for rendering services to England. To remove all doubt, in the documents which I have calendared, it is expressly stated that the pensions were granted for services rendered to the King of France (not the King of England), and it was well understood that they would be discontinued as soon as the receivers of them should cease to take into consideration the bidding or wishes of the King of France. In the year 1521 they were indeed deprived of them, and the circumstance that they immediately sold their services to the Emperor can scarcely be adduced in their favour. Nor were the moral faculties of European statesmen in the time of Wolsey so much blunted that they were unconscious of doing wrong when they sold their services to foreign potentates. Abundant proof of this is to be found in the documents calendared by me. The statesmen at Rome and at the Imperial Court certainly did not mean to say something flattering to Wolsey when they expressed their opinion that he had already once involved his country in an unprofitable war from personal considerations, and would do it again if he thought it profitable to himself. Even the weak Pope Adrian declared once that he would dismiss any public servant of his of whom he knew that he accepted the smallest amount of money from foreign Princes. He showed thereby that he was fully conscious of the immorality of such dealings.

"German Princes and Ministers took pensions and money from foreigners quite as openly and as frequently as Wolsey and his colleagues did, but they have always been condemned for their corruption. Only a short time ago Mignet

spoke, in his *Rivalité de Charles Quint et de François I.*, in the strongest terms of them, and I am not aware that any one has contradicted him. The dignitaries of the Court of Rome took pensions from foreign Princes, and the sanction of time immemorial has not preserved them from being condemned most emphatically. Why then judge Englishmen of the sixteenth century by a different standard?

"But I admit the opinion of Mr. Brewer has the support of the public. His doctrine is orthodox, and I am a sinner, the schismatic. And unhappily for me I am obliged to differ on more than this one subject from historical orthodoxy, not only in England, but also in Germany and in France. I say unhappily for me, because I am perfectly aware that I must attract thereby adversaries who, indeed, will no longer burn me, but dislike and attack me in perfectly good faith. Very small is the number of those who do not resent it, if they are told that that is an error which they have all their lives long considered as true. I have, therefore, more than once questioned whether I do not go too far; but it generally happened that, whilst I was entertaining such doubts, I discovered that I had committed some faults, yet not by differing too much, but by differing too little from the generally conceived opinions. I will give two instances from my experience of the last month or so.

"The first is this,—After the death of King Philip I. of Spain, Henry VII. asked his widow, Juana la Loca, or the Mad Queen Jane, in marriage. No respectable historian has ever admitted a doubt about her insanity, and, on the strength of the best authorities, I represented King Henry as wooing a mad lady. Now, I find in the papers which formerly were not accessible for me, that she never was mad, and from the language held by Doctor de Puebla, in the name of the King of England, it is highly probable that Henry knew it then as well as I know it now, that the stories of her madness were invented by her mother, her father, her husband, and, at a later period, by her son, to serve their own purposes. Her first fault was that the

heartless 'piety' of her mother, the good Queen Isabel, combined with coercion employed against her to force her into obedience, rendered the religion of her mother so distasteful to her, that she afterwards refused to hear mass or to confess. Her second fault was that her right to the crown of Castile was undeniable. Could Queen Isabel permit an infidel to be her successor, and to undo the work she had built up with the blood of thousands of her subjects? She had burnt thousands of heretics, and many of them for faults much smaller than those of Juana. But to burn her daughter, who was married to a foreign sovereign, was out of the question. To deprive her of her right of succession on the plea of her infidelity was too humiliating for the pious Queen, and above all too dangerous, considering the unpopularity of the religious persecutions. Infidelity was therefore declared to be insanity, and King Ferdinand was appointed Governor of Castile with all attributions of royalty, excluding thereby Juana from all participation in the government. That was done during the lifetime of Queen Isabel, in the Cortes of 1502, at a time when Juana was in Flanders, and none of those who saw her daily could discover any indication of madness in her. She was afterwards in England, and there is no record that she was insane. But if she was not out of her mind, the imposture must have been detected as soon as she came (in the year 1506) to Spain. Her father and her husband—her mother had died in 1503—had taken their measures that it should not be so. Mortal enemies, and disagreeing on every other question, they concluded, on the 27th of June 1506, in Villafafila, a treaty to help one another to prevent Queen Juana, by *all* and *every* means, from taking part in the despatch of public business, and King Ferdinand declared, in a public instrument of the same day, that it was the intention of Philip to shut her up in a dungeon. This treaty was sworn to on the same day by her father and husband, with their hands placed on the Holy Gospels. Philip died soon afterwards, as it was generally suspected poisoned by his father-in-law, King Ferdinand, who re-

mained absolute master in Spain. From that moment Juana disappears from the world. Not a trace of her is to be discovered. She was, as I from subsequent documents learn, not shut up in a dungeon, but kept a prisoner in a house of moderate size,—Tordesillas, then called a royal palace. Her confinement, however, was so strict, that even her son Charles did not know where she was (until he in his turn became her jailer); that the news of her father's death did not reach her; that she learnt nothing of the death of the Emperor Maximilian, of the assumption of the government in Spain by her son Charles, of his election to the Imperial dignity, of the sending her son Ferdinand to Flanders, of the marriage of her daughter Eleanor, etc. etc. She not only knew nothing of all this, but she was positively told, as late as the year 1520, that King Ferdinand and the Emperor Maximilian were alive, that they had written and inquired after her health, and she was invited to write a few lines to them. Charles asked the Marquess of Denia, who was her jailer, why he told her such stories. The answer of the Marquess was that she would more quietly submit to her imprisonment if she believed that her father, whom she so much revered, was still ordering it, and besides, he added, he hoped to obtain thereby some other great advantages. Which? It is not difficult to guess. The story of her travelling about with the corpse of her deceased husband—whilst she was shut up in two small rooms in Tordesillas—had grown stale, and a letter of her to the dead Emperor Maximilian would have been a valuable proof of her pretended madness.

"Bad as this was, it was not the worst. Since Charles was King of Spain he forced his mother, by deprivation of food, by shutting her up in a dark room, and by actual torture, to hear mass and to confess. 'Yo le hé dado la cuerda,'[1] wrote the Marquess of Denia to him; that is to

[1] Bergenroth would appear to have been betrayed into a slip of memory in ascribing here to the Marquess of Denia these words. In the printed volume of documents concerning Queen Juana, the only reference to the *cuerda* occurs at p. 143, in a despatch to Cardinal Cisneros from Mosen

say, he had suspended her by a rope with weights fastened to her feet,—the usual torture in Spain.

"To make this wild story still more extraordinary, the Infanta Catalina, a young lady of thirteen or fourteen years of age, was permitted to live with her mother. She wrote little charming letters to her brother the Emperor, full of praise of the Marquess and Marchioness of Denia, until 1521 she had an occasion to see the Cardinal Adrian, whom she persuaded to forward a letter of hers to the Emperor without permitting the Marquess of Denia to see it. This letter, naturally enough, was very different from her former letters. With all the indignation which long-protracted and cruel suffering produced in the breast of a young person who is not yet entirely crushed, she described the tyranny to which she and her mother were subjected—save the actual torture, of which she does not seem to have been aware. And why was the Infanta made a fellow-sufferer of her mother? We do not want to go far for an answer. Her presence in Tordesillas was intended to give to the imprisonment of the Queen an appearance as though she was treated as a lady in ill-health, and not as a captive.

"The correspondence revealing the real state of things in Tordesillas was carried on by holograph letters between the Marquess of Denia and the person of the Emperor. All Ministers, Privy Councillors, and Secretaries were not only excluded, but it was expressly recognised that the truth must *above all* be kept secret from the Privy Councillors. Besides the two accomplices just named, I *know* only that Covos, the all-powerful First Secretary, was in the secret, but I *believe* that Mr. de Chièvres must also have known it, if he was not the principal author of it. The

Ferrer, who, speaking of King Ferdinand's treatment of his daughter, says, —"Y nunca el Rey su padre pudo hazer mas fasta que porque no muriese dexandose de comer por no complir su voluntad le huvo de mandar dar. cuerda por conservarle la vida." But on two occasions, at pp. 405 and 423, the Marquess of Denia suggests the application to Queen Juana of *premia*, which Bergenroth understands to signify, in technical language, a mode of torture employed for extracting confession from prisoners, and refers in support to Dominguaz's Dictionary, in his opinion the only one "which is of any use in the interpretation of ancient Spanish documents."

correspondence which the Privy Council was permitted to see never plainly stated that the Queen was mad, but some vague phrases were used which could be explained in such a sense, as, for instance, 'The Queen is as well as can be expected under the existing circumstances,' or 'She continues as usual,' etc. etc.

"But in spite of all the precautions taken some portion of the truth oozed out. When, therefore, the rebellion of the Comuneros broke out, one of the first things the Comuneros did was to capture Tordesillas. The Marquess and the Marchioness of Denia, together with the twelve women who watched the Queen day and night, were sent away. Queen Juana was free after her hard durance of fourteen years, and a flood of light broke at once in upon her: the news of the death of her father, the usurpation of her crown by her son,—in fact, an entirely new world. She who had been accustomed to be driven away by the daughters of the Marquess from her dining-room, which had the view of the river, and forced to pass her days in a room which had no window, was treated with all the respect due to a Queen. The most mighty Lords did not address a word to her without bending down on their knees. She who had not been allowed to buy a dress according to her choice, was now implored to decide the destinies of one of the most powerful kingdoms of Europe. The change was so sudden and so immense that no one could have been surprised if she had gone mad. She was certainly much excited. She did not go to bed; she took food irregularly, but she did not lose for a moment her command over herself. The Imperialists, who had the strongest interest to judge unfavourably her conduct, could not deny that she behaved with the 'greatest prudence' and firmness. The Comuneros, whose plans she did not favour, had no interest to praise her, and yet they could not conceal that she was an equal, or surpassed her mother in intelligence and statesmanship. She was contrasted by them with her son the Emperor. 'The Queen is wise, and understands affairs of State, and yet she refuses to sign (laws, etc.), whilst the Emperor knows nothing of business,

and yet he signs.' That was then a common saying in Spain. But we are not obliged to follow the opinion of either party. Her answers to the Comuneros are recorded almost word by word, and we can judge of her behaviour for ourselves. She was told that by putting her signature to a single proclamation, the whole power of her persecutors would be scattered to the winds. She knew that it was true, for of the three Viceroys who represented Charles in Spain, two were ready to make common cause with her, or rather to submit to her as their rightful Sovereign, and the third, the Cardinal Adrian, was preparing his flight to Flanders. Had she signed a proclamation declaring that she took the government into her own hands, not a single man in Spain would have disobeyed her. The proclamation was drawn up, the pen was dipped into the ink and placed before her, Juan de Padilla and the members of the Junta were on their knees imploring her to sign, but she refused. In her eyes the Comuneros were rebels, and her aristocratic absolute principles of a thorough Legitimist did not permit her to have anything to do with revolutionists. Of course, the Comuneros tried to persuade her that they were no rebels, but dutiful subjects, who had risen to defend her rightful sovereignty. She however asked them whether it was the business of subjects to rise in arms without being called upon by their Sovereign, whether God or human law had conceded to subjects the right to drive away by force the Council of their Sovereign, and to substitute another of their own making? The haughtiness, the clear, unswerving, and uncompromising consistency with which she treated the Comuneros is astonishing. Once admitted royalty by right divine, her reasons were unanswerable. The Comuneros obtained nothing from her, and in December 1520 the partisans of Charles returned to Tordesillas. The Marquess of Denia was in their foremost ranks, and Queen Juana returned to her prison, and was subjected to a treatment even more cruel than before.[1]

[1] See Appendix II., p. 217.

"The second error above hinted at is, that in the Introduction to the first volume of my Calendar I have represented Queen Catharine, the Princess-Dowager of Wales, as being placed between hard parents and a still harder father-in-law, and suffering undeserved misery. That Henry VII. was hard and avaricious cannot be denied, but in as far as the Princess is concerned the medal has its reverse. She had, as I have already written to you, a young confessor, a Spanish friar of the name of Diego Fernandez. This confessor obtained an undue power over her, which he after used for no other purpose but to vex King Henry. He was the only man who had always free access to her diminutive Court, and lived with the Princess and her women on terms of so great familiarity that he scandalized good people who had an opportunity to observe him. Rightly suspecting that the Spanish Ambassador did not view his conduct with a favourable eye, *he* called the Ambassador to account, and in the course of a not very friendly conversation had the impudence to say—'Well, if I am accused of being guilty, I am not accused of being guilty with the lowest but with the highest personage in the house, and that is no blot on my reputation.' Vulgar fellow! He hinted at the possibility of being the paramour of the Princess, without being directly accused of it. However that may be, so much seems to be the fact that the Princess doted on him, and squandered away the money she received, and even sold her plate and trinkets to buy costly vestments, ornaments, books, etc., for the friar, and to adorn his apartments with all luxury, whilst she lived in poverty. I say so much seems to be clear, because the Spanish Ambassador stated it positively in his official letters to her father. It is scarcely possible to admit that he would have dared to make such statements to his Sovereign and her father if they were not strictly true. That Henry, who perfectly well knew what was passing in the house of his daughter-in-law, was not disposed to give her money to be thrown away on the confessor, was intelligible and excusable enough.

"This young friar remained the confessor of the Princess after her marriage with King Henry. He constantly told her that she was pregnant when she was not, and she, who believed in his words as in the Gospel, wrote the good news to Spain. When Ferdinand saw that he was deceived he asked explanation from the confessor. The answer of the friar was a compound of impudence and stupidity. His description of certain parts of the body of the Princess was simply disgusting, and his audacity to tell King Ferdinand that Queen Catharine had been pregnant of twins, had miscarried with one of them, and remained pregnant of the other, seems to me simply astounding. King Ferdinand did what he could to remove this man without producing an open scandal, but Queen Catharine defended him against all the world. At last the confessor wrote a letter to King Henry VIII., threatening him to divulge the secrets of his government and his private life (*cuncta secreta de domo vestra et Regno vestro*). This letter is not dated, but was probably written in the year 1515. That is the last feat I know of Friar Diego Fernandez.

"These two instances, to which I could add an almost unlimited number of similar cases, I think will show how the ground crumbles away under my feet, in the solidity of which I, as so many others, have believed. As I proceed I must build up step by step new foundations for a new history of materials, which are by no means easy at hand. That is a tedious, and, as the world is, thankless task. Had I at least discovered half-a-dozen of new heroes, my case would not be so bad. It is true, if the chief hero happened to be a German, the French would try to scoff him down, and the English would ignore him. Or if he were a Frenchman, the German would think me a bad patriot. And if he happened to be an English hero, the Orléanists in France, and the *National Verein* in Germany, would be much pleased with him, provided that he were moderately liberal; but the public at large would receive him rather coldly. Still I could count, in such a case, on the support of the national party in the country to which the new hero belonged.

"Unfortunately, I have discovered no hero. On the contrary, I am obliged to add a good quantity of black tints to the *couleur de rose* in which the history of the sixteenth century has been painted. The fact I think is, that the whole tone of morals was considerably lower in past centuries than it is now. However far we are from perfection, such things as happened almost daily in the sixteenth century would now be impossible. It would, for instance, be preposterous to think that the Empress of the French could arrest a railroad train, and take away for her private use the money which the Emperor was sending for the pay of his army engaged in an Italian war. The mother of Francis I. did a very similar thing, without sensibly losing of her popularity, and certainly without danger to herself. Who is morally more guilty—a parricide who in an evil hour stabs his mother, or Charles, who kept her during forty years in the most cruel imprisonment? And Charles was not the worst of his contemporaries. Even the mean instrument of his cruelty, the Marquess of Denia, had his admirers. When he died at an advanced age, it was said that he had been the 'best cavalier in the world' (*el mejor cavallero del mundo*). And in order not to omit England, who would dare to imagine, in our days, that English Ministers would bargain for and accept pensions from Napoleon, and that the Queen or Parliament would not only not condemn the bargain, but solicit for them?

"Public morals were impure in the sixteenth century, and it is a good sign for the future of the world that it was so. For if our ancestors had already, 350 years ago, attained so high a degree of moral perfection as we are often told that they had reached, we could not boast of any progress. We live in better homes, and have better furniture; we have telegraphs, and steamers which cross the ocean. That is progress, but only material progress. But we ourselves are the principal thing, and all we possess are only accessories. Christ rode on a donkey to Jerusalem, and now any donkey may ride in a railroad carriage. But the word of Christ is the hope of salvation for hundreds of

millions, whilst the donkey is still a donkey, whether he rolls himself in the dust or steams away at a rate of forty miles an hour. Thus, if we men and women are not much better than the thing, and Charles and Francis, and their servants and subjects, all efforts at moral progress during centuries have been a failure. And if moral progress is denied to us, a wise man will give up striving after it, and turn materialist. Happily, historical truth is teaching other morals. The world we live in is not stationary, that is to say, in a period of decay. We and our fathers and grandfathers have not striven in vain, and if our children do not give up the battle, but earnestly and seriously continue to strive after perfection, civilisation is not lost, and Europe will not relapse into a state of chaotic barbarism. Those who tell us that the old Britons and Saxons and Normans, and so on, were as good men, or better, than we, are, I think, mistaken in as far as historical facts are concerned, and preach at the same time dangerous morals.

"I have made great progress during the last days, and have virtually finished my work at Simancas. I must, however, wait a few days longer before I leave, because the officers of the Archives have not yet finished copying my keys to cipher and my decipherings. My general health is good, but my eyes are much tired after ten months' uninterrupted trying work. I intend to stay in Paris about a week, where I must consult Dr. Liebreich, my oculist. If you have orders for me, a letter directed to me *Aux soins de Mr. Othon de Clermont*, 11 *Rue Barbette*, will reach me safely. —I am," etc.

"SIMANCAS, 28*th of November* 1867."

XIII.

BERGENROTH carried out the announced intention, though he was delayed longer than he had anticipated, so that it was March when he reached England, where he passed the summer in preparing for publication a supplementary Calendar volume, containing the evidence for the two historical discoveries referred to in the last letter. So startling an allegation as that involved in the documents referring to Queen Juana, subversive of a story that had passed current without challenge by any previous historian, and had been accepted on all hands with as much implicit faith as attaches to any single fact in history, naturally excited instant interest. For the insinuated imputation against Catharine of Aragon's morals, the proof, to say the least, is imperfect; but in regard to the other point, it is difficult to see that the conclusion at which Bergenroth arrived can be resisted in the main. Truly perplexing as it must seem at first sight to be suddenly called to reject an universally accredited story for a version that sounds horribly incredible, we do not know how the mass of detailed evidence adduced by Bergenroth can be disposed of except on grounds of fabrication, for which it is quite beyond us to conceive the reason. It may be that Bergenroth has pushed his view too far in absolutely dismissing the idea of Queen Juana having

even in her latter days become deranged in intellect, but that she was not so originally, and that she was deliberately kept in confinement as mad by Charles V., though himself perfectly cognizant of the contrary, appears established with overwhelming evidence by the documents Bergenroth has the merit to have first brought to light.

No sooner was this volume completed up to the point of mechanical publication than Bergenroth again hurried away. He was not destined to see England again. Probably Bergenroth's very abrupt departure on this occasion was due to impatience at absence from Spain, when in the turmoil of revolution,—for he was ever keenly on the alert to seize every possible opportunity that might seem to hold out a chance for more thorough investigation to the satisfaction of his mind that nothing had been overlooked. If he was actuated by any secret hope of finding the existing conjuncture particularly propitious for his pursuits, he was doomed to disappointment, for Spain had then no leisure to care for inquiries like those he was engaged in, while Old Castile was afflicted by a special pestilence, which grievously aggravated in that province the disorganization prevailing generally in the country, as will be seen from the following letters:—

"My Lord,—I left England about the middle of September, and after having spent a fortnight at Boulogne, I proceeded to Paris, in order to examine those papers from Simancas in the Imperial Archives which had not been put in order, and consequently were not communicated to me, when, some years ago, I was engaged in the same researches.

"I found that the Director-General of the Archives, Marquess de Laborde, had retired from his post, and that

his place had been given to Mr. Alfred de Maury. Besides this, other not unimportant changes had taken place, but I found the new officers as well disposed towards me as their predecessors had been, so that I met with no other difficulties than those which are inseparable from the kind of my work. My task is wearisome and laborious. For the papers which formerly formed separate bundles are now distributed, according to what the officer intrusted with their classification considered to be their chronological order, over the whole Simancas collection in Paris. I must therefore once more see all of them, in order to ascertain which papers I have already examined, and which remain to be copied or extracted. I have considerably advanced, but not yet finished this portion of my work.

"At the beginning of November I went to Simancas. I found the Archives in as deplorable a state as almost all affairs in this unhappy province of Old Castile. The all but absolute failure of the last harvest has produced famine, and the revolution has not only disorganized what little of industry and commerce existed, but also thousands of government, provincial, and municipal *employés* of all classes have been turned out of their places. Those who have remained in office remain for the most part unpaid. Misery and dirtiness combined have produced typhus of a most malignant kind. At this moment there are in this small village of now scarcely 1500 inhabitants, between sixty and seventy patients, in a more or less precarious state. The mortality has several days risen as high as five. To a Londoner that figure might appear contemptibly small, but in proportion to the population it corresponds to 10,000 deaths a day in London. Generally, however, the deaths are one, or two, or three a day, which numbers correspond to 2000, 4000, or 6000 in London. Last week died an inmate of the house in which I live, and I, too, have been unwell, but have now entirely recovered.

"The people on the whole bear this misfortune with more resignation than I should have expected, and the dances on Sundays and feast-days on the Plaza to the sound

of the dulceina are by no means discontinued. Nevertheless, it is not to be wondered at that the officers of the Archives during the business hours are more inclined to occupy themselves in discussing politics and the 'pestilence,' than in putting old papers in order. I should, however, be unjust to them if I pretended that they materially impede my work; sometimes, it is true, when their conversation waxes very warm, it is difficult to concentrate my attention on the document I am reading, but that is not always the case, and I should not even have mentioned this circumstance, were I not afraid that things might become much worse.

"The peasants in Simancas are decidedly hostile to the officers of the Archives. Not that they have any reason to dislike them personally, but the idea that all public officers are idlers, who suck the blood of the nation, has taken so firm a hold of these good people, that they think they do a meritorious work if they drive them away. At present all is quiet in our village, the poorer class being occupied in mending or deteriorating roads, as the case may be, at the expense of the Ayuntamiento or parish. In about a fortnight, however, the funds will be exhausted, the employment will cease, and a 'pronunciamento,' it is expected, will then take place. Certainly it will not be formidable. Still, as the Government is almost powerless in the villages and smaller towns, where no armed force exists, the peasants might have time enough to do very mischievous work. Of course they will not burn the building, or the papers of the Archives, but I shudder at the idea that the Alcalde, or a field-labourer who styles himself President of the Junta, should have the keys of the Archives only for a week in his power. The Archives at Zaragoza have, during the civil war, disappeared under similar circumstances. Moreover, if the *employés* are not driven away by the patriots, it cannot be expected that they will keep the establishment open for any length of time if they remain unpaid.

"Deeply interested in the preservation of the Archives,

I should already have gone to Madrid and tried what I could do there. Unfortunately my own finances are at almost as low an ebb as those of the Spanish Exchequer. When, seven years ago, I had the honour of speaking with your Lordship about my remuneration, I stated that my expenses for travelling and living in hotels, in so expensive places as London, Paris, Madrid, and even Simancas—where I must get everything from a distance—would amount at least to a guinea a day, and your Lordship proposed then the sum of £400 a year. As I was then receiving a honorarium for calendaring, I thought that the £400 was destined for my travelling expenses and my sustenance, and that the honorarium was to continue as a kind of remuneration for my work. Mr. Hardy has since informed me that I was mistaken. I beg to observe that I did not complain then, and do not complain now. I had begun my work long before I could have any hope of obtaining the smallest assistance from the Government, and should continue it to the best of my power even if the grant were entirely to cease. Thus any sum of money allowed to me by the Government is a material help to me, which I thankfully accept. But, on the other hand, I think no one who knows how expensive such unsettled life is as I am obliged to lead, and how much long journeys with an exceedingly heavy luggage of books and papers cost, will be astonished that, after seven or eight years' work, I am poorer than I had been at the beginning. An unfortunate circumstance for me is, that a considerable portion of that little which remains of my formerly modest fortune consists in Spanish Government Bonds, on which it would be rash to count as a source of revenue under present circumstances.

"As to the result of my last researches, I beg to observe that I found in Paris papers relating to a conspiracy into which, in the year 1522, the *King of France* entered with Spanish exiles to imprison the Emperor and to set up the Beltraneja as Queen of Spain. I knew already before from other documents that such a conspiracy had existed,

but these papers only throw full light on it. Crime was in those times heaped on crime. The notices relating to England I have added in Paris to the stock I already possessed are hitherto meagre. In Simancas I have read interesting documents, throwing much light on the moral notions then prevailing at the Roman Court. Rome judged by Rome is by no means favourable to the priestly party. Besides, I have obtained some information concerning the behaviour of Cardinal Bainbridge in the conclave of Leo X., and more important information referring to Cardinal Pole in the conclaves in which he was a candidate for the Papal throne. I have, however, still some bundles of miscellaneous papers before me which deserve a careful examination, and several ciphered despatches must be deciphered,—I am," etc.

"SIMANCAS, NEAR VALLADOLID,
9th of December 1868.

"*P.S.*—I am informed that the mortality in this place has decreased. Nevertheless every day, when on my way to the Archives, I pass the church-door, I see the one and too-well-known coffin in which the dead are carried to the edge of the grave (they are buried without coffin) coming out, and the bell which announces that the Holy Sacrament is carried to a dying man is still heard at too short intervals. Political excitement, in consequence of the success at Cadiz, is increasing daily.

"*12th of December.*"

XIV.

THE fatal pestilence had at this time already laid its touch on Bergenroth. On the very same day, the 12th of December, he wrote a further note of a few lines to Lord Romilly, accompanying copy of a document of singular interest, in which occur the words, "I wish to send you the enclosed paper, which you will perhaps find interesting. It is written in great haste, and I am scarcely able to read it over and to correct it, because I have written the whole night through, and am the more tired as I am unwell. My indisposition is, I think, a bad cold, and has nothing to do with typhus yet;" but he adds, with the uneasy presentiment of sickness, "I wish to send the letter because I do not know when I shall be able to write again." By the side of these words, the following, and, as far as we know, last letter written by Bergenroth to his mother acquires a deeply touching character. It is dated that same 12th December, when already he felt the weight of sickness; yet, not to alarm a tender mother, he not only disguised this sensation, but on the occasion of the coming Christmas—to Germans so dear a festival, with its illuminated trees and lightsome gatherings in every homestead of the township—he strained his wearied mind to address her in the playful tone of a joyous affection, merry feeling, free from the shadow of any uneasy presentiments:—

"SIMANCAS, 12*th Dec.* 1868.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,—Thursday next is Christmas Eve. I shall think much of you all. My programme for that evening has been made for me by the children of the house, Pelia, Paula, and Benancia. It consists in a collation, as they call it here, being taken at eight in the evening, which comprises nuts, candied almonds, marchpane, and hippocras, a sweet beverage made with wine, quince juice, pomegranates, etc., that figured much in the middle ages, and is still met with in the remote villages of Spain. After the collation, a dance according to Spanish custom, with guitars, tambourines, and song. At midnight to the Misa del Gallo, in the church. The priest officiates at the altar, and says mass, while the organ plays and a choir sings comic songs about Maricosina, a playful abbreviation of Mary, which are full of jokes about Joseph, without being full of praise of Mary. Many verses are too improper for translation; of the more harmless one specimen—'Well, my little Mary, says Joseph after the wedding to his wife, give me a kiss, as your father wished. Not at all, replies Mary, my father may do as he likes with his own, but I dispose as I choose of my own.' Then follows a most burlesque description of Christ's birth. In the last verse the Virgin is warned not to push things too far with poor Joseph, who after all is her husband, and might give her a thrashing if he caught her gossiping at the street-corner. This is Spanish piety, and you will wonder at my adding that I hold the people who frequent the Misa del Gallo, from the priest to the lowest ragamuffin, to be good Catholics. Old established custom has made them thorough, candid, and simple. Goodbye for to-day. I am not ill, and from my heart wish the same to you."

The untruth in these closing words, inspired by affectionate considerations, very quickly defied iteration. Bergenroth grew worse, until, under the impression that change of air would cure what he continued to think a passing ailment, he resolved to travel to Madrid.

The change did no good. On the contrary, the fatigue of the journey probably fomented the incubation of the malignant germ in his system. On the 9th of February he dictated from Madrid the following lines to Lord Romilly, the last, as far as we know, he ever addressed to any one on earth :—

"What I always was in fear of has come to pass. I have broken down. My illness is gastric fever. I am fortunate to be in Madrid, and not in Simancas. All correspondence is strictly forbidden me. I am neither to read nor write letters."

Four days later Bergenroth was a corpse.[1]

It is superfluous to dwell on the capital loss that befell historical science in this death. That Bergenroth's eminent qualities were not free from accompanying defects,—that as in life, so in writing, his vigorous and impulsive nature should have been occasionally hurried into impetuous views and somewhat warped appreciation of particulars, may be freely conceded; but as, notwithstanding a harshness at times in his treatment of individuals, there was at heart in him much tenderness of affection, so, notwithstanding an occasionally trenchant ring

[1] A friend who was present writes,—"After an illness of nine days he died at the Fonda de los Principes, on the morning of Saturday the 13th February, and the following day (Sunday), at half-past three o'clock, he was interred in the Protestant burying-ground at San Isidoro, out of the gate of Segovia; the only persons present were Mr. White the English clergyman who officiated, the Prussian Ambassador and a friend, Señor Riano the son-in-law of Don Pascual de Gayangos, and three other Englishmen who had heard of the death. Although Mr. Bergenroth had been the personal friend of the English Ambassador of several years' standing, the Embassy was not represented. Nothing could exceed the kind and considerate attention of the Gayangos family during the whole course of the illness. Señor and Señora Riano were present when he died."

in his utterances, inwardly he was actuated with a most candid and self-searching earnestness of conscientious study. It can only be repeated that, against the charge of imperfect knowledge and uncritical generalizations which have been brought against Bergenroth, it will hardly be possible to vindicate conclusively his memory until the vast collection brought together by his indomitable industry shall have seen the light of day. Whenever these precious materials are published, then it will be felt on all sides how greatly his decease must be deplored, for these materials will then be before us as a pile of astounding bricks without the hand being forthcoming that would have known how to put them accurately together with the skill of the master artist. And now, as the last touch to this slight memorial, there follows here a paper—the very last discovery made by Bergenroth, and one on which his mind ran while he lay tossing on his death-bed, a startling document, which cannot fail to be read with keen interest, for, if really genuine, it would furnish the solution of a mystery which has occupied the earnest curiosity of many students. It will be seen that Bergenroth is careful to express no positive opinion on the authenticity of the document in this communication, and in giving his version to the public, it would be presumptuous to assume to do more than, with far superior facilities for forming a judgment, so great a master in Spanish documents thought himself able to do—namely, give the account without comment.

"*Private.*

"Before me lies in this moment an exceedingly interesting paper. It is nothing less than a detailed

account of the arrest, the accusation, the criminal proceedings, the sentence, and the execution of Prince Don Carlos, son of King Philip II. The author of it is Fray Juan de Avila, who was confessor of the Prince, and an eye-witness of what he describes. Several documents relating to this affair are *verbatim* given, others, as, for instance, the summing up by the fiscal, or accuser (Antonio Perez), and the defence of the counsel (Escovedo), were written by him, as he states, the same day, with the help of notes he took whilst the speeches were delivered. It was his intention, he tells, to write the history of that most memorable case; but when he heard that the King had ordered all papers relating to it to be delivered to him, and that he had burned them, he thought that the publication of such a history would be dangerous as well as wrong. For, he continues, whatever one may think of the conduct of Philip, kings are the very image of God on earth, and subjects must conform with their wishes. Nevertheless he could not decide himself to destroy his papers, but locked them up in a strong box where no one was likely to see them. The copy I have before me is not the original, but a transcript made in Madrid on the 8th of July 1681, and attested by Don Julian Martinez de Arellano, Knight of the Order of Calatrava. Paper and handwriting are of the period which the date of the transcript indicates, and some portions are unfortunately so much worm-eaten or rotten that several passages cannot be read. The whole memoir would fill about eighty or ninety pages in print, common octavo.

"If the trustworthiness of this document can be established, it sets at once at rest the long dispute about the death of Don Carlos, which for so many years has not only

occupied historians, but the educated classes in Europe in general. I must confess I began reading this paper with some distrust. There are in Spain, and especially in Italy, such a quantity of compositions which pretend to be historical documents, but are entirely drawn from imagination. In the same degree, however, as I advanced in the perusal of this narrative, my doubts grew feebler. The whole tone of this history differs widely from the sham documents I have just mentioned. There is no attempt at fine writing, there are no vague statements. On the contrary, the intention of the author to be accurate, and to state positive facts, is visible on every page. It is true, when he speaks of facts which did not come under his own observation, he is not unexceptionable. When, for instance, he mentions the execution of Montigny in Simancas, he is not accurate in detail. But then he never pretended to have been a witness of Montigny's execution. Moreover, the fact that Montigny was executed was not known until Mr. Gachard proved it quite of late. The circumstance that our author knew it proves, therefore, that he must have been a person who stood very near the King and the leading statesmen. Again, the short sketch of the rebellion of the Netherlands, which our author gives, could not be accepted as true in our days, but it is just such as a priest, living at the Court of Philip II., would draw it. Besides, one can be a one-sided and biassed historian, and yet deserve full credit for things one has seen with one's own eyes. But, above all, such a story as this is not easy to invent. I must, however, add that I have only just now finished reading the history or memoir, and have not yet formed a definite opinion about its trustworthiness.

"A short summary of what Fray Juan de Avila relates is this:—Don Carlos was a young prince very much inclined to do what pleased him without any respect for others. He was, however, on good terms with his father, King Philip, until the King married his third wife, Isabel of France. Isabel was of the same age as Don Carlos, and uncommonly handsome. Don Carlos fell in love with her, and made her a declaration 'in forma,' to which the Queen was weak enough to answer, begging him to desist from his suit, because she, being bound by the most sacred ties to his father, could never be his. This letter miscarried, and came, the author says he does not know in what way, into the hands of Philip, who, finding it by far too warm, strongly reprimanded his wife and his son, and forbade them, under severe penalties, to see each other or to write to one another. Don Carlos, instead of repenting, conceived a very strong hatred of his father, and relished any misfortune that might befall him.

"Meanwhile the 'pestiferous heresy of the son of hell, Luther,' had obtained numerous adherents in the Low Countries. The measures of Margaret and Granvella, who were at the head of the Government, against the heretics, irritated them, and as there were only few troops in Flanders, it was not possible to quell the revolutionary movement, at the head of which were the Prince of Orange and the Counts of Egmont and Horn. Philip decided on enlisting a large army, and on sending it to the Netherlands. Before he could execute that measure the rebels assembled at Brussels sent two of them, one of whom was Mr. de Montigny, to the King, in order to deliver him their complaints and demands of redress. Philip gave them a very ungracious answer,

but Mr. de Montigny, instead of returning to Flanders, remained in Madrid, and was introduced to Don Carlos. The Prince, who enjoyed the rebellion in the Low Countries, because it created difficulties to his father, entered, through Montigny, into correspondence with Oranien, Egmont, and Horn. A plan was concerted that Don Carlos should ask Philip to give him the command of the troops who were to go to Flanders, and if his prayer was granted, to go to the Low Countries and there declare himself independent. Thus Philip was to be defeated by his own army and his own son.

"When this plan was settled, Don Carlos went to see his father, inveighed strongly against the heretics and rebels, and begged him to give him the command of the army, and thus to enable him to begin a useful and glorious life. Philip, deceived by the apparent repentance of his son, granted his demand. The Prince, in the gladness of his heart, saw the same day Montigny, communicated to him what had passed between himself and his father, and begged him to inform the Prince of Orange, and Egmont and Horn, of the promising state in which affairs were. Montigny sent the letter by a servant of his, to whom he much recommended the greatest circumspection. When this messenger arrived at Coruña, where he was to embark, he was afraid that he would be searched, and threw the letter away. It was picked up by some person, who delivered it to the Alcalde, and the Alcalde, seeing that it was directed to rebels and heretics, sent it to Philip. Philip was much annoyed, and ordered Montigny to be arrested, who at first was kept prisoner in the Alcázar of Segovia, then

escaped, and after having been recaptured was brought to Simancas, and there executed. The command of the troops was given to Alva, who at the same time received the order to execute Orange, Egmont, and Horn. Don Carlos, not knowing that the King was aware of his plot, became furious when he learned that he was not to be the commander-in-chief, and insulted the Duke of Alva and other persons.

"Philip, thinking that Don Carlos had been seduced by others, and hoping that he might mend, could not as yet make up his mind to proceed against him. The Prince, however, made preparations for his flight, and wrote letters to Orange, Egmont, and Horn, in which he called his father a 'wild beast' and a 'monster,' and informed them that he would come to Flanders in order to place himself at the head of the revolution. His messenger, instead of carrying the letters to Flanders, delivered them to Alva, and Alva gave them to the King.

"The King called two Dominican friars, and asked them their opinion. They belonged to the Holy Office, and advised Philip to send his son to the prison at the Inquisition, where they would take care that he should abjure his heresy, so that his soul would be saved even if his body were to perish.

"In the midst of night, and whilst Don Carlos was sleeping, Philip, accompanied by some armed followers, entered his bedroom, and took possession of his arms and his correspondence, among which there were many letters from the rebels in Flanders, and also some letters from Queen Isabel, which showed that her stepson was continuing to make declarations of love to her. When

Don Carlos awoke he was already a prisoner. The Duke of Feria and the Prince of Eboli were commanded to keep watch at the door of his room.

"The following morning the King sent for the reverend Fathers, Fray Juan Perez, of the 'Sacratissimo Sacramento,' and Fray Pedro Avilez, of the 'Immaculata Concepcion.' He had a long conference with them. The next night the Prince was placed in a carriage and sent to the prison of the Inquisition. He behaved there, however, as a good Catholic, and the Inquisitors declared that they had no reason to proceed against him. During night Don Carlos was brought back to the palace.

"The King decided to proceed against his son on the accusation of high treason. He nominated Vargas president of the tribunal which was to decide this case, Juan Escovedo counsel of the accused, and Antonio Perez fiscal, or public accuser.[1] The tribunal is to sit in a room next to that which is the prison of the Prince. It is to sit only in the hours of night. The King dictates the accusation. Fray Juan Perez, Fray Pedro Avilez, and Fray Juan de Avila, confessor of the Prince, and author of this memoir, subscribe the accusation as witnesses in the evening of the 16th February 1568. The King told them to keep the proceedings secret in order not to make public the shameful conduct of his son, and, he added, although he was perfectly justified, 'there are people who would think him hard and sanguinary if they were to know the truth.' He intended, therefore, afterwards to have the rumour spread that Don Carlos had died of illness, or something similar.

[1] "It seems, however, that Escovedo and Perez were at the same time judges of the tribunal, which consisted of three judges.

All who were present swore to keep the secret. The judges asked the King to authorize them to dispense with certain formalities prescribed by law, which were incompatible with secrecy. The King gave them that authorization.

"*Night of the 7th of February.*—The room in which the tribunal assembles is spacious. On a table covered with a red cloth are the Holy Gospels and four wax candles. The judges take their seats. The King enters, and declares that, because it is painful to him to be present at the sittings, he delegates his powers to Fray Juan de Avila. The accusation is read. (It is *verbatim* inserted.) The letters are read. The letters of the Queen seemed to indicate too much warmth of feeling. Fray Juan de Avila and the other friars swear that the papers were found in the room of Don Carlos of Austria.

"*Night of the 8th of February.*—The tribunal and the witnesses assemble. Gil Anton, page of Don Carlos, depones on oath that the Prince had said that he was glad to hear of the rebellion, and hoped the King would lose the Low Countries.

"Don Carlos was led into the room by the Prince of Eboli and the Duke of Feria. He looked mournful and melancholy. The President, Vargas, made him sit down. He promised on oath to tell the truth. Follows the interrogatory. The Prince answers all questions referring to the crimes of which he is accused with No. He declares all the letters to be false. He is led back to his room.

"The judges were very perplexed, and did not know what to do, not daring to proceed with rigour against the Prince. Although it was very late, they decide to

go and see the King. They find him saying prayers. He was much afflicted when he learnt that his son was adding the crime of lying and perjury to the other crimes. At last he said that the judges should employ all lawful means of discovering the truth, just as though the accused were a common subject of low condition.

"The judges return to their room, and decree that the torture is to be applied if the Prince continues contumacious. This decree, dated 10th of February, is *verbatim* inserted.

"10/11 *of February.*—Vargas orders the public executioner and an assistant to his house. A kerchief is tied on their eyes ; they are put in a carriage, and brought to the palace, without knowing where they are. They remain in another room. The Prince enters as on the preceding night. The questions are asked three times, and he answers, three times denying them. The Prince retires to his room. The judges decree that he is to be tormented. It is very late, and the proceedings are prorogated to the next night. The public executioner and his assistant are sent back to the house of Vargas with bandaged eyes.

"11/12 *of February.*—The judges, the witnesses, the public executioner and his assistant, assemble. The executioner and his assistant are led by Juan de Avila into another room. The Prince enters. All the questions and his answers are read to him, and he is asked whether he persists in denying. He persists. Vargas orders the executioner to enter, and to make himself ready for applying the torture. When the Prince heard this he grew white like a dead corpse, and lost all colour, and did not dare to utter a single word. Without doubt he was terrified, for he had never believed that he should

be tortured like a common criminal. The hangman went near the Prince, fastened the cords to his hands, and he and his assistant gave four turns. A horrible sight! The accused heaved a deep sigh, and remained as though he was dead. They threw water over his face, and he recovered. When the executioner prepared himself to continue, the Prince declared that he would tell the truth. The same questions are read to him which he had denied. He confirms all of them. The Court declares the inquisition concluded, and decree that the cause is to be 'heard.'

"12/13 *of February.*—No sitting of the Court. The judges, however, assemble, and the fiscal prepares the accusation. The King has forbidden that any paper leaves the room.

"13/14 *of February.*—The Court and the witnesses assemble as usual. The fiscal reads his requisition to punish the accused with the pain of death.

"The author of this memoir is astonished to hear that capital punishment is intended. The President Vargas, who is informed of the intention of the King, orders that the counsel of the accused be heard. Thus the sitting of that night concludes.

"Escovedo prepares the defence.

"16/17 *of February.*—The Court, witnesses, etc., assemble as usual. The witnesses sympathize with the Prince, since they know to what danger he is exposed.

"Escovedo reads the defence. (He denies that anything is proved. The confession is worth nothing, because a tortured person will confess anything, etc. etc.)

"The President decreed that within three days judgment be given.

"The author obtains permission from the King to see the Prince, whom he finds very low-spirited. The Prince declares that he had never thought that for a few 'mutinies,' which are of daily occurrence everywhere, such proceedings would be instituted against him. He suspected that his father wanted to kill him. Remained with the Prince, and consoled him until the day, or rather night, of judgment arrived. The Prince refused to be present at the sitting of the Court, because he said it was repugnant to him to see the people who were not his judges, but his executioners, and wanted to kill him at the order of his father.

"The Court assembled. Antonio Perez repeated his accusation, and asked that Don Carlos be beheaded. Escovedo repeats his defence, and asks at all events a milder punishment.

"Antonio Perez and Escovedo take their seats at the table, at the right and left of the President. They confer. The President pronounces the sentence of death and confiscation of all property against the Prince Don Carlos of Austria. (The sentence, dated 21st of February, is *verbatim* inserted.) The sitting concluded at daybreak. The judges and the friars went, however, to see the King. They found him saying prayers. Vargas informed him that the sentence was pronounced. The King read all the proceedings with great attention, and especially the final judgment. He asked, 'Is all conform to law?' 'Yes, sire,' answered Vargas. 'Have all means of accusation and defence been exhausted?' 'Yes, sire,' repeated Vargas; 'we have conducted the case as though the Prince were a common subject, and this is the result.' 'I observe here an omission in the questions,' said the King; 'the Prince has not been

asked how many accomplices he has, and who they are.' Vargas excused himself. The King was not angry, and said if the Prince should confess he would not sign the sentence. 'We all were astonished at the firmness of mind (*entereza*) of the King, for, according to our manner of understanding (*a neustro modo de entender*), he should have shown sorrow for the fate that was prepared for his son. He, with a serene face, and without betraying the least sign of grief, serenely and calmly signed the sentence of his son.' The King retained the papers, in order to examine them more at leisure. The judges and witnesses went to ask the Prince about his accomplices. The Prince said he had none, and, if he had, he would not betray them. Vargas admonished him, but to no purpose. When they returned to the King, and informed him of the answer of the Prince, he observed, 'He is very generous, but I wish he were less so.' The King delivered the sentence to Vargas.

"The next night the judges and witnesses went to the room of the Prince, whom they found in bed, and who seemed to be surprised. As there was no clerk, Vargas read to him the sentence. The Prince was frightened, and exclaimed, 'Is there no help?' 'No,' answered Vargas, 'the King has already signed.' The Prince broke out in lamentations. 'It is impossible!' he exclaimed, 'that my father pushes things to such extremes. I want to see him. Go and ask him to come; he will perhaps nullify the sentence.' The Prince broke out in tears. Those who were present were moved. Escovedo went to inform Philip of the wishes of his son. Philip answered that he would not see him, because he had already delivered him into the hands of justice, and the judgment was just. Although

the sentence must be executed, he forgave him. When Escovedo came back with this answer, the Prince was in despair. Those who were present comforted him, and the Prince, being a young man of high spirits, became calmer. 'When am I to be executed?' he asked. Vargas answered, 'In three days.' The Prince begged to be executed on the spot, or next day at latest. As he wished to be left alone, all, with the exception of the confessor, went to inform the King of his demand. The King granted it.

"Follow conversations of the confessor with the Prince. The Prince declared that he had the intention to do justice to the Flemish, who against all reason and justice were oppressed; to which declaration the confessor did not return any answer. The Prince asked him to declare to the King that the Queen was entirely innocent. Next day the Prince dined little and heartily. After dinner came Vargas, Antonio Perez, and Escovedo, to beg his pardon and to kiss his hands. He calls them his executioners, and not his judges. When they approach him to kiss his hands, he turns away. Vargas, Perez, and Escovedo leave the room. When retiring, Vargas tells the confessor that the Prince is to die at two o'clock of the night. Preparations for death. A chapel is prepared in a contiguous room, into which the sacred vessels, etc., from the Royal Chapel are brought. The Prince confesses. Mass is said. The Prince prays with his confessor until Vargas, Perez, and Escovedo enter the room. The Prince takes a crucifix from the hands of the confessor, and put it on his mouth, for it was clear he bore still very ill-will towards his judges. The Prince forgives his father. The confessor exhorts him to forgive also his judges,

leading him slowly to the room where the execution is to take place. The Prince says, 'I forgive all.'

"They enter a room where a large arm-chair is placed, surrounded by a great quantity of saw-dust. The executioner stands near it with his knife. The Prince is not frightened by that sight. He is seated on the chair. The executioner begs his pardon, and the Prince in a gracious manner gives him his hand to kiss. The executioner ties his legs and arms with 'antas'[1] of Cologne to the legs and arms of the chair; ties a bandage of black silk round his eyes, and places himself, with the knife in his hand, behind the Prince. The Prince says to the confessor, 'Pray for my soul.' The confessor says the Credo, and the Prince responds in a clear and firm voice. When he pronounced the words 'unico fijo' —only Son—the executioner puts his knife to his throat, and a stream of blood rushes down on the sawdust. The Prince struggles little; the knife, being very sharp, had cut well. The executioner takes the bandage from the eyes, which are closed. The face is pale, like that of a corpse, but has preserved its natural expression. The executioner unties the corpse, wraps it in a black baize cloth, and puts it in a corner of the room. That done, Antonio Perez flies all at once at the executioner, accusing him of having stolen the diamonds of the Prince. The executioner denies, is searched, and Perez finds, in one of the folds of his dress, the diamonds. The executioner grows pale, and declares that that is witchery. Escovedo is sent to the King, and soon returns with two arquebusiers. The King, he says, has ordered that the executioner is to die on the spot for the heinous crime of having robbed the corpse of a

[1] "I do not know that word."

Prince of the blood-royal. The executioner confesses, protests his innocence, is led out by the soldiers into the courtyard, and two detonations of arequebuses are heard.

"That was the night of the 23d of February 1568."

APPENDIX.

I.

REMARKS ON THE CIPHERED DESPATCHES IN THE ARCHIVES OF SIMANCAS.[1]

I DID not go to Spain quite unprepared for my work. I had carefully studied the Paléographie of Christoval Rodriguez; I had also spent much time in deciphering such old Spanish documents as were to be found in the libraries of London and Paris. But when the first Legajo was placed before me I almost despaired. I can imagine a man, who has navigated a little river, all at once finding himself in mid ocean, bewildered by the waves running mountains high. The specimens given by Rodriguez contain all the principal features characteristic of the Spanish writing of that period. But they are neat and clean engravings, whilst the papers with which I had to do were the rough drafts of Fernando Alvarez, Secretary of State to Ferdinand and Isabella. They are incoherent and confused, portions are blotted out, and marginal additions are written in such small characters as scarcely to be discernible. In fact, the writing is more difficult than any which I subsequently met with. I passed whole days at first over a few lines. I can never be grateful enough to the Archivero, Don Manuel Garcia Gonzalez, who, with ever ready courtesy, assisted me in making out the characters, with which he had become intimately acquainted during a time extending beyond the general average of human life.

[1] Calendar, Spanish Papers, vol. i. Introd. pp. xi. *sq.* cxxxvii. *sq.*

As soon as the conduct of the business passed from the hands of the aged and mentally exhausted Alvarez into those of Miguel Perez Almazan, a very great improvement in style and writing is observable. Had all the State-papers been composed by Almazan, the reading of them would have become comparatively easy. But as the change was only in one, though a very important statesman, the improvement could not be otherwise than partial. If, on the one hand, however, I had reason to be grateful to Almazan, on the other, I soon found that he had put greater difficulties in my way than even Alvarez himself. Almazan was, if not the inventor, at any rate the person who introduced cipher into Spain. The whole history of ciphered writing, from its rudest beginnings until it had become so complicated a system that even those statesmen who were the most thoroughly initiated into the art were unable to make use of it, may be studied in the papers belonging to a period of about fifteen years. On some of the deciphered despatches marginal notes such as the following may be found. "Nonsense," "Impossible," "Cannot be understood," or, "Order the ambassador to send another despatch." After the year 1504, in which year Queen Isabella died, it was found necessary to return to a more simple system of cipher. Some hundreds of ciphered despatches, in the greater part of which not a word of common writing occurred, were before me. In what language were they written? On what subjects did they treat? Were they only copies put in cipher, or drafts which I had already read in common writing? I was unable to answer these questions. I inquired for the keys to the ciphers, but received for answer that there was not any key extant to ciphers of so early a date.

I had never in my life occupied myself with endeavouring to decipher any despatch. Nothing but sheer necessity would have forced me to attempt such a task, which, I think, is one of the most laborious that any man could undertake. Encouraged by my friends in England, I did not, however, despair; and the final result of my labours

was that I discovered the keys to all the ciphers excepting one. It is employed in a short letter of Ferdinand and Isabella to Ferdinand Duke de Estrada, their ambassador in England, dated Segovia, 20th Aug. 1503. It is the only paper extant in that cipher, and it is easy to understand that the shorter the letter is the more difficult is the discovery of the key. I have formed twenty keys; but I will not insist upon that number, as some keys so nearly resemble one another that it is difficult to determine whether they are the same keys, with some alterations, or new ones. In most cases, however, they differ so far that one key does not afford the least help towards finding out another. Some of the keys were of use to me in deciphering page after page; others were useful only for reading a few lines or sentences.

When I had nearly completed all my keys, doubts arose in the Archives whether I could be permitted to copy the ciphered documents. As I was the only man living who was able to interpret them, the control to be exercised by the Archivero was impossible. . . .

There are different essays on the art of deciphering. In almost all of them the reader is directed, first to discover what signs occur the most frequently, and to judge thereby whether they represent vowels or consonants. This method, if it be useful for discovering any other cipher, is certainly useless to any one who wishes to discover the ciphers of Almazan. Where each letter of the alphabet can be rendered in fifty different ways it is quite impossible to say which letter occurs oftenest. Besides, where one sign represents a whole word, or a whole phrase, letters cannot be counted.

The ciphers which occur in Spanish despatches during the time of Ferdinand and Isabella are of very different kinds. The most simple is the one where Arabic numerals are interspersed with common writing. As they were not intended to supersede common writing entirely, they were restricted in number. I do not think that any key to this kind of cipher contained more than about fifty to a hundred

signs. Another kind of cipher soon followed, which closely resembled the former one, differing from it only in the circumstance that Roman numerals were employed. But the number of signs belonging to this system was, from the first, much greater than that of the former, and soon increased from some hundreds to some thousands. The key to a cipher which contains two or three thousand signs is a little dictionary. If each sign represent a whole word, or even a whole phrase, it is not difficult to compose a letter without having recourse to a single word in plain writing. Letters written entirely in cipher first occur in the year 1495, and are composed of Roman numerals. In the papers of the succeeding year a new system of cipher is already introduced. Whilst the Roman numerals are still retained, an alphabet is added in which each letter of the alphabet can be expressed by a certain sign. In the first key to an alphabet of this kind, each vowel is represented by five different signs, and each consonant by four. The number of signs for each letter was, however, very soon increased to thirteen and fourteen, and even to much more; so that between four and five hundred signs, and more, corresponded to the twenty-one letters of the Spanish alphabet. To this already complicated cipher was added a third kind. Certain significations were attached to monosyllabic words. For instance, "*bax*" signified "*ciertamente*," "*dem*" meant "*gente de armes*," "*ham*," "*Yo, el Rey Catolico*," and so on. To render the deciphering still more difficult, signs without meaning, *nichil importantia*, as they were termed, were intermixed with the cipher. They might, in appearance, be similar either to the signs for letters, or to the monosyllables, or they might be words in plain writing, such as "*Semper ille Cesar*," or "*Je vous prie*," or any other word of any other language, but generally one in which the letter itself was not written. These different signs were constantly mixed up not only in the same letter, or on the same page, but in the same sentence, and, it might be, even in one word. I will give one example. "DCCCCLXVIIII *le* N o γ *malus* ζ" may signify

nothing more than the single word *enviando* (sending). The manner in which it is composed is the following:

DCCCCLXVIIII	signifies	*en* (in)
le	„	*vi* (I have seen)
N	„	*a*
o	„	*n*
γ	„	*d*
malus	„	nichil importans
ζ	„	*o*

It is, I think, not to be wondered at if many hundreds of pages covered with signs of such a kind, and continued without any interruption indicating a paragraph or a word, bewildered me. The letters of Almazan in plain writing were, moreover, by no means consolatory in this respect. I found, far oftener than I wished, a sentence in which he told an ambassador that he had changed the cipher, and that the old one was no longer to be used.

The first thing I considered it necessary to do was to study most carefully, not only the Spanish orthography of the period, but that of each statesman in particular who could be supposed to have written any of these letters. Even this was not sufficient. I had to study the turns of thought, and the favourite words and expressions of each statesman. Long and curious lists, covering many sheets of paper, lay during many months on my writing-table, and were stuck up against the wall of my room.

I did not discover any of the keys to the ciphers in a methodical manner. Whilst engaged in copying I was constantly on the watch for a weak point, convinced that no man can for any length of time succeed in so completely disguising his thoughts but that he will occasionally betray himself to a close observer. Wherever I thought that that was the case, I tried to guess the meaning of the signs. A hundred times I may have done so in vain, but at last I triumphed. For instance: once while copying a despatch in a cipher then unknown to me, I found two signs with marks of abbreviation. What words, I asked myself, can

be abbreviated in cipher? Only the most common ones. From many circumstances I inferred that the abbreviated signs must signify n. f. (nuestra fija). If I were right in this supposition, it would be more than probable that the antecedent signs signified *Princesa de Gales*. On closer inspection I found five signs, generally signifying letters. The five letters I took to be G. a. l. e. s. I had not been mistaken, and at three o'clock in the morning of the next day I had discovered the key so far that no serious difficulties remained.

Another time, when copying a despatch, I remarked that three lines contained each twenty-one signs, which correspond to the number of the letters of the alphabet that were then in use, whilst the other lines contained generally from twenty-two to twenty-three. Suspecting that these lines, in all other respects looking exactly like the rest of the writing, concealed the key, I did nothing more than place the letters, A, B, C, and so on, over the signs. I was in the right. This time I had at once the whole key. But generally I had to proceed from small beginnings. Had the discovery of all the subsequent signs of a system of cipher been as difficult as the beginning, I should, most probably, have never been able to conclude my work. But however man may strive to act incoherently, he will not be able to free himself from certain rules. There never has been even a poet who, in the boundless exercise of his imagination, has succeeded in creating the character of a madman whose words and thoughts have not been subjected to certain, albeit unsound, laws.

The cipher used in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella was, as I have already hinted, of a twofold character. In one kind of keys each sign expressed only one letter of the alphabet, and in the other each sign represented a whole word, or even a whole phrase. The writing in cipher which signifies letters, is so far like common writing, that all the signs for the letters which form the word must be put in their natural order. The only difference consists in the

circumstance that each letter may have an unlimited number of signs to represent it. The signs may be of the most fanciful character. In the key of Don Pedro de Ayala, for instance, *etiam* signified *ll* and *malus* rr. A further circumstance that deserves mention is, that in this kind of cipher, all the signs follow in an uninterrupted string from the beginning of the despatch to the end. After the decipherer has substituted letters for the signs, he must then divide them into words and periods. In this kind of cipher, as the same sign is continually occurring in new combinations, I feel perfectly sure I have not been mistaken in a single case. Had I, for instance, confounded the sign for d with that for h, I should have discovered my error while deciphering the first page. Even such signs as signify nothing, and are used only in order to render the discovery of the key more difficult, will soon be found out. Thus, if between the signs signifying *Yngla* and *terra* any number of strange characters are introduced, the decipherer may rest assured that they are *nichil importantia.* For there can be no doubt that the word is *Ynglaterra,* and that the intervening signs mean nothing.

The cipher in which each sign represents a whole word presents greater difficulties. The signs are not so often repeated as in the other system. Besides, the signs for letters form words in their combination, and the words of a language are known. The signs are therefore perfectly under control. Words, on the other hand, form sentences when they are combined, and the sentences of a writer are unlimited. Such control cannot consequently be exercised over them; still they are discoverable. The first thing to be done is to bring all the signs of such a cipher into their order. The signs are before our eyes, and we shall, therefore, be enabled by close observation to discover the rule according to which they have been framed. This rule, in any extensive key, must either have relation to the natural order of numbers or to the alphabetical order of the arbitrary sounds which have been chosen for the cipher. It is true that the natural order of the numbers or the alpha-

betical order of the arbitrary sounds may be reversed, or begin in the middle of the alphabet, or the numbers, or at any other place, and be counted forwards or backwards. The decisive letter of the alphabet may not be, as in a dictionary, the first letter of the word, but the last, or the first letter of the second syllable, or any other. Still the order of signs must have some relation to the natural order of numbers and letters, which is so deeply impressed on the human mind that it is impossible entirely to ignore it. When the order of signs is found out, the words which correspond to them have next to be discovered. Here, again, the alphabetical order must form the ground-work on which all the alterations have been based. The words may be arranged from A to Z, or from Z to A, or fractions of the alphabet may have been made. But here also the order must have some relation to the alphabet. If the reader be only fortunate enough to discover the meaning of a moderate number of signs, say ten or twenty, which are distributed over the different portions of the key, he will find it much easier to fill up the intervening spaces.

Numbers are easily rendered by alphabetical cipher. If the cipherer has to write *seven hundred*, he has nothing to do but substitute twelve signs for twelve letters. Moreover Latin numbers are represented by letters. Thus, i signifies 1 in cipher: y, u and n signify 2, and m 3. Only the strokes are counted. y m consequently signifies 5, x is 10, L 50, C 100, etc. A third manner of writing numbers is as follows. In the great key of Latin numbers used by De Puebla MMCCCLXXIII up to MMCCCLXXXI, signify the units, thus:—

MMCCCLXXIII is 1,
MMCCCLXXIV is 2, etc.

The numbers from MMCCCLXXXII up to MMCCCXC correspond to the tens—

MMCCCLXXXII is 10
MMCCCLXXXIII is 20, and so on,
MMCCCXCI is 100
MMMCCCC is 1,000

This system may be continued, and any number, however great, may be expressed in the same way.

If a man had to read a book in a language of which he knew nothing, and had to consult the dictionary for every word, he would certainly find his task a tedious one. Yet that would give but a faint idea of what I had to go through. For I had not only to consult my keys for every word, but for every letter. The labour entailed upon me was rendered all the greater, as in the magniloquent language of Spain many words contain ten and more letters.

The question may be asked, whether my decipherings are trustworthy? I answer with full confidence in the affirmative. I have more reasons than one for doing so. After I had deciphered the despatches, I found, in some instances, that they were only ciphered copies of drafts in plain writing. Thus I had an opportunity of comparing my interpretations with the originals, and found that in all essential points they were identical. The key of De Puebla and the fragments of the two other keys, which were given to me after my return from Madrid, provided me with an additional test. The keys which I had already formed before seeing them coincided perfectly with them. As I was correct so far, there was no reason why I should not have been equally so in the rest. But the general and most decisive proof consists in the circumstance that my keys disclosed the meaning of the despatches, concealed behind the cipher. Keys to cipher are real keys, and though, in the estimation of the statesmen of that time, I should have been considered as a thief, still, so far as the keys are concerned, they must have been like the original ones, or they would not have corresponded to the wards of the lock.

To explain my meaning more fully, I will make one short observation on the difference between the manner of putting letters in cipher and deciphering them. One word, or one letter of the alphabet may have ten, or a hundred signs corresponding to it. Those, therefore, who are engaged in putting a despatch into cipher have great power

of choice, and may use, for the same word or the same letter, continually differing signs. But the decipherer is in a very different position. Although any word, or any letter, may be expressed by many different signs, each sign of the cipher expresses invariably the same word or letter, and nothing else. Thus, nothing is left to the discretion of the decipherer. For the same sign he must always substitute the same letter. Is it to be imagined that, if the same letter or word be always substituted for the same sign in the hundreds or thousands of combinations in which it occurs, that sense would be the result unless the interpretation were the right one? The decipherer must be immediately aware of it, if he be mistaken. He is either an impostor or he is right. The more complicated the cipher, the greater is the certainty to be attained. This will be rendered clear by an illustration.

The signs in cipher signifying words mean, more properly speaking, only a certain number of letters in a certain order. They may either form one word, or be portions of two words, or be merely an integral part of one larger word. Suppose, now, that it is already known that the sign *cox* signifies a river, but that it is not plain whether it is the Rhine or the Tiber, the Garonne or the Po. Suppose, further, that the number MDCIX means some great personage, but that it cannot be discovered whether it is the king, the prince, or the duke. Suppose, again, that these signs occur in the following combination: CoxΩMDCIXΔ. If Ω signifies *d*, according to a key already known, and Δ *s*, all doubts will be solved. The river will be the river Po, and the personage the King, the whole word reading *podreys* [you will be able]. No other interpretation is possible.

I have brought over to England exact copies of all the ciphered despatches. Any one who takes an interest in the matter may see them in the Public Record Office, and examine my method of interpretation. Small errors may have been made, but only in cases where a word has no essential signification, and rarely occurs. Words which are

not essential do not alter the sense, and their exact meaning is therefore not so clearly discernible. Whether a word means *ilustre* or *ilustrisimo*, can scarcely be found out if it be expressed by a single sign. If it be written in a cipher representing letters, the number of signs will of itself be a clue. But even these insignificant errors will, I think, be very seldom met with. I have corrected my decipherings over and over again, and the last time with the assistance of Don Nemesio Alday, who, being one of the principal officers of the Archives, an intelligent man, and perfectly conversant with the State-papers of that date, was commissioned to make the copies for the Spanish Government. The only request I have to make with regard to such persons as desire to judge for themselves is, not to test the accuracy of my decipherings by the English translations. It is often necessary to render the same Spanish word in several different ways when translating into another language.

The decipherings of the ministers and ambassadors of the time are not perfectly correct in matters of detail. From the proceedings taken against Antonio Perez, it is well known, that in the time of Philip II., the Secretaries of State were instructed to suppress, in their decipherings, all such matters as were too secret to be communicated to the Council. In the papers belonging to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella no such suppressions for political purposes are observable. Still, omissions occur which have rather a suspicious appearance. If an ambassador asked for the payment of his salary, or solicited a bishopric, and the deciphering secretary was not his friend, such a passage might remain undeciphered, and thus have no more effect than if it had never been written. Moreover, if a matter were already known by means of other despatches, not now in existence, the deciphering secretary may have thought it sufficient to give only a short abstract. Again, owing to the pressure of business, it is not surprising that some mistakes have occurred. These errors are sometimes so great that the King of England is confounded

with the King of France, or the Emperor. To the statesmen of the time it was so easy mentally to correct such flagrant errors that they did not consider it necessary to make corrections in the decipherings. But now, after the lapse of three hundred and fifty years, serious misunderstandings may arise in consequence. On the whole, I have observed that two classes of mistakes constantly occur, as well in ciphering as in deciphering. If the key be new to the secretary, he is very liable to confound one column of signs with another. For instance, he may mistake the column containing the signs expressing c for those expressing d or b. If, on the other hand, the secretary, through long continued use, has become well acquainted with the key to the cipher, he will trust to his memory, and thus be exposed to the risk of confounding similarly sounding signs; as for instance, *hep* and *hip*, though the one may mean *Dios* and the other *Diablo*. I had to correct all such omissions and errors.

II.

QUEEN JUANA.[1]

In the month of July 1500, Don Juan, the only son of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel, and their eldest daughter, together with their grandson by her, having been removed by death, their second daughter Juana thus became undisputed heiress to the crowns of Castile and Aragon. Queen Isabel was suffering from a series of long protracted illnesses. It was therefore expected that she would die before her husband, and in that case King Ferdinand would have had to content himself with the small kingdom of Aragon, leaving Castile to his daughter. His plan of forming a united monarchy of Spain would have been jeopardized, if not entirely frustrated.

Juana was married to Archduke Philip, who was to be a Queen's consort in Spain, with no right of his own to participate in its government. Although he had no great political plans, he and his councillors were exceedingly eager to appropriate to themselves the revenues of Castile.

Charles, being the eldest son of Philip and Juana, was heir-presumptive to the Austrian dominions, the Burgundian states, Castile and Aragon, with their dependencies, and it was never seriously doubted that he would be the successor of Maximilian on the imperial throne. From his earliest years he had always been taught that God had vouchsafed to him so much greatness for no other purpose than that he might realize a universal Christian empire—the *monarquia*, so often mentioned in the State-papers of the time, and by means of it "secure peace to Christendom, and defend the cause of our Saviour against both infidels and heretics." But whilst the Burgundian dominions devolved on him in the year 1506, and it was expected that he would soon succeed his grandfather in the Austrian principalities and in the empire, if the lawful succession

[1] Calendar, Spanish Papers, Supp. vol., Introd. p. xxiv. *sqq.*

was to be observed, he would have had to wait for the Spanish crowns until the death of his mother, who was young, and in fact lived almost as long as he. To think of forming a universal empire without Spain would have been folly.

Thus the right of Juana to the Spanish inheritance was incompatible with the plans of her father, the greediness of her husband, and with what her son considered to be his duties towards God and the world. In the very clearness of her title, which could not be explained away, consisted her greatest danger. Her death, however, would not have benefited either King Ferdinand or King Philip. Had she died, her son, and not her father, would have been her successor in Castile, whilst her husband would have lost even the pretext he had for meddling in the affairs of Spain. Both could, therefore, gain only if she continued to live, and yet was prevented from exercising her royal prerogatives. To bring about such a state of things was certainly no easy undertaking.

To use the phrase of the time, "God interfered in favour of His truest servant." Philip died, and Juana, we are told, was so much affected by grief at the sudden death of her husband, that her reason gave way, and she never recovered. Unable to govern, her father became "sovereign administrator" of Castile, and gained the time necessary for consolidating the Spanish monarchy. After his death in 1516, all the kingdoms of Juana, viz., Castile, Aragon, Naples, and Sicily, together with their dependencies in the old and new world, devolved on her son, who, by this accession, was placed from the beginning of his reign in a position earnestly to think of realizing his never fulfilled but most seriously entertained day-dreams. Thus the madness of Queen Juana was, as it were, the foundation-stone of the political edifice of Ferdinand and of Charles, which would have immediately crumbled to pieces if she had been permitted to exercise her hereditary right.

Philip was as hard and cruel a husband as he was a despicable prince. He robbed his wife of her dower and pension from Spain, and permitted her to live in destitution

whilst he squandered her money in orgies with his minions and disreputable women. But women, before and since Queen Juana, have loved unworthy husbands, and she may have been of their number. If we, however, endeavour to inform ourselves of the circumstances of this curious case, from contemporary or nearly contemporary sources, we soon discover that the information we are able to gather is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. Maquereau, who was a servant either of King Philip or of a member of the family of Croy, gives a minutely detailed account of the death of the King, apparently as an eye-witness, but he is not even aware that the Queen had been suspected of having gone mad on that occasion. Johannes de Los, Abbot of St. Lawrence, near Liège, wrote the annals of his time. He is evidently bewildered by false rumours, for he informs us, not that the Queen, but that the King had become mad and died insane. "Rex autem Philippus per suam uxorem, ut putatur, dementatus . . . vitam amisit et regnum." Scandoval, who wrote about a century later, but whose *Historia de la vida y hechos del Emperador Carlos V.* is the first work on Charles V. which deserves the name of a history, dedicates to this most important event in the life of his hero not more than thirty-seven words in a composition which, in the Antwerp edition, fills 1346 pages in folio. And even this short notice of the madness of the Queen he thought it prudent to temper by the addition "*pues dicen*" —"as it is said." It is evident he had his doubts, and did not like to speak on the subject.

The story of a young Queen losing her reason from excessive grief at her husband's death is so *piquante*, so sentimentally romantic, that grave philosophers, romance writers and painters, have vied with each other in depicting the most touching scenes in the most tender colours. If, however, the truth is to be told, the story of Queen Juana's madness must, we are afraid, be abandoned, and replaced by another drawn in strong, hard lines, and coloured with the darkest tints.

The Infanta, afterwarda Queen Juana, lived during the first seventeen years of her life, that is to say, until she

was married to the Archduke Philip, with her mother, who superintended her education. Queen Isabel left behind her, or, more accurately speaking, acquired after her death, the reputation of having been almost a saint. A pious Queen educating her daughter is a gratifying spectacle, but unhappily the sanctity of Isabel was only of a spurious kind. Her subjects who had suffered from her iron rule had formed a widely different idea of her. When, on Tuesday, the 17th of November 1504, she died at Medina del Campo, crowds assembled under the windows of her palace, but not to bless her memory. From curious criminal proceedings instituted some years later against Sarmiento, *Corregidor* or Mayor of Medina, we learn that he did not hesitate openly to declare "that her soul had gone direct to hell for her cruel oppression of her subjects, and that King Ferdinand was a thief and a robber." Nor was Sarmiento the only person who thought this, as the witnesses deposed that all the people around Medina and Valladolid, that is to say, where the Queen was best known, had formed the same judgment of her.[1]

However that may be, we are not reduced to depend upon public opinion, knowing enough of her to judge for ourselves, and to any one acquainted with the lawless times of her youthful years, it must be obvious that, had she really been so pious, so meek and self-sacrificing a princess, as her admirers would fain have us believe, she would have been trodden under foot, instead of usurping, as she did, the crown of her niece.

The history of this usurpation is one of the most disgraceful on record, the different parties entering, as it were, into a competition as to which would outdo the other in perjury, gross calumny, and treachery. None of them ever kept their sworn promises, none hesitated for a moment to accuse their adversaries of revolting atrocities. In this competition Queen Isabel was the winner, after having entered into a formal compact with the clerical faction, the Archbishop of Toledo, Alfonso Carillo, being at their head,

[1] Archivo General de Simancas. Estado. Legajo 1. f. 192.

and after having strengthened her party by her marriage with Prince Ferdinand of Aragon, who, under the guidance of his mother, Doña Juana Enriquez, had already given proofs of his eminent capacity for disembarrassing himself of inconvenient competitors with a better title by, as it was generally believed, poisoning the Prince of Viana, and getting rid of his step-sister Doña Blanca in a manner more atrocious than simple murder. With such help Isabel branded the heiress to the throne with the disparaging name of *la Beltraneja*, forced her to flee, and seated herself on the throne of Castile. In times of great political depravity, it may be an advantage if the strongest amongst the wicked destroys minor offenders, but if it be a virtue at all, it is certainly not one which entitles to a reputation for sanctity.

The so-called *Beltraneja* found an asylum in the neighbouring kingdom of Portugal, and the eyes of all the adversaries of Isabel were constantly turned towards her. In order to defend her ill-gotten kingdom, Queen Isabel was therefore forced to continue her disgraceful intrigues against the *muchacha*, the girl, as she called her niece, and could not have freed herself, even if she had wished, from the influence of the party which had raised her to the throne. Priests remained powerful at her court, and men like Torquemada, Cisneros (Cardinal Ximenez), and others who are less known, but were scarcely less influential, soon rose to pre-eminence. Into the hands of these men was given the terrible weapon of the Spanish Inquisition, and the Queen, instead of feeling compassion, boasted of their cruelties.[1]

If, after this long, but necessary, digression, we return to the picture of a pious Queen superintending the education of her daughter, we at once perceive that the colours have considerably darkened. What an education could such a mother give to her daughter! It was not then the custom in Spain, as it became about sixty years later, for the royal family, with the whole Court, to attend the *Autos de Fé*, in order to give them more effect. Thus Juana was spared

[1] See Spanish Calendar, vol. i. pp. xlii. *seq.*

the misfortune of being made an involuntary eyewitness of these hideous spectacles. But the court, being the central point where all the freshest news of burning and flogging and tormenting converged, and where they were commented upon in a repulsively sanctimonious tone, as edifying examples of the "love of Christ and his Holy Mother," the young Infanta was obliged to hear religious doctrines enunciated daily, which must either corrupt the soul or provoke opposition, and she had too frequently presented before her mind's eye scenes which must either brutalize or horrify. The better nature in her rebelled, but, as the Marquis of Denia, whō afterwards was her master of the household, informed the Emperor, her mother forced her by severe punishment, and even by the application of torture,[1] to comply outwardly with the dictates of religion and duty, as religion and duty were understood by her.

It would evince little knowledge of human nature, if we were astonished at hearing that such punishments inflicted under such circumstances produced a quite different effect from what Queen Isabel had intended. Scarcely had Juana been sent to Flanders, when sinister rumours about her mode of life reached Spain.

In the year 1497, Queen Isabel sent the Friar Tomas de Matienzo, Sub-Prior of the Convent of Santa Cruz, to Brussels, with instructions to inform himself respecting her daughter's life, and to lead her back to the true faith, if she had erred. The friar was very coldly received. He found the Archduchess in excellent health, more handsome than ever, and had even the satisfaction of learning that she still kept up devotional exercises in her house. But she could not be induced to confess, nor would she write even a word to her mother, nor give her the smallest token of love.

Friar Andreas had been the tutor of Juana. He had written to her letter after letter proffering pious advice, but she had never sent him a single line in reply. At last, on the 1st of September, probably of the before-mentioned year 1497, he wrote to her for the last time, describing the

[1] [See Note at page 173.—W. C. C.]

felicity of the ladies in Spain, possibly meaning the sisters of Juana, who considered it a privilege when he instructed them in their religious duties. He complained of her silence, and then broke out into a passionate invective against the Parisian priests who surrounded and corrupted his former pupil. He had been told that she had given one of "those drunkards" thirty florins, that he might make good cheer. She must never do so again, and must take a confessor from a Spanish convent, a friar who does not and cannot possess even "so much as a pin" of private property. After she had left Spain, he had retired to his convent, and "there," he went on to say, "in my monastery, I am more happy living on bread and water than your Highness with all you possess." A man who dared to hold such language to a Princess who was to be his future Queen was certainly not despicable; but Juana had suffered too much from him and the party to which he belonged to be touched by his pathetic words of love, whilst his offer to leave his convent and in spite of his great age to go to Flanders could only alarm her. She returned no answer.

If we read attentively the letters of the Sub-Prior and of Friar Andreas, we plainly perceive the influences of the education to which Juana had been subjected. By nature probably more intelligent than energetic, her character had had no room for healthy growth and free development under the narrow, hard, and oppressive rule of her mother. Fear, not love, predominated in her, and was the motive of her actions to a greater extent than could have been wished. But although she submitted to the domination of others, she was always conscious of the wrong done to her, and never permitted herself to be entirely conquered. Thus her life was a succession of attempts at rebellion, which, however, collapsed as soon as she was called upon to vindicate her independence by active measures. Although she was especially afraid of her mother, and would please her in small things which required no great exertion, yet in matters concerning her conscience, or such as demanded

energy, she opposed to Queen Isabel a passive resistance, and an inertness which it was impossible to overcome. The Sub-Prior, judging from his standpoint of a mere creature of the Queen, was probably not entirely wrong when he accused her of a hard and pitiless heart, and yet she was equally right in indignantly denying it, for even her accuser was forced to confess that she was not in want of good reasons to defend her cause. That the differences between mother and daughter referred to religious questions as well as to politics can hardly be doubted. Her refusal to confess or to accept a confessor at the hands of Queen Isabel, the complaints of her former tutor of the perverting influence of the Parisian theologians, and the accusation of the Sub-Prior that she had no piety, admit of no other explanation.

Her deviations from the true faith, as it was understood at the Spanish Court, may appear slight to many of our readers; but we must remind them that Queen Isabel had burned hundreds of her subjects for much smaller offences. To be "not well disposed towards the true doctrine" was enough to justify death on the stake. To punish the Archduchess Juana was out of the question, because she, being the wife of a foreign sovereign, was not subject to the jurisdiction of Spain. But although Queen Isabel had no power to show "her love of Christ and his Holy Mother" on this occasion, could she allow a heretic to ascend the throne on which she was seated, and to destroy all she had spent her best years in building up? The "Holy" Inquisition was especially in danger, and she could not desert the "cause of God" without committing a mortal sin. Ferdinand, we have already seen, had personal reasons for not permitting the wrath of the Queen to cool down.

Under these circumstances it was decided to prevent Juana from becoming Queen. The plan seems to have been ripe in the year 1501, and was communicated to the Cortes, who held their sittings, in the years 1502 and 1503, first in Toledo, then in Madrid, and finally in Alcalá de

Hénares. To make the true reasons public would have been a humiliation, and perhaps not without danger, considering the great unpopularity of the Inquisition. Some pretext was, therefore, absolutely necessary. In the Rolls of the Cortes it is only stated that King Ferdinand, after the death of Queen Isabel, should continue to carry on the government, in case Juana should be "absent, or unable, or unwilling" to exercise her royal prerogative. In an additional clause to her testament, the Queen ordered, once again, and more explicitly, that her husband Ferdinand should be her immediate successor, without mentioning the conditions of her daughter's "absence, unwillingness, or incapacity." This clause was confirmed by the Cortes and by the Pope. The Rolls of the Spanish Cortes are, unhappily, as scanty as the English Rolls of Parliament of that time, and it is impossible to learn more positively from them on what grounds the exclusion of the lawful heiress was decreed. That some at least of the leading men knew the real state of things is probable, as the rumours of the supposed infidel opinions of Juana were not confined to the narrow circle of the most intimate ministers of Queen Isabel. But, on the other hand, it is not less probable that the great majority had then already been given to understand that Juana was suffering from some mental derangement.

In November 1504 Queen Isabel died whilst Juana was in Flanders. Ferdinand on the same day mounted a large scaffolding erected in the square before the Royal Palace, and announced to the assembled people that he had taken the crown of Castile from his head and given it to his daughter Juana, but that he would continue to reign in her name as "governor and administrator of Castile for life." In the Cortes which assembled not many months afterwards in Toro, he delivered an excellent speech from the throne, and his powers were confirmed by the representatives of the kingdom.

Philip, however, who, as husband of the Queen, had assumed the title of King of Castile, sent a protest from Flanders against the usurpation of his father-in-law.

Speaking in a State-paper addressed to Gonsalvo de Cordova, of the injuries he had received from Ferdinand, he writes, that his father-in law, in order to colour his usurpation, "takes care that a rumour be spread that the Queen his daughter is mad, and that he is consequently entitled to govern in her stead, (adding) that the King (Philip) keeps her prisoner, and other lies and insinuations without end." Thus, we not only meet during the lifetime of King Philip with the rumour of the insanity of Queen Juana, but see also from what source it proceeded, and the interest which those who originated it had that it should be believed.

After long and exceedingly unfriendly negotiations between the father and the son-in-law, Philip, accompanied by his wife, came in the spring of 1506 to Spain, with the avowed purpose of taking possession of the throne of Castile by force of arms. The Castilian noblemen were divided between the two rivals, but defection began to thin the ranks of the Catholic King as soon as his adversary advanced further into the country. Ferdinand, accustomed during many years to have his way in almost everything, yielded to his strong passions, when he saw that in this most important affair one failure was closely followed by another. Mad with rage, "he wanted to fly at King Philip with *capa y spada*," [1] his cloak to cover him, and his sword to plunge into the breast of the hated intruder. This outbreak, however, was not of long duration. A third party was in the course of formation with the Condestable of Castile at its head. Their intention was to drive both rivals out of the country, and to set up Juana as their rightful Queen. Of the two adversaries of Ferdinand Juana was the more dangerous. She was born a Spanish Infanta, and the lawful heiress to the crown. Her government once established, would have, it might be expected, the support of all in favour of legitimate succession, whilst Philip, whatever his momentary success might be,

[1] Letter of Almazan to the Cardinal Cisneros, dated La Vañeza, 7th of June 1506. In the Archives at Simancas.

was a stranger and a usurper, who probably would soon be forsaken by all the Spaniards. Besides, a remnant of natural feeling forbade Ferdinand to employ against his daughter such violent means as he would not scruple to have recourse to against his son-in-law, whom he had long accustomed himself to regard as a stranger. For these reasons he decided upon allying himself with his less dangerous against his more formidable antagonist. On the night of the 1st of June he slept in the little hamlet of Villafranca de Valcarcel, whence on the next morning he sent Cardinal Cisneros with a message of love to his son-in-law, asking for a personal interview, when they could arrange their differences.

Early in the morning of the 27th of June, Ferdinand and Philip met in the village of Villafafila. Philip had come to the rendezvous at the head of armed horsemen, whilst Ferdinand had left behind the greater portion of his attendants, and, accompanied by a few of his most trusted servants, mounted on peaceful donkeys, met his son-in-law with "love in his heart and peace in his hands." After the first effusion of paternal love, Ferdinand invited Philip to follow him into the village church. None of their attendants were permitted to accompany them, but those who kept watch at the entrance could occasionally see the kings and hear their voices, without being able to understand their words. King Ferdinand spoke much, with great animation, and in a most earnest and impressive tone. Philip, on the other hand, was evidently perplexed. There was no doubt the Catholic king was once more achieving one of his many intellectual triumphs.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of both parties when, the private interview over, it was known that Ferdinand, instead of raising the least difficulty, had made greater concessions to Philip than had ever been demanded of him. Two treaties were drawn up, signed, ratified, sworn to, and exchanged on the same day. In the first, Ferdinand ceded all his claims to the government of Castile to his "most beloved children," that is in fact to Philip, who in the joy of

his heart proclaimed it before the ink had had time to dry. Added to it was a secret contract, in which Ferdinand and Philip stated that Queen Juana "refuses" under any circumstances to occupy herself with the government of the kingdom, but if she should change her mind and attempt to exercise her prerogatives, it would lead to the total destruction of the country, considering "her infirmities and sufferings, which decency forbids to be stated here." [1] The contracting parties bound themselves, therefore, to prevent the Queen and her adherents by their united forces from taking part in the government. The subject of the long and impressive speech of King Ferdinand in the church was no longer a secret. It was clear that he, who had not seen his daughter for the last two years and a half, had persuaded Philip, who had lived in daily intercourse with her, that he was mistaken in denying her insanity. For the words "her infirmities and sufferings, which decency forbids to be stated," could not be and were not interpreted in any other sense than madness.

This, however, was not all. Scarcely had Ferdinand and Philip sworn on the Holy Gospels to deprive their daughter and wife respectively of her crown and freedom, than Ferdinand closeted himself with his first secretary of state, Miguel Perez Almazan, who at the same time was apostolic and imperial notary, and declared before him that, unarmed and attended by only a few servants, he had fallen into the hands of his son-in-law, who had been at the head of a great armed force. Moreover, his son-in-law had "kept prisoner his daughter, the lawful Queen of Castile." Thus, he and the Queen having been deprived of their liberty, he protested against the validity of the treaties, and declared that he did "not consent that his daughter should be deprived of her liberty, nor of her rights as hereditary Queen of the kingdom."

Ferdinand had another interview with Philip, took leave of his "beloved son" in the most touching manner, and went to Naples in order to show him that he had given up

[1] . . "segund sus enfermedades e pasiones que aqui no se espresan por la onestidad . ."

all idea of regaining the government of Castile. He had an old servant, Mosen Luis Ferrer, who being a born subject of the crown of Aragon, and having been for many years gentleman of the bed-chamber of the King, enjoyed his full confidence. Mosen Ferrer was selected for the post of ambassador at the court of Philip, and instructed to take care of the interests of the Catholic king during his absence, with a special injunction to do all in his power to promote the friendship between Ferdinand and his son-in-law. These instructions, dated Zaragoza, 29th of July 1506, are extant.[1] Speaking of his daughter, King Ferdinand admonished Philip to treat her always with love, to gain her affection, and that they should live together as a good husband and wife ought to do.[2] By doing so he would fulfil the will of God, improve the health of his wife, and further his own interests. Is it possible to suppose that even a man like Ferdinand would have advised Philip to live with her as a good husband and to gain her affection if she had been mad? What Ferrer did to promote matrimonial love we are not in a position to state; but as to his taking care of the interests of King Ferdinand we may observe that, before the Catholic king reached the shores of Naples, Philip died after an illness which lasted from Sunday night until eleven o'clock on Friday morning. The general opinion was that he had been poisoned, although two physicians declared that such was not the fact. But what were such declarations worth? The physicians had not even had time to examine the case, as the bowels of the deceased were buried a few hours after his death. The accusations were not only general and positive, but were declared publicly, whilst the officers of the law did not dare to call to account those who made them, lest the truth of this "delicate case" might come to light.[3]

[1] We have not reprinted this lengthy document, of which only a small portion interests us, because it is already printed in full and in its original language, in the Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle, vol. i. pp. 48 *sqq.*

[2] . . "y que la mayor seguridad paro esto seria estar muy conforme el y la reyna mi fija, y en mucho amor y como muy buenos casados . ."

[3] The case of a certain Lopez de Araoz, from Oñate, is most remarkable.

Queen Juana being a young widow with a rich inheritance, her suitors were numerous. King Henry VII. of England, and the Count de Foix, a near kinsman of the King of France, were the most prominent amongst them. Ferdinand, however, it is self-evident, would object to a second marriage of his daughter on every account. To colour his refusal he wrote most affectionate letters to England and all the other courts of Europe, in which he described in great detail Juana travelling with the body of her deceased husband, and although he did not positively state in his official correspondence that she forced the great of the land to pay it respect as though it were alive, there is little doubt that he countenanced such rumours, which he himself had perhaps taken care to spread. Poor Juana! When she was represented as forcing the grandees of Spain to pay royal respect to a corpse, she was a miserable prisoner, and none of the great were permitted to approach her. The secret treaty of Villafafila indicated clearly enough that strong measures were intended against her in order to deprive her of her freedom, and the comment on it, contained in the instructions of King Ferdinand to Mosen Ferrer, do not leave the least doubt that already, in the month of July 1506, the question was debated whether she should or should not be locked up in some dungeon.[1] We are, however, not in want of more positive proofs. For when in the month of August 1520, her own servants as they were called, her jailers as they in fact were, could speak without fear, they declared that she had been in prison for fourteen years. Fourteen years reckoned back from the month of August 1520 would reach to the same

He remained unpunished for other offences, because he had coupled his highly treasonable language with the assertion that they had given a *bocado*, a morsel, to King Philip, and the judges were afraid he might speak out more clearly. Letter of the Alcaldes del Crimen, of the Chancery at Valladolid, to Charles, 3d of February 1517.—Archivo General de Simancas P. R. Comunidades de Castilla, L. 1, f. 1.

[1] "Iten. Si por ventura se fablasse en poner en alguna fortaleza a la reyna mi fija, como ya hovieron platicado en ello . . ."—Papiers d'Etat du Cardinal Granvelle, vol. i. pp. 48, *sqq.*

month of 1506, that is to say, to a period when King Philip was still alive; and all uncertainty is dissipated by Cardinal Adrian, who stated that the "infamy," that is to say, the imprisonment of the Queen under false pretence, was imputed to Philip as well as to Ferdinand and Charles. It is true that after the death of her husband she travelled from Burgos to Tordesillas accompanied by his corpse. But a prisoner may be removed from one place to another without recovering liberty. We are not acquainted with any authentic information concerning her removal from Burgos to Tordesillas. If, however, on that occasion, precautions were taken such as were to be observed at later periods, when it was intended that she should go to Arevalo and to Toro, her journey to Tordesillas would not break the monotony of prison life. When in the year 1522 the Marquis of Denia thought that she would be better guarded at Arevalo, he proposed that she should be placed at night in a litter, and without stopping on the road, be carried to her new prison. As to the arrangements for her intended journey to Toro, we may hear the Marquis himself: "The journey is to be performed in the manner I have already described, that is to say, her Highness must start hence at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and go to a place three leagues distant, called Pedrosa. There she must remain the whole day. The next night at the same hour she must start again, and reach Toro before day. When she enters the town care will be taken that no one sees her. That is necessary, for, in truth, I am ashamed at what is said and done."

If Queen Juana was not a free agent she cannot be made responsible for the arrangement that the corpse of King Philip accompanied her on her journey. But, besides, there was nothing absolutely unreasonable in it. Although Philip had died in Burgos, his final resting-place was to be at Granada, by the side of Queen Isabel. As Tordesillas lies on the road from Burgos to Granada, a considerable amount of expense would be spared if his remains were accompanied by the same cortége which conducted the

Queen. But if it is allowed to interpret this case by a later similar occurrence with which we are well acquainted, we cannot help suspecting that pecuniary considerations were not the only grounds for the arrangement in question. The vault at Granada being unfinished, the corpse of Philip remained many years in the church of the convent of Santa Clara, at Tordesillas, only a few hundred yards distant from the palace in which Juana lived, and yet, although she often wished to visit the convent, she never expressed the least desire to visit his tomb. On several occasions she spoke of him, but never thought that he was alive or would awake from his long protracted slumber. On the contrary, she mentioned his death just as any other widow would have mentioned the decease of her husband. It was, therefore, quite unnecessary for her sake to disturb the corpse of Philip in its resting-place. Nevertheless, when the Marquis of Denia wished to remove her to Aranda in the month of August 1518, one of the first things he thought of was to repair the funeral cart, in order that the dead body of Philip should accompany the Queen. A huge funeral cart, indistinctly visible in the dim torchlight, followed by a captive Queen, and startling the inhabitants of the villages in the midst of night, would have been well calculated deeply to impress the imagination of the people, and to prepare it for the most absurd rumours. The journey did not take place, but the funeral cart had, during the removal of the Queen from Burgos to Tordesillas, taken so strong a hold of the popular mind, that in the description of the night when Tordesillas was carried, which Gomez de Santillan sent to Cardinal Adrian, we again meet the Queen and the cart, although, from the more sober letter of Lope Hurtado to the Emperor, we know that she had not left her palace.

During the nine years that Ferdinand survived Philip, Queen Juana was kept in such strict imprisonment, that she was as completely debarred from all communication with the outer world as though she had reposed in her grave. We hear nothing of her, and she did not even learn

the death of her father.[1] Mosen Ferrer, he who was strongly suspected of having poisoned King Philip, was her jailer, and from later letters we learn that he perpetrated horrible cruelties on her.

Ferdinand died on the 23d of January 1516, and Cardinal Cisneros was Viceroy of Castile during the absence of Charles. He sent the Bishop of Mallorca to Tordesillas, with instructions to see that the persons employed in the palace should remain in their offices, and that the arrangements of Ferdinand for watching the Queen should be continued. The Bishop, however, found such atrocities had been committed, that he thought it his duty to send a report of them to the Cardinal. On receiving it Cisneros made further inquiries, and Mosen Ferrer was suspended from his office because he "was suspected of endangering the health and life of her Highness." He remonstrated, assuming the air of an innocent victim of a base intrigue. He could not, he said, be a bad man, else so good and wise a prince as Ferdinand would not have placed confidence in him. He could not have ill-treated Juana, because she was Queen of Aragon, and he an Aragonese. He could not restore her health, as it was not the will of God, and King

[1] The *Cartas del Cardenal Don Fray Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros, dirigidas á Don Diego Lopez de Ayala*, published a few months ago, at Madrid, contain a letter of the Cardinal to Ayala, dated Alcalá, 15th of January 1516, in which the presence of *la rreyna nuestra señora* in that place is mentioned. The learned editors are of opinion that Queen Juana, and not Queen Germaine, was meant, for, they say, the Cardinal would not have called the Queen of Aragon *nuestra señora*, our lady; and, besides, Queen Germaine had remained in Catalonia when King Ferdinand went to Andalusia. In the archives at Simancas, Estado, Legajo 3, f. 112, however, is a letter of the Secretary Calcena to the Cardinal, dated 28th of January 1516, in which, speaking of Queen Germaine, he calls her *nuestra señora*. Thus, the first argument collapses. As for the second, the same letter mentions the arrival of the Queen of Aragon in Guadalupe, where Ferdinand had died. It is therefore clear that she must have gone from Catalonia to Andalusia to see her husband, and on that journey she most naturally passed through Alcalá. Thus, there can be no doubt that Cisneros spoke of the Queen of Aragon, that is to say, Queen Germaine, and not of Queen Juana. They are, however, often confounded.

Ferdinand, her father, had not succeeded in doing so, and at last, "to prevent her from destroying herself by abstinence from food, as often as her will was not done, he had to order that *la cuerda* should be applied to preserve her life."

La cuerda, the rope, was the form of torture then in use in Spain. The victim was suspended by a rope with weights attached to his feet. We have met with various other instances of the use of this torture, and have always found, as, for example, in the famous case of Acuña, Bishop of Zamora, that the judge, before applying it, warned the prisoner that he was in danger of having his limbs broken or dislocated, and even of losing his life. We think it superfluous to add a single word of comment to such an admission as that of Mosen Ferrer.

Cardinal Cisneros sent the Count Hernando de Andrada to Brussels, to inform Charles of what was going on in Tordesillas. On the 30th of April Charles answered that it was very necessary to watch the Queen, that he would send another person from Flanders to fill the place of Mosen Ferrer, but that he had no time to make the appointment. Meanwhile, he continued, the Cardinal was answerable that the watching of the Queen should be so complete, that, whilst she was treated well, no person should have access to her who might endeavour to counteract his "good intentions." "In this," he concluded, "the greatest vigilance is necessary. For, as it belongs to no one but me to look after the honour of the Queen my lady, those who desire to meddle in this affair can have no good intentions."

What was the meaning of this cautiously worded answer? Was Mosen Ferrer to continue in his office as keeper of the Queen, after having confessed that he had tortured her? Was the injunction to treat her well an empty phrase? It seems so, for the declaration of Charles, that he would regard any one who meddled in this affair as an ill-intentioned intruder, could have no other meaning than that he strongly disapproved the measures of the Bishop of Mallorca, and even of the Cardinal himself.

Cisneros, however, who hated not only the Aragonese

party in general, but the Ferrers, father and son, in special, was nothing daunted by the ungracious answer, and appointed Hernan Duque de Estrada governor of the house of the Queen, at the same time instructing Diego Lopez de Ayala, his political agent in Flanders, to speak again with Charles on the subject. In Flanders, however, passion was at that time running higher than even in Spain. Monsieur de Chièvres and the Chancellor Sauvaige advised Ayala not to speak with Charles about the Queen, and Hernan Duque seemed to be "a ruined man." "For," Ayala declared, "according to what I see, they speak here *præter formam* of her (the Queen's) health, and that not because they wish it. They are dangerous people, and one must hold one's tongue here." Nevertheless Cisneros remained firm, Mosen Ferrer was not reinstated in his office, and Hernan Duque remained governor[1] until Charles came to Spain, when he appointed, on the 15th of March 1518, Don Bernardino de Sandoval y Rojas, Marquis of Denia and Count of Lerma, governor and administrator of the household of the Queen, with power to command and govern all persons belonging to that establishment, and the magistracy and commonalty of the town of Tordesillas.

The letters of the Marquis of Denia are numerous, and we are enabled by them to form a correct idea of the manner in which Queen Juana was treated. We must, however, mention at once, that two sets of correspondence were carried on between him and his royal master, the one destined to be seen by the Privy Councillors, the other by Charles alone. The first class represented things in the light in which it was wished they should appear. They did not, indeed, go so far as positively to state that the Queen was mad, but the short allusions to her "infirmity" were conceived in such terms that it was easy to interpret the "infirmity" as insanity. The private letters, however, spoke with less reserve, and contained secrets which, with

[1] See Cartas del Cardenal Don Fray Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros, publicadas de real orden por D. Pascual de Gayangos y Vicente de la Fuente (Madrid, 1867), p. 215.

good reason, it was thought dangerous to allow to be known even to the intimate advisers of the crown. This division of the correspondence into official and most strictly secret communications was not a custom that had grown out of mere convenience. It was the consequence of a positive order of Charles, "... and you shall neither talk nor write to any person about the affairs of her Highness, except to myself, and always (send the letters) by trustworthy messengers. That is necessary; although it seems superfluous (to give this order) to so intelligent a person, and to one so much attached to my service as you, nevertheless I have thought it advisable, because the case is so delicate and of so much importance to me." This letter of Charles is dated 19th of April 1518. On the 27th of the same month the Marquis answered that he was fully aware of the precaution necessary, and that he had not confided the secrets of the palace to any one but him. He added, that when the Infante Ferdinand was leaving Spain, a letter was written to him. That could not be avoided, because the Infanta Catalina, who was living with her mother, had heard of the intended departure of her brother, and wished to give him a token of her love. "But if he (the Infante) were to stay a hundred years in these kingdoms, I would not write or say a single word to him about what is going on here." As even the son was precluded from all knowledge of the manner of life of his mother, we must look for the truth in the most private letters of Denia to Charles, all the other correspondence on this subject being either intentional lies to give a pretext for the detention of the Queen, or containing the statements of those who had been imposed upon. The letters of the Marquis are written in an exceedingly bad hand, but only a few of them are in cipher, and of these the original decipherings, made for the Emperor, are preserved.

The ancient palace at Tordesillas was a structure of moderate size.[1] It was fortified, and defended by a strong

[1] Ford, in his *Handbook for Spain*, has confounded it with the Convent of Santa Clara.

tower, which in the year 1522 was demolished. To the south it overlooked the bridge and the river Duero, beyond which stretched an undulating sandy plain, relieved from May to September by the foliage of vineyards. This was the only view it had, the back and both sides of the building being surrounded by poor ugly houses. It contained, according to Spanish fashion, one large room, and a great number of others, small, ill-lighted, and ill-ventilated. The Queen had not the whole of the palace at her disposal. The Infanta Catalina was staying with her. The Marquis and the Marchioness of Denia and their daughters occupied another portion of the building, whilst the twelve and occasionally more women who watched her day and night, and the tutor of the Infanta, and other officials, were not permitted to live in separate houses. Thus, the space occupied by the Queen was limited. The windows of her large room opened towards the river, but she was not allowed to remain in it, and never was she at liberty to look out of the windows for fear that she might be seen by a passer-by, or call him to her assistance. Except on extraordinary occasions, when she was most strictly watched, she was forced to retire to a back room without windows, the only light which entered being candle-light.

The allowance for her and her household, the Princess Catalina included, was at first 30,000 scudos, irregularly paid, and afterwards reduced to 28,000 scudos, and even less.[1] The incomes of the Spanish grandees were then immense. The revenues of the twenty-one Dukes ranged about thirty years later from 70,000 to 125,000 scudos,[2] and even amongst the Marquises some were to be found who had 40,000 and 60,000 a year to spend, as, for instance, the Marquis del Priego and the Marquis de Vallay, of the

[1] See the budgets of the kingdom of Castile. Simancas. *Consejo y Juntas de la Hacienda.* Legajo 9. We have refrained from printing these budgets, because they are voluminous, and the passages relating to Queen Juana are not more explicit than the short notice we give in the text.

[2] £12,000 to £25,000. See *Relacion del valor de las rentas,* etc. Simancas. Estado. Legajo 2021. f. 211.

house of Cortez. Although the fortunes of the nobles had been fast increasing during that time, we do not think we are wrong in supposing that the allowance of the Queen was considerably below the income of many of her subjects. Moreover, a portion of the salary of the Marquis of Denia, and all he wanted for the sustenance of himself and his family, was to be paid out of her grant. Under such circumstances we are not surprised that she was often suffering from poverty. The allowance was paid into the hands of her treasurer, Ochoa de Olanda, and she was not permitted to have even the smallest sum of money in her possession. As long as her father lived, she received from time to time little presents, a jewel or a trinket, to gladden her. Charles, however, not only discontinued this custom, but stripped her of whatever he could convert to other uses, as on occasion of the marriages of his sisters, Eleanor and Catalina. Even the Empress, when she came to visit the Queen, carried away whatever she thought worth having, rendering thereby the palace or prison of her mother-in-law still more gloomy and cheerless than it had been.

Leading such a life, it is only natural that her health gave way frequently. She suffered especially during the great heat of the summer from fever and other illness, and yet she was not allowed a physician. In the spring of 1519 the Infanta Catalina had the itch. To have recourse to a medical man was a necessity. The Marquis of Denia was placed in great difficulty about devising means to introduce a physician into the palace, and yet prevent him from speaking with the Queen. When at last he found that that was impossible, he bethought himself of another expedient. In the town of Tordesillas lived a Doctor Soto, who had accompanied Juana to Flanders, and had not forgotten her when she was sunk in the deepest misery. Dismissed from his office, and deprived of his pension, he had settled not far from her. As he certainly knew the secret, or part of it, the Marquis thought less harm would be done by having recourse to him than by admitting a stranger. Nevertheless, he did not regard it as superfluous

to buy his silence, and asked Charles to show him favours, "for it is impossible to prevent her Highness from speaking with Doctor Soto if he enters (the palace) and visits the Infanta." On another occasion, when the Queen was seriously ill, and suffering for ten days from a strong fever, the Marquis wrote to Charles that he had refused her repeated demands to have medical assistance. It is true that he added the words, "as the fever subsided," but we do not reproach him with refusing to admit a physician when the fever was over or subsiding, but for leaving her without attendance during the ten days, when, according to his own confession, it was "strong."

The number of women who watched the Queen was considerable. They amounted never to less than twelve, and sometimes to many more. The Marquis and the Marchioness found it occasionally hard work to subject them to the strict rules of the house. If the Marchioness reprimanded them, they combined and mutinied "like soldiers," saying, that what was done to one was done to all of them. It was of no use to order the *monteros*, that is, the soldiers who mounted guard in the palace, not to permit them to go out, as they were afraid of them. "They were a bad lot of women." That they were bad we readily believe. Good women would not have stooped to do the work which was exacted from them. But as to the proofs adduced by the Marquis, we must demur to them. There was no marriage celebrated in the town, no christening, no burial to which they did not want to go, even if it concerned people to whom they were related only in the fourth degree. It was not an ascetical hatred of marriages, christenings, burials, and other occasions for merrymaking, which made the Marquis so strongly declaim against them. He had other reasons. "The consequence of their visiting is, that they cannot forbear talking to their husbands, and relations and friends, and gossiping of things which ought not to be known, for, indeed, secrecy is a necessity. Members of the Privy Council have written to me things which they cannot know except through the Licentiate

Alarcon, husband of one of these women, called Leonor Gomez, who never can hold her tongue. None must know what passes here, and least of all those of the Privy Council." "It is not good to have married women, and least of all wives of Privy Councillors." Why not? Charles and the Marquis were taking the greatest pains to pass Queen Juana off as mad. The knowledge of any extravagance committed by her would only have confirmed their assertions. That could not be the secret. But if the secret was that she was not mad, and was kept a prisoner, it is easy to understand why it would be dangerous, if people in general, and in special the Privy Council, were to know it. In the years 1518 and 1519 Charles was not yet firmly seated on the throne.

If there was a lack of medical assistance, there were plenty of priests. Fray Juan de Avila, guardian of the Franciscan Friars, and tutor of the Infanta, was constantly residing in the Palace, and the general of the Predicant Friars and others were frequent visitors. The ground of their visits was that Charles had determined to convert his mother, who formerly had objected only to confession, but would now neither confess nor hear mass. Early in the year 1518 he had ordered that mass should be said in her presence. Fray Juan de Avila and Fray Antonio de Villegas were to assist the Marquis in carrying out this command. To render mass less objectionable, it was proposed, probably by one of the friars, that the altar should be erected in the corridor, that is to say, the open gallery running along the building, in the courtyard, whilst the Marquis wished it to be placed in a more dignified spot, namely, in an apartment near the room of the Queen. But whether the chapel was to be erected in the one place or the other, Queen Juana showed no readiness to comply with the wishes of her son. The Marquis, who had the discretion not to write any detailed report to Charles of the means which he employed, informed him on the 22d of June: "Concerning mass, we are occupied with this subject. Her Highness wishes that it should be said in

the corridor where your Highness saw her, and I wish that it should be said in an apartment next to her chamber; but in the one place or the other mass shall be said soon." More than six months later he was only able to state, "We are daily occupied in the affair of saying mass. It is delayed in order to see whether it could not be done with her consent, for that would be better, but with the help of God her Highness shall hear it (mass) soon." On the 12th of September mass was said for the first time in a little chapel erected at the end of the corridor. No persons were admitted except the Queen, the Infanta Catalina, then twelve years old, Fray Antonio Villegas, who said mass, the guardian (Fray Juan), and a boy of the chapel. The Queen went through all the ceremonies, knelt down, said her prayers, chanted from the prayer-book (*oras*), and was besprinkled with holy water. But when they brought her the "evangelium" and the "pax," she could not conquer herself sufficiently to accept them, and made a sign that they should be given to her daughter.

On the margin of the letter which contained these tidings, a note is written by Cobos, who was already sharing all the secrets of Charles: "Has had much pleasure, and where he and the Marchioness are, etc., and so he must continue." This short note contains the substance of the letter which was to be sent as answer to the Marquis. Its meaning was that Charles was much satisfied at hearing that news. The "etc." meant the usual phrase, that where the Marquis and the Marchioness were, Charles was sure that all would be done that was best. No inquiry was made concerning the means by which the sudden conversion was accomplished.

Having been made acquainted with the *cuerda*, and the insufferable pain occasioned by that torture, Juana may have submitted from fear; or, still nourishing the hope of wearing the crowns of Castile and Aragon, she may have regarded it as bad policy to carry her opposition in matters of religion too far. But, however that may be, inwardly convinced she was not. When the rising of the Castilian

Commons had been suppressed, and every prospect of gaining her liberty had vanished, she did not think it any longer necessary to conceal her disdain for the ceremonies of the Church. On Christmas Day of the year 1521 Divine Service was celebrated in her chapel, the Infanta Catalina taking part in it. The Queen, however, came out of her room, made a disturbance, and took her daughter away from the altar, which she ordered to be removed. In his letter of the 23d of May, probably of the year 1525, the Marquis mentioned a similar scene. Her women came directly in sufficient strength, and when it was threatened to employ force, the Queen retired to her apartment. On both occasions, however, the Marquis of Denia thought it proper to ask permission of his master to employ strong measures of coercion against his mother. "I have always thought that her Highness being so indisposed as she is, in punishment for our sins, nothing would do her more good than some *premia*, although it is a very serious thing for a vassal to think of employing it against his sovereign." In order to be secure that the *premia* would produce the desired effect, more priests were to be called in to assist the Marquis. What is *premia?* Judging from the language of the letter, it must be a very evil thing. And certainly it is, being nothing else than a more technical and forensic term for the popular word *torture*. The premia spoken of by the Marquis was the *cuerda*, the rope, which Mosen Ferrer had already employed. The Marquis was right; it was a very serious thing for a subject to ask permission so to employ it, but it was not less serious for a sovereign to grant it against his mother, whose crown he had usurped. Charles seems to have avoided giving a direct answer, recommending only in general terms that the Queen should be well treated. But if the Marquis should come to the conclusion that torture was compatible with good treatment, had he not well-founded reasons to expect that his master would approve it? Although such a supposition would be extravagant if we were interpreting the conduct of honest men, there is nothing strange in it when applied

to Charles and the Marquis of Denia. The Marquis did not conceal his opinion that torturing the Queen would be a "service rendered to God and to herself," that "persons in her disposition require it," for their own good, and that her mother, the pious Queen Isabel, had also tortured her. Charles, on the other hand, as we have seen, had no scruple in very plainly stating his convictions that where the Marquis and Marchioness were no wrong could be done. Clear and positive orders would certainly have been preferable, but as the Marquis could not obtain them, he wrote at last on the 11th of October 1527, when he wished to remove the Queen by force to Toro, telling the Emperor that he was fulfilling the duties of a good son by recommending that his mother should not be ill-treated, but, he added, "it is not to be supposed that I, being your vassal, could do anything except what is conducive to your service and to that of her Highness." By means of this understanding, Charles might henceforth indulge in fine phrases, and yet be sure that his instrument would do all the most cruel things his selfishness could suggest, if any advantage could thereby be obtained. Under such circumstances, the silence of the Marquis of Denia concerning the employment of torture to force Queen Juana to hear mass, and to obey his commands in other things, is no surety that he had not had recourse to such means. But whether by reason of the persuasion of priests, and the pains produced by the *cuerda*, he forced her into isolated acts of submissiveness or not, this much is clear, that she was never entirely converted. Even in the last letter but one, published in this volume, the Marquis could speak only of his hope of being instrumental in the salvation of her soul.

Fray Juan de Avila was not a bad priest after the fashion of Spanish monks of the 16th century. His opinion was that to secure the salvation of the soul of the Queen was the first duty incumbent on her son, and it is not probable that he would have shrunk from the employment of any means calculated to bring about that effect. Her conversion, however, once accomplished, he declared that it was the

will and command of God that she should be humoured and treated with all the respect due to her. On this last point, however, he had the misfortune to differ from Charles and from the Marquis. There was a certain thing which Charles wanted from his mother, but which he dared not to commit to paper, having given his instructions by word of mouth. Examining all the circumstances, we believe that he wished to obtain from her an act of abdication. However that may be, Fray Juan, satisfied with the Queen hearing mass in September 1518, showed his sympathy with her, and had even the courage, although in a feeble manner, yet certainly in good faith, to entreat Charles to discontinue his brutal treatment of his mother. The consequence was, that, although he had rendered valuable services during the rebellion of the Commons, he was first persecuted by the Marquis, and then driven from Tordesillas. He implored help of the Emperor. All was in vain. His later letters remind the reader of a drowning man, whose voice grows feebler and feebler, until it is no longer heard. Fray Juan disappeared from the political theatre, and we do not know what became of him.

What we have hitherto related is bad enough, and yet the worst, in our opinion, remains to be told. Queen Juana, not being permitted to see any one who was in communication with the outer world, save the Marquis of Denia, had sometimes conversations with him which lasted four or six hours. She wished to know what was going on in Spain and in Europe, and did not even disdain flattery in order to induce him to become more communicative. When any one well acquainted with the history of that period reads the reports of those conversations he grows confused and bewildered, and does not know what to think of them. Personages who had long reposed in their graves were constantly rising from the dead, carrying on the business of this world, and freely mingling with the living. One fancies one's-self to be in a lunatic asylum. The strange statements, however, were not made by Queen Juana, but by the Marquis of Denia.

King Ferdinand had died in January 1516. Up to the month of August 1520, the Marquis told Juana that he was still alive, and King of Spain. One of his letters begins: "After having written the other letter, the Queen our lady asked me into her presence, and told me she was much dissatisfied with me because I denied that the King her lord (Ferdinand) was dead, and asked me to tell her whether he was alive, as it was of great importance to her to know it." The Marquis assured her that King Ferdinand still lived, and the Queen said, "It is well." Charles had assumed the government of Spain immediately after the death of Ferdinand, and came to Spain as King in the year 1517. For the sake of appearances he was obliged to pay a short visit to his mother. The Marquis, who could not deny his presence in Spain, told her that he had come for no other purpose than to ask Ferdinand to treat her less cruelly. The Emperor Maximilian died in January 1519. Up to the month of August 1520 the Marquis spoke of him as a living man. After the election of Charles as Emperor, the Marquis concocted an absurdly sentimental story. The Emperor, he said, loved his grandson Charles so much that he had abdicated in his favour, and induced the Princes Electors to recognise him as German Emperor. All the information he gave the captive Queen about her children, the Infante Ferdinand, the Infanta Eleanor, etc., was entirely false. Nor was that all. He attempted to induce her to write letters to deceased persons, as, for instance, to the Emperor Maximilian, who, he said, had not only shown by his abdication his great love for her son, but had also written and inquired after her. He went even so far as show her a letter which, there can be no doubt, was a fabrication. She, however, suspected the Marquis, and refused to write the desired reply. In explanation of this tissue of lies we shall hear the Marquis himself. "I have told the Queen our lady that the King my lord, her father, is alive, because I say that all that is done and displeases her Highness is ordered and commanded by the King. The love which

she has for him makes her bear it more easily than she would if she knew that he is dead. Moreover this is of great advantage in many other respects to your Highness." If we ask what these "other respects" were, the answer is not difficult to find. The story of the Queen carrying the corpse of her husband with her, and believing that he still lived, had served its purpose many years, but was now worn out. A new proof of insanity would have been very welcome. If then it could be shown that she disbelieved the death of her father and of the Emperor, and, still better, if she could be induced to write a letter to one who was dead, Charles would be provided with a piece of evidence of incalculable value to justify his conduct. Nor is it impossible to understand the reason which induced the Marquis to invent the abdication of Maximilian. If he wished to induce her to abdicate, it was not unreasonable to hold up before her that imaginary act of the Emperor, as an example to be followed. Nevertheless there remains enough for which no such special reason can be assigned, and which reminds us of the words of Diego Lopez de Ayala, that they wished her mad. At all events, if we consider her absolute loneliness, and all the other circumstances, we must come to the conclusion that Charles and his abettors were utterly regardless of the consequences of their conduct.

It would not be at all surprising if a perfectly sane person put in the position of Juana had soon gone mad. Let us, therefore, see whether we can discover signs of incipient insanity. The worst case mentioned in the numerous letters of the Marquis, is the following. On the evening before the day of Santiago, the Queen beat two of her women. When the Marquis heard of it he entered her room, and said, "What is this, Señora? Ought your Highness to comport yourself in this way towards those who serve you with so much zeal? The Queen, your mother, never so treated her servants." The Queen, seeing the Marquis, rose to explain her conduct, but the women thought she would beat him, and ran away. When

they had left the room, the Queen came up to the Marquis, and said that she was not so overbearing that she would use him ill, and assured him on her faith that she intended to treat him as her brother. To beat servants was then, and at a much later time, not so unusual a thing. The anecdote of Louis XIV. throwing his cane out of the window, because if he had retained it he would have beaten one of his courtiers, was circulated in the polite Versailles, more than 200 years later, as a sign of the high breeding of the Grand Monarch. Queen Isabel, the mother of Juana, more than once got so enraged that her courtiers thought it necessary to interfere, as, for instance, in the curious scene in the Aragonese Cortes, related by Mariana. But whether the behaviour of Juana was excusable, considering the provocation such women as her jailers were most likely to give her, or not, it is certainly no sign of insanity. On the contrary, her conduct towards the Marquis shows that, even in moments of passion, she was still able to control herself. The other complaints made against her are of even less weight. She did not take her meals regularly, she did not go regularly to bed, nor when she went to bed did she rise regularly. Such habits of life were prejudicial to her health, but could they be construed into signs of insanity? She was untidy, and neglected her dress? It is scarcely worth while to answer such an allegation. What inducement could the Queen have to dress if she must pass her dreary days in a dark and lonely room? There is, however, one circumstance on which the Marquis seems to have laid great stress. It was absolutely impossible, he said, to permit the Queen to see any one except the inmates of the palace, and every occasion on which she could make her voice heard, by even a passer-by, must be carefully avoided, because she would make a scene, which might have serious consequences. Certainly, if Queen Juana had had an opportunity, it was probable that she would have called upon the passers-by to liberate her, as any other person placed under similar circumstances would have done. All these allegations of

the Marquis were most probably true, and, moreover, the Queen was sometimes so weary of her life, that she spoke of making an end of it; but these things do not prove that she was insane.

If even the Marquis of Denia could not adduce any more substantial proof, he, on the other hand, mentions many instances of great sagacity, sound judgment, true maternal love, and kindness towards her former servants. Whilst she was suffering from want, she often inquired whether the pensions of her attendants were regularly paid, and the Marquis did not dare to confess the truth that they were discontinued. Brooding day and night over the stories the Marquis was constantly telling her, she discovered that they were not true. But where to learn the truth? In her palace or prison it was impossible. She took advantage, therefore, of every circumstance, of the climate of Tordesillas, of an access of face-ache, etc., to urge her demand to be transferred to Valladolid, or to be permitted at least to visit the convent of Santa Clara. She had been in Valladolid after her return from Flanders, and remembered the place perfectly well. Once she had her clothes brushed, dressed with more than usual care, and with her head-gear on, defied the Marquis several hours, declaring that she would go to Santa Clara and hear mass. The bait of hearing mass in public was certainly alluring enough, and the Marquis confessed that he was almost persuaded to let her go, "only there are other reasons of greater importance against it."

Had the Queen been mad her illusions would have more effectually prevented her from perceiving her miserable condition than did the lies of the Marquis, and she might have been less unhappy. As she, however, was fully conscious of the cruelty with which she was treated, it is not to be wondered at that she was occasionally driven to despair. Even her jailer could not always conceal his compassion for her. In an undated letter of the year 1518, the Marquis confessed that her words were so good, "*tantas buenas*," that he stood "aghast" how she could pronounce them,

and that he and the Marchioness found it difficult to resist her. In other letters he stated that her complaints were so touching that he could not help having compassion for her, and that her language would have "moved stones." The only consequences which he drew from these statements, however, were that it was absolutely necessary that the Queen should not be permitted to see any one, because none could resist her; that he wanted to write in cipher, that he begged the Emperor to destroy his letters, and not let them be seen by any one except by a person in whom he confided as much as in himself. How Charles could read such letters, as that for instance which bears the number 48, in cool blood, would be hardly conceivable if we did not know how hard men were three hundred and fifty years ago.

One of the most perplexing circumstances in the strange history of Queen Juana is that the Infanta Catalina was permitted to share her prison. At first sight it may appear incredible, but it is not the less true, that considerations of economy had something to do with this arrangement. Whilst the Flemish followers of Charles were enriching themselves at the expense of Spain, his exchequer was so empty that even a few thousand ducats a year seemed a great gain. Moreover, it was deemed prudent not to exasperate the Queen to the commission of some desperate act which possibly would create general indignation. The Infanta, born when her mother was already a prisoner, had never known any other than a prison life. The palace at Tordesillas was her world, the hills which confine the horizon in the direction towards Medina del Campo were her *ultima Thule*. When she was about twelve years of age, she began to write letters to her brother Charles, whom she had never seen, but whom she loved dearly. Her letters were somewhat stiff, it is true; there was a want of freedom discernible. But was that to be wondered at? As for the rest, she was happy. She loved her mother, she loved the Marquis and the Marchioness, her tutor Fray Juan, and did not even complain

of the dreadful women. On reading her letters one wonders how it was possible that a young girl of twelve or fourteen years of age could be so entirely inured to such an atmosphere, and did not observe what was daily passing around her. At last, however, comes the solution of the riddle. In the month of August 1521, the Infanta found an opportunity of writing to her brother without the knowledge of the Marquis. All her pretty letters had been frauds. They had been written under the dictation of the Marquis and the Marchioness. In a memoir which she drew up on this occasion, she begged the Emperor not to permit the Marquis and Marchioness to maltreat her in the house of her mother. She complained that she was not permitted to see any one, nor to write to any one. She told him that the Countess of Modica, wife of the Admiral of Castile, had sent her a letter, and that when the Marquis and Marchioness heard of it, they wanted to "tear out her eyes," searched her, and made inquiries as to who had brought the letter. They did not allow her to speak even with her servants or those of the Queen. She begged the Emperor not to persecute the guardian (Fray Juan), but on the contrary to see that he did not forsake the Queen, "who stands in great want of consolation." The daughters of the Marquis took her robes from her, wore them, and behaved as though they were her equals. These, and several other complaints, filled pages. In the last paragraph she implored the Emperor, "for the love of God," to provide that, if the Queen wished to walk for her recreation in the corridor on the river, or on the other side, or if she wished to go to her large room to refresh herself, she should not be prevented from doing so. For it had become the custom at Tordesillas that when the Queen visited her daughter, the servants and daughters of the Marchioness entered unobserved the room of the Infanta, and from their place of concealment directed the women by signs not to let the Queen go to the large room, but immediately to lock her up in her dark chamber.

Accompanying this memoir is a short letter written in another hand, but signed by the Infanta. "I implore your Majesty to believe what I write, and soon to give your orders. We, the Queen my lady and I, have no other comfort and help but your Majesty." Added by herself are the words, "I beg your Majesty to forgive me that the letter is written in a strange hand. I can no more."

From what we have stated, we believe it will be tolerably clear that the reasoning faculties of Queen Juana were by no means impaired, and that, whatever opinion we may be inclined to form of her character and her religious convictions, we cannot pronounce her to have been insane. One important question, however, remains to be answered. How was it that, after having been imprisoned for fourteen years, and having had an opportunity to regain her liberty during the rising of the Commons in Castile, she permitted that opportunity to slip without making use of it? The answer is plain. The same persons who had deceived the world during so many years about her real state of mind succeeded also in deceiving her in the most cruel way.

Where are the grandees of Spain? Where are the nobles of my kingdoms? These questions had incessantly occupied her mind, and to devise plausible answers had taxed to the utmost the ingenuity of the Marquis. But the Queen did not once ask, Where is my people? And yet the nobles did not make the slightest move in her favour, whilst the people rose at last in open rebellion, marched to Tordesillas, and drove away her jailers. The Commons, it is true, did not rise for that purpose, having to redress many other wrongs which more directly concerned them. Nevertheless, it would be a great error to follow the common tradition, and suppose that they made use of the name of the Queen only after their rising had taken place, to give to their revolutionary measures an appearance of legality. More than a year before the outbreak, the Marquis had complained that the secrets of the palace were oozing out, and that the people were indignant, and

openly accused him of being a tyrant, who kept the Queen prisoner under false pretences.

Towards the end of August 1520, Juan Padilla and other captains of the Commons were at Medina del Campo, only a few leagues distant from Tordesillas. It was known that they had orders from the revolutionary government, assembled at Avila, to rescue the Queen from the grasp of her oppressors. Tordesillas was a place of considerable strength, and had a sufficient garrison of old, well-disciplined troops. It might have been successfully defended, if the troops could have been relied upon. But the officers of the household, from the women who watched her up to the higher ranks, behaved after the usual fashion of mercenaries, and were the first to betray their ignominious taskmaster, denouncing the Marquis without reserve for his shameful conduct towards the Queen. The excitement of the citizens increased, and they gained over the garrison, who refused to fight.

The position of the Marquis of Denia was, to say the least, extremely precarious; but he was not a man easily to be daunted. When he saw that resistance by force was impossible, he betook himself to a stratagem. Frightening the Queen by telling her that the Commons were rebels of the worst description, who wanted to carry her off to some dungeon, he asked her to send an order forbidding them to enter Tordesillas. No doubt the word "rebel" fell with an unpleasant sound on her ear. Nevertheless, her distrust of the Marquis being stronger than her fear of the revolutionists, she refused to sign. Foiled in this attempt, the Marquis addressed himself to the Infanta, who, being accustomed implicitly to obey all his behests, wrote to the captains, telling them that the Queen was ill, wanted repose, and would deeply resent it if they should march to Tordesillas against her desire. On the 23d of August 1520, however, Bernaldino de Castro, lieutenant corregidor of the town, accompanied by several other members of the town council, forced their way to the Queen, and informed her, in the presence of the Mar-

quis, of "a great many things which had happened since the death of her father, the Catholic King." Strange though these revelations must have been to her, she did not lose her self-command, but ordered her treasurer, Ochoa de Olanda, to summon to her presence the Bishop of Malaga, and the Licentiates Polanco and Zapata, all of them members of the Privy Council, because she wanted to confer with them on important matters of state. They were old servants of the crown of Spain, and she had known them in former times. Ochoa did not carry out her order; and on the following day, the 24th of August, Juan Padilla occupied Tordesillas. That the Marquis and the women who watched the Queen were not at once sent away is not surprising, for in the eyes of the uninitiated they were her servants. But although they were permitted to remain, their power was at an end. On the 29th of August the Marquis wrote to Cardinal Adrian, that he was treated almost as a prisoner, and forbidden to leave the fortress.

The first and most interesting question which the Commons had to decide was, whether the Queen was suffering from such mental derangement as prevented her from carrying on the government, and it was only natural that her servants who knew her best should be examined on the subject. It is a great loss to history that their depositions are not extant. They were probably destroyed at the command of Charles when his partisans seized the papers of their adversaries. The substance of them, however, is preserved in various letters of Cardinal Adrian to the Emperor. Adrian had not only been the tutor of Charles, but at the very moment when he wrote these letters he was intrusted with the task of carrying out the Emperor's policy in Spain, and he did not obtain his information from the rebels, but from his own agents in Tordesillas. He cannot, therefore, for a moment be suspected of stating the facts in a more unfavourable light than need be, and thus accusing himself and his master of greater crimes than they had to answer for.

Nevertheless he thought it his duty to inform the Emperor, on the 4th of September 1520, that almost all the servants of the Queen said that she had been oppressed and detained by force during fourteen years in the fortress of Tordesillas, as though she had been mad, when in fact she had always been in her right mind, and as prudent (*prudente*) as when she married.

And, again, in the same letter, he stated that it was no longer a question of suffering some pecuniary losses, but that Charles was threatened with a total and perpetual downfall, "because your Highness has usurped the Royal name, and imprisoned the Queen, as though she were insane, when she was not mad, according to what, as I have said, is stated."

A fortnight later, on the 14th of September, the Cardinal wrote to the Emperor that the report had been spread throughout the kingdom by her servants that the Queen was perfectly sane, and as able to govern as the Queen Isabel her mother had been, and that the Commons were of opinion that the people ought not to obey and execute the orders of the Emperor, but only those of the Queen.

We could easily increase the number of similar quotations, but we think what we have stated will suffice to show that the servants of the Queen positively and consistently declared that she was not mad. It is true the Cardinal repeatedly stated his opinion that the servants were influenced by their hatred of the Marquis rather than by strict regard for veracity, and that people in general were more inclined to give credit to what was advantageous to them than to what was true. We are here, however, not concerned in what the Cardinal believed or pretended to believe, but only in what the witnesses deposed, and shall offer afterwards a few observations concerning the credit which Adrian himself deserved.

During the 103 days which intervened between the 24th of August and the 5th of December 1520, Queen Juana enjoyed almost unlimited liberty in her palace. The Mar-

quis and the Marchioness of Denia were sent away from Tordesillas on the 19th of September, and the women who had watched her were, at her own request, dismissed a few weeks later. She was left with only one female servant to attend upon her, and yet in spite of the extremely difficult position in which she was placed, she did not commit a single act which even her most unscrupulous adversaries could construe into a proof of insanity. She was, as could not be otherwise, deeply agitated. At first she did not go to bed or take her meals, or, as the Cardinal Adrian wrote, the Commons wanted to kill her by first denying her food during three days, and then giving her all at once the meals due during that time. This statement is simply preposterous. The Queen became by degrees more calm, and her life no longer appeared so gloomy to her as hitherto. In the month of November she began even to occupy herself with her long-neglected toilet, dressing herself in her best robes, and seeing that her daughter was well adorned when she went out. The Cardinal sneeringly called that *atavio*, finery.

As in private, so she conducted herself in public with perfect self-possession. On the 1st of September 1520, Juan Padilla, Juan Bravo, Juan Zapata, and Luis Quintanilla, commanders in chief of the several contingents from the cities and towns of Castile to the revolutionary army, knelt down before her in the presence of numerous witnesses, and asked her to permit the Junta to come from Avila to Tordesillas. She replied that she was satisfied with the Junta, that they might come, and that it would afford her great pleasure to confer with them on the measures which concerned the welfare of her kingdoms. "With all that is good," she concluded her answer, "I shall be pleased, and for all that is wrong I shall be sorry. I hope in God all will end well."

The proceedings at the audience which she granted the Commons on the 24th of September 1520 are recorded in great detail. She had not the least difficulty in following the long discourses of the various deputies who addressed

her, and her answers were clear, dignified, and always to the point. On certain disagreeable subjects which she could not entirely avoid, she spoke with great caution and delicacy. As for the Flemings who had plundered Spain, she did not utter a single word in their excuse, and the Marquis of Denia and the other "bad people" who had deceived her with lies fared hardly better. But whilst complaining of them she avoided all irritating detail, and attempted to extenuate the fault of her father by hinting at the bad influence her stepmother might have had on him. With respect to her son, she did not mention a single circumstance which was unfavourable to him. There is no doubt that only a person of much higher intellectual power than the common average could have behaved as she did under similar circumstances. The proceedings during the audiences of the Queen are reported in public documents drawn up by the public notaries at the demand of the Commons. It might therefore be supposed that they would present her in a more favourable light than was compatible with truth. Such, however, was not the case. For not only did Cardinal Adrian never pretend that these attestations were false, but the reports of his own agents who were present at the audiences fully supported them; and it is certainly not an insignificant circumstance that even Adrian was forced to acknowledge she behaved with great prudence. It is true, he added, that from certain statements she made it was clear that she was not perfectly in her right mind. No wonder that a man who was unacquainted with the secret history of the palace of Tordesillas should regard as inventions of a diseased brain certain things which were stated by her to have happened during her captivity. We, however, who know at least a portion of the truth, must admit that her statements were sober and moderate.

But although the personal conduct of the Queen was marked by common sense and tact, her policy was by no means judicious. Her cruel experience had not yet taught her the stern lesson not to confide in any one who had

interests opposed to her own in politics, even though he were her son.

The principal object of the Commons was to get rid of the Flemings and their partisans, who were hated for their almost unexampled insolence and greediness.[1] By setting up the Queen, who was unconnected at that time with Flanders, as their lawful sovereign, they would have attained their ends, and it was most probable that they would have been loyal subjects. Another grievance was the Inquisition, which since the nomination of Cardinal Adrian as Inquisitor-General had become more insupportable than under Torquemada. His almost frantic cruelty towards the old woman Blanchina, and the shameful occurrences at Cuenca, had roused the indignation of the whole of Spain. Moreover, Lutheranism was rapidly spreading; the writings of Luther against the Roman Church having been immediately translated into Spanish.[2] As the Queen had been a victim of her disbelief in Roman orthodoxy, it was not unreasonable to expect that she would favour the new doctrine, and thus create a fresh tie between herself and her subjects.

The Spanish nobles, on the other hand, had as many and even more cogent reasons for being opposed to a government of the Queen than the Commons had to favour it. They had been greatly enriched since the death of Queen Isabel at the expense of the public domain. Ferdinand and Charles had bought their connivance by grants. If, then, these last two governments had been declared unlawful usurpations, it was clear that the nobles would have lost their ill-gotten acquisitions. Moreover, they saw in the Commons men who were by nature inferior to them,

[1] Amongst other things, the Spaniards complained that the Flemings called them *Indios*, or, as we would say now, niggers, and it is certainly significant that even the Admiral of Castile, the most patriotic of the Spanish grandees, used that expression in letters to partisans of the Flemish party.

[2] The instructions given by the Privy Council, the grandees, and the prelates of Spain, to the Duke of Alva, who in April 1521 was sent to Charles to inform him of the rapid spread of the Lutheran heresy in Spain.

but who endeavoured to raise themselves to an equality with them. This feeling is expressed in many documents of the time, but nowhere more strongly than in the circular letter of the Marquis of Villena, inviting the nobles to form a *Junta* in opposition to that of the Commons. "Our Lord," he said, "created in His justice and mercy the distinction between classes and ranks from the beginning of things," and it would therefore be impious not to trample down the rebels. Preposterous as would be now the idea of dating the difference of rank from the creation, it was then general, earnestly believed in, and, as is the case with all honest prejudice, of great power. That the aristocracy were good Catholics can scarcely be doubted, after their solemn declarations of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of April 1521. Thus, opposed by personal interest and political as well as religious considerations to the state of things which seemed unavoidable if Queen Juana ascended the throne, they could not hope successfully to resist the popular movement unless they persevered in their assertion that she was mad. They were not numerous enough to fight single-handed, and could not expect to persuade their tenantry to follow them, unless they could make them believe that the monks who were wandering through the kingdom in all directions, preaching a crusade for the deliverance of their rightful Queen, were impostors. Even as it was, we meet with more than one declaration that the peasants were only too prone to side with the Commons and the Queen against their Lords and the Emperor, and resistance seemed sometimes so hopeless that the grandees thought they must inevitably submit, and accept Juana as their sovereign.

Such being the state of things, a statesman, acting from political considerations, would not have wavered for a moment as to which party he ought to espouse. In politics the right way is often attended with great difficulties. Such, however, was not the case with Queen Juana. Had she accepted the services of the Commons, and signed a single decree, declaring that she had decided to take the

government of Spain into her own hands, all resistance would have been at an end. That is not a mere opinion of our own. Cardinal Adrian wrote over and over again that if the Queen signed he would have no choice, but be forced immediately to leave the country; and all the accounts concerning the grandees and the nobles were unanimous in this respect, that they would have hastened to make their submission to the Queen, and to reconcile themselves with the Commons, without attempting any further resistance. Thus she had her destiny in her own hands.

But the Queen was no politician, nor was she in a position to know the real state of affairs and the true intentions of the different parties. When she was no longer a prisoner, she found herself surrounded by men of one faction only, and of that faction, too, which, however justifiable their rising was, had usurped powers which by law did not belong to them. Could she believe what they stated to her? The Commons, fully aware of this disadvantage, invited Cardinal Adrian and the Privy Council to come from Valladolid to Tordesillas, to discuss with them in the presence of the Queen the measures of State which it was thought necessary to take. Had their invitation been accepted she would have been in a position to form a judgment of the merits of the plans pursued by the one and the other party; but neither the Cardinal nor the Councillors went to Tordesillas.

Left in the dark as to her true interests, the aristocratic and absolute propensities of her youth prevailed. She knew that her father had been an eminently successful prince, and she thought that the ministers of such a king could give her only good advice, not suspecting that they might be traitors to her. She had always seen that the grandees shared in the government of the country, and the thought never entered her mind that they might be in league with her enemy. But, above all, she had forgiven Charles the cruel injustice which she had suffered from him, and seemed to be more solicitous for his interests

than mindful of her own advantages. From a despatch of Lope Hurtado de Mendoza, whom the Emperor had sent to Spain with special orders to tell him the truth, we learn, among other things, that when the Commons told the Queen that Charles had assumed the title of King to her prejudice, she only found excuses for him, pretending that it was a custom in Spain that the eldest son of the Queen should have that title, although she must have known that it was not true. When they accused him of having committed acts of great injustice, and caused great misery, she exclaimed, "Do not disunite me from my son. All that is mine belongs to him, and he will take good care of it." Politically speaking, we cannot condemn this error too strongly; but, on the other hand, it is impossible not to sympathize with a mother who could not find it in her heart to believe that her son would repay with acts of consummate villany the love she bore him.

Charles, Cardinal Adrian, and the partisans of the Imperial faction availed themselves of the confidence the Queen had in them, and of her love for her son. Before the army of the Commons had occupied Tordesillas, the Cardinal sent the President of the Council of Castile to warn her not to show any favour to the insurgents, and especially not to sign any proclamation. When Tordesillas was held by the popular forces, his communications with the Queen were not interrupted, but continued to be carried on in secret. Whilst she was believing him to be a perfectly honest man, he was intentionally leading her by his advice to destruction. We have already seen that Adrian knew full well that if she had signed the proclamation which the Commons implored her to ratify by her hand she would have been Queen in reality, and for ever beyond the danger of again being imprisoned as insane. And yet, instead of being ashamed, he glorified himself because it was he who through his agents, Fray Juan de Avila, Fray Francisco de Leon, and others, prevented her from doing the only thing which could have saved her. Charles spoke only of his devotion to his mother, enlarging on his "un-

speakable grief" at the insult and disrespect shown to the Queen "my lady." The nobles of Spain imitated his example, and the Constable of Castile protested that he would sacrifice his property and life in the "holy and just" enterprise to "set at liberty" the Queen, "our Sovereign Lady," and to rescue her from the tyranny of the "barbarians." Not a word, not a hint, is to be found in these letters indicating that she was insane, and it is even doubtful whether she ever knew that it had been reported she was mad. We have no positive proofs, but it is in the highest degree probable, that the Cardinal communicated the contents of these and similar declarations of loyalty to the Queen, in order to confirm her in her erroneous conceptions. When the army of the nobles appeared before Tordesillas, they still pretended that they had come to serve her as faithful subjects, and even after the capture of that place it was thought prudent to keep up false appearances for a time. The Count of Haro, who had led the attack, when informing his father, the Constable, of the latest occurrences, wrote: "I kissed the hands of the Queen yesterday, and told her that you had been informed of the want of respect with which she and the Infanta had been treated, and remembering the loyalty with which our forefathers had always served the crown, you had sent me and these noblemen to restore her Highness to liberty. She replied that she was much obliged to you for your solicitude for her, adding that she was glad that I had arrived, and that she had an opportunity of making my acquaintance."

Queen Juana permitted herself to be utterly deceived. If, however, we must admit that persons of perfectly sound judgment and even of considerable perspicacity are liable occasionally to commit such a gross error as to believe their enemies to be their friends, we may the more excuse the Queen, who had just been released from utter seclusion. As for carrying out her suicidal policy, there can be no doubt that she did it with consummate skill. Had she signed a proclamation, she would have ruined the aristocratical party; had she deprived the Commons of all

hope they could have chosen another sovereign. Her cousin, the so-called *Beltraneja*, was still living. She had a better right to the crown than even Juana, and was perfectly sure of the full support of France. There was Pedro Giron, captain-general of the armies of the Commons, advancing in an underhand way his claims to the throne, as representative of the elder branch of King Alonzo, who had been driven by violence and treachery out of the country. Either of them would have excluded all the descendants of Queen Isabel, Juana as well as Charles, from the succession in Castile. To procure for the grandees the time necessary to assemble an army, and yet not to drive the Commons to despair, was indeed no easy undertaking. Juana, however, accomplished it, putting them off from day to day and from week to week, under a variety of pretexts. One day she excused herself with failing health, another day she wanted to confer with the ministers of the crown, whom she said she had ordered into her presence; then she pointed out that the proclamation would be invalidated if it were not signed on the back by the Secretaries of State, and so on. On one occasion, when a false alarm was spread that the Constable, with an army, was at the gates of the town, and the members of the *Junta* were pressing her unusually hard to sign the proclamation, she answered that it was night, and that during night-time it was unbecoming to transact business of State, giving them at the same time the assurance that the Constable would do harm to no one. Whenever all her reasons were exhausted she affected that her strength was worn out, and retired to her bedroom. The great misery to which Juana had been subjected induces us to judge her leniently; but if we wish to form an impartial opinion of her character we cannot entirely absolve her from a certain amount of cunning, and suspect that if she had not been the victim she would most probably have victimized others.

As she had so often excused herself on the plea of ill health, it is natural enough that the Commons thought of procuring for her medical assistance, and it is not to be

wondered at that ignorant priests came to Tordesillas, professing to be able to heal her by incantation. When, however, Cardinal Adrian wrote that the *Junta* had recourse to conjurors, he stated a thing which he knew was not true. The *Junta* had ordered public prayers in the churches, a custom prevailing then, as now, in Spain and other countries during a real or supposed illness of the sovereign.

At last, when the army of the nobles was really on its march to Tordesillas, the Commons made a desperate effort. They declared to the Queen that they would not give her or the Infanta anything to eat until she had signed. When they, however, saw that they could not frighten her, they went down before her on their knees, and holding up before her the proclamation, the ink and pen, implored her to sign. She refused, and finally and irrevocably rejected her only true friends. Two days later the grandees and cavaliers took Tordesillas by storm, plundered and burnt it. The Queen had in vain ordered the gates of the town to be opened, but she received with joy her supposed liberators at the entrance of her palace, was led up to her apartment by Don Juan Manrique and Don Geronimo Padilla, who had been the first to arrive, and had the long desired satisfaction of seeing herself surrounded by the grandees, and of conversing with them. The Marquis of Denia, however, was among them. A few days later he took possession of his office, and Juana was again his prisoner. That was the "holy enterprise," that was her "liberation from the tyranny of the barbarians," with which Charles, Cardinal Adrian, and the nobles of Spain had deceived her; a dark room, wherein to weep over her errors, and the torture, as an instrument of coercion, to keep her quiet, and to make her hear mass.

We must add a few words on the principal actors in this tragedy, viz., the three governors or viceroys in Spain, Cardinal Adrian, Don Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral, and Don Iñigo Fernandez de Velasco, Constable of Castile.

Adrian has enjoyed in his native country, and in the

northern parts of Europe in general, the reputation of having been an honest man; the Italians considered him as one of the greatest hypocrites of his age. The Spaniards spoke of him in their letters to the Emperor, before he was Pope, as a well-intentioned man, who, however, was so credulous that nothing was easier than to impose upon him. If, however, we examine the circumstances under which he was said to have been deceived, we find that he allowed himself easily to be duped whenever the acknowledgment of the truth would have exposed him to the alternative either to confess that he was doing wrong, or to act up to his duty, and to incur thereby the danger of some sacrifice or the displeasure of his master. As often, however, as the recognition of the truth was profitable to his personal interests, it was rather difficult to impose upon him. We must confess we doubt the honesty of such a man, and suspect that it was rather his aptness for accommodating himself to the worst deeds of his master which raised him by degrees from the depth of poverty to the highest dignity in Christendom. With regard to Queen Juana, he behaved as might be expected from such a person. At first he informed Charles with tolerable frankness of what was said about the Queen's soundness of mind. When, however, the Marquis and Marchioness of Denia had been driven from Tordesillas, they passed through Valladolid. The Marquis dined with him on the 21st of September, and had a long after-dinner conversation. It was only too convenient for the Cardinal to believe every word which the Marquis told him, and having quieted his easy conscience he did not thenceforth once mention the reported sanity of the Queen without most positively stating his disbelief of it. His real convictions may have been formed from the course of events, only that there are certain circumstances which make us suspect that he was guilty of something more reprehensible than mere credulity. Adrian came to Tordesillas in the train of the conquering army, and stayed there a considerable length of time. Knowing that the madness

of the Queen was at least disputed, it certainly was his first and most imperative duty, as lieutenant of the Emperor, to assure himself by his own eyes and ears of the truth, and yet he never saw her for a moment. Was he afraid to learn an unpalatable truth?[1] The most practised dissemblers, however, have their unguarded moments. Thus Cardinal Adrian, in order to stimulate the energy of Charles, asked him on one occasion whether he would like to wait for the death of the Queen, his mother, before being permitted to govern in Spain. If Adrian really believed Juana to be mad, how could he suppose that, once installed on her throne, she would be able to remain at the head of the government until the end of her days? From his own words, therefore, it is clear that he knew that the motive which guided the Emperor was not the desire to prevent an insane person from doing harm to herself and to others, but the criminal purpose of a son to rob his mother of her crown; and in this he countenanced him.

The Constable of Castile was a thorough partisan of the Marquis of Denia. This suffices to explain his conduct.

The Admiral, although he had many and great failings, was on the whole a man of much more elevated character. He at first refused the offered place of Governor, and accepted it only on condition that the Commons should be treated with leniency after the victory. When they were conquered, he wrote to the Emperor, on the 15th of April 1521, begging him to be a "good prince," and promising to accept his clemency towards the vanquished as an indemnification for his great private losses. With regard to the Queen, he never stooped to utter direct lies. Having had long and frequent conversations with her, he had the courage, when the other grandees spoke of her insanity, indignantly to declare that she was of sound

[1] We may here remind the reader, that a few years later, when Adrian was Pope, the Imperial ambassador in Rome wrote that he permitted the most scandalous corruption to be practised at his court, but avoided hearing the truth. See Spanish Calendar, vol. ii. p. cxlii., and p. 139.

mind, without qualifying his declaration by any depreciating addition. He endeavoured to create for her, if not an influential, at least an honourable position, and would even have assigned to her some participation in the despatch of public business. His counsel was overruled, as the *Comendador Mayor*, Juan de Vega, in his letter to the Constable of the 8th of December wrote, "because it would be the greatest misfortune for Spain to have two kings." The Comendador may have been right, but, if so, what importance can we attach to the declaration in his letter to the Emperor, in which he stated that Juana was unfit for the despatch of public affairs in consequence of mental disease? It was the language of a courtier who did not dare to offend his sovereign master by giving utterance to what he knew was the truth.

The treatment of Queen Juana during her second captivity was more cruel than during her first. The Marquis and Marchioness of Denia were irritated by the slights they had received in the time of the Commons, and desired to revenge themselves. The Queen, when she saw the cruel deception to which she had fallen a victim, grew excited, and in her excitement sometimes unmanageable. The Infanta was taken away from her mother, and married to the King of Portugal. It was expected that the Queen would not survive this separation, but she did, dragging on a lonely and monotonous life with her keepers. Under such circumstances death is the only friend, but death came slowly. She lived five-and-thirty years in her second imprisonment. No wonder that by degrees her reason gave way. During the latter years of her life she believed that she was possessed by evil spirits which prevented her from being good and loving her children, or the rites of the Roman Church. She imagined that she saw a great cat lacerating the souls of her father and of her husband. But these wild fancies were not unfrequently interrupted by periods of calm and sound judgment. Physically she sank down to a deplorable state of almost brutish existence. For weeks and months some-

times she did not leave her bed, which received all the evacuations of her body, and was never cleaned. Two things she disliked until the close of her life. It was painful to her to receive a visit from any one of her family, and she wished not to be disturbed by religious ceremonies. In April 1555 it was known that she was near her end. Charles, worn out by mental and bodily sufferings, and discouraged by the ill success of the great plans for which "he had sacrificed his conscience," was meditating his abdication in Flanders, whilst his daughter Juana was at the head of the Government in Spain. She might have let her grandmother die in peace, but the honour of the Imperial family required that Queen Juana should not depart without receiving the holy sacrament. Stormy scenes took place in the interior of the old palace, and the screams of the Queen were heard in the neighbouring houses. At last, Fray Domingo de Soto was summoned to Tordesillas, where he arrived in the morning of the 11th of April, and had a long conversation with the Queen without witnesses. "Thanks to our Lord," he wrote on the same day to Juan Vasquez, who was chief Secretary of State in Spain, "when we were alone, she spoke words which consoled me. Nevertheless, her Highness is not in a disposition to receive the sacrament of the eucharist, but the sacrament of the extreme unction, I think, may be given to her. Even for this, however, we must wait until she has less discernment, for that sacrament does not require much (discernment), and we are afraid that, as long as her Highness has so much judgment as she has now, she will, from considerations of honesty, refuse to submit to it. I think she will not survive this night."[1] In fact the Queen was sinking rapidly. At an

[1] Fray Domingo de Soto à Juan Vasquez. De Tordesillas à 11 de Abril de 1555. Simancas. Estado. Lejago 108. f. 69. ". . . . y despues me quede solo con Su Alteza muy gran rato, y por cierto bendito nuestro Señor me ha dicho a solas palabras que me han consolado pero su Alteza no esta para el sacramento de la eucharistia, pero me parece se le de el sacramento de la extrema uncion, aunque se esparara a que tenga menos juicio, porque para aquel sacramento no es menester tanto y tenemos que

advanced hour of the night she received the sacrament, thus sparing her children the shame of having had what they called an infidel mother, and on Good Friday, 12th of April, between five and six o'clock in the morning, she expired, "thanking our Lord that her life was at an end, and recommending her soul to Him."

Such is the rough sketch of the life of one who should have been a great Queen, and was the ancestress of the Austro-Spanish dynasty. It goes far to reconcile the humblest with the lowliness and hardships of his position; but we do not know which of the two to pity the more, Queen Juana or Charles. The only alternative left to him was to choose between uprooting all human feeling from his breast, and of renouncing everything that makes life worth having, or of accusing himself, in the midst of all his Imperial grandeur, of being a mean and miserable delinquent. That was the price he had to pay for his plan of universal monarchy. It would be high at any time, but naturally was highest when right, virtue, and honour were cheapest.

Such a character as that of Charles seems to be monstrous. The giant lizards of antediluvian periods appear to us also as monsters which could not have lived, but if they were viewed amidst the nature which then surrounded them they would lose much of their monstrosity. In a similar way, Charles, considered in connexion with the world in which he lived, still remains a bad man, but not abnormally hideous. He was not the worst prince of his time. When we become acquainted not only with the smooth and by far too much polished surface of bygone ages, but also with the hidden springs and motive power, the uncontrolled passions, the unscrupulous violence, the sordid avarice, and unblushing lies which abounded in their depths, we all shall confess that we have made progress in morality as well as in learning.

We must return to the marriage projects of King Henry VII. That Queen Juana, in the year 1507, was incapa-

su Alteza con el juicio que agora tiene por su honestidad no lo sufrira, pero tengo por cierto que no saldra desta noche. . . . ."

citated by insanity for matrimonial life we think will hardly any longer be pretended. But did Henry know that the rumours which were spread were false? The decision of this question we must leave for the future historian. Henry had seen the Queen a few months before the death of her husband, but at a time when reports of her mental disease had already been insidiously spread. Thus he was in a position to judge for himself whether these earlier rumours were true. He caused the Princess of Wales to write a letter to her sister, the purport of which was a sufficiently clear declaration of his wish to marry her. Although we may think Henry capable of any sort of baseness, we cannot suppose him to have been foolish enough to send a love-letter to a lady whom he believed to be mad. On the other hand, however, if Juana was not insane when she was on her way to Spain, she may have become so while staying there; and, in fact, the most accredited report was that the sudden death of King Philip had deprived her of reason. Moreover, the truth was so strictly concealed that it must have been difficult even for Henry to learn it, and if he had been really aware that the insanity of Juana was an invention, it is hardly conceivable that De Puebla could make in his name such statements as he did, concerning his not caring whether his intended bride were mad or not. That Henry should have avoided positively contradicting King Ferdinand is intelligible enough, as he did not wish to offend him, but why he should have made admissions which went even further than the assertions of the Catholic King, it would be difficult to explain, except on the supposition that he did not consider insanity to be an obstacle to marriage. Perhaps we should not be far from the truth if we were to suppose that he had formed no decided opinion on the merit of the subject, and did not care for it, but that he was quite prepared to marry Queen Juana, mad or not mad, for the sake of her dower.

III.

WAT TYLER.[1]

Of no period of history can the historical treatment ever be regarded as once for all completed. Historians of the nineteenth century describe anew the story of the fatherland of Thucydides and Livy, and their works are no superfluous luxury, but the result of a felt pressing necessity of the times. And this they do, not from a belief that they can improve upon their predecessors, but far more because each new stage of development begets also new interests, new ideas, and new wants. Every age wishes to know in what manner the problems which specially engage its attention have been solved in the past. It wishes also to view old familiar objects from its own stand-point, and in its own light. Historians who write in this manner are generally the most popular, because they give a reply to what at the moment is the question of the world. Even where their productions are inferior to those of former times, they are not without their value, especially when the moot point which occupies the age is of wide-spread importance.

Such importance does the present day give to a question which cannot indeed be called new, in the ordinary sense of the term, but which, during the last century, has been demanded in louder tones, and has thus forced itself with irresistible power to the front; no mode of policy, no form of government, can repel it: Russia and Italy are alike occupied with it. The question is this: What measure of intellectual and material culture have the various races attained, and in what proportion do the individual classes of society share in it? The reaction of this momentum on history cannot be denied. Archives and chronicles are ransacked to determine how these questions stood in earlier times, and how they have been developed. Isolated facts,

[1] Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*. Second volume (München, 1859).

which hitherto had been disregarded, are arranged in imposing groups, which not inconsiderably affect the aspect of the whole picture. Thus we have recently seen shoals of histories make their appearance—histories of the proletariat, of the working classes, of burghers and citizens, of oppressed tribes and races, of peasant wars, of revolutions. To furnish a slight contribution to the same topic is the aim of the following pages.

We have selected as our subject the great popular insurrection, which commonly, though wrongly, takes its name from Wat Tyler. The scene of action, as is well known, is England, and the period of its occurrence the second half of the fourteenth century. Busied in other general historical researches, we have found that the sources which explain the gradual development of this bloody revolt have not hitherto been drawn upon by writers on this subject. In general these have contented themselves with narrating the external facts; but when an attempt was made to investigate their origin, the reasons adduced were invariably false, as, for instance, the assertion that Wycliffe was the instigator of the rising. Sir Frederick Morton Eden, in his valuable work, *The State of the Poor*, which appeared as early as 1797, came very near the real source. But not one of his numerous copyists and imitators has advanced one step further in the right direction. So also Augustin Thierry, who in his admirable history of the Norman conquest of England has devoted twenty pages to this popular commotion, has passed by its real cause.

The foundation on which we ground the following narrative is no other than the Parliamentary records of the time (Rolls of Parliament), supplemented by the official collection of authenticated public documents, known under the name of Rymer's *Fœdera*, by the Statute-book, and by the three historians of the period—Thomas Walsingham a monk, Henricus Knyghton the Abbot of Leicester, and the celebrated Froissart. The latter was not in England during the insurrection, but he had previously resided at the court of Edward III., and he afterwards returned to

that of Richard II. His Chronicles, which are extremely interesting, consist of information obtained from eye-witnesses.

Before, however, commencing the account of the great popular insurrection itself, we must, in order to be intelligible, glance back for a moment at the story of a far earlier epoch.

Large-minded authors characterize the oppression of the Saxons by the Normans as a brutal wrong, and far be it from us to palliate the brutality. But we must not overlook the state and disposition of the Saxon people themselves. Considering the times, they were not uncivilized. They possessed in some degree the art of poetry, a slight acquaintance with the other fine arts, nay, even some scientific tendencies. But they were tyrants and oppressors to such a degree that the Normans could scarcely have surpassed them. Before the Norman invasion (1066) England numbered about two millions of inhabitants, of whom not fewer than one million five hundred thousand, or three-fourths of the whole, were actual slaves or thralls. In statutes and charters they were classed among horses and cattle, and formed the most important article of export to Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. The historical anecdote of the English slaves who, in the time of Gregory I., were exposed for sale in the market at Rome, and were thus the means of suggesting to the Pope the project of converting their compatriots to Christianity, is well known, and highly probable.

This enormous extent of slavery makes the conquest of England by the Normans easy of explanation. For the mass of the people the change of masters was no misfortune, as they could only hope that it might bring some amelioration of their condition. One of the most important achievements of William the Conqueror was the preparation of the Great Book, or Domesday Book. Its intention was not humane either towards the Saxons or their former slaves. Norman masters were exchanged for Saxon, but in other respects the condition of the people remained unaltered and unimproved. Nevertheless, apart from individual

measures, the invaders brought over with them a new spirit. The English had inherited from the Romans, Danes, and Saxons, who successively held their country, the Roman ideas on slavery, and, in part, Roman laws. The Normans, on the other hand, introduced the feudal notion of villeinage at a fixed value. The positive rights of the villein were indeed scarcely greater than those of a slave, but for future progress it was still of immense importance that the villein was considered as a member of the great military confederation. He was no longer a beast of burden, but an ill-treated soldier. The laws against mutilation and putting to death, which immediately followed, and could no longer be evaded by the payment of fines, were a logical consequence of this system. The Norman jurists of the middle ages, such as Bracton, Fleta, Littleton, introduced a sort of justice into a system which, however inhuman, must still be acknowledged as distinct from that of ancient slavery.

With the Normans came also Norman clergy, who filled all the influential posts in the Church, and were moreover judges and managers of estates. In the confessional and on the judge's bench they did what they could to counteract slavery and serfdom. Numerous emancipations are to be ascribed to their influence. The clergy were not, it is true, animated by an equal zeal for the emancipation of their own slaves. Their consciences, they said, would not allow them to lessen the patrimony of the Church, and their adversaries did not fail to remark that some abbeys had two thousand villeins, at a time when serfdom had already become rare.

A more effectual instrument in the subversion of slavery than the efforts of the clergy was found in the towns. The Normans had brought with them to London new branches of industry, especially that of weaving woollen cloths. It was developed during succeeding centuries in the towns to a degree which no doubt appears trifling compared with that of the present time, but was yet considerable for that age. Trades required workmen, and

serfs who ran away from their masters were therefore always certain to find refuge and protection in the towns. Sometimes petty wars arose on account of these serfs. The lords with their people advanced upon the city, and the citizens removed the drawbridge and manned the walls. After a year and a day the runaway villein became free by prescription, and might thus return to the country as a free labourer.

Such were in rough outline the circumstances under which the lower class of society in England lived, when in the year 1327, Edward III., the last Plantagenet but one, ascended the throne. His reign, which lasted for fifty-one years, is one of the most important as regards the internal progress of the country. It was during this period that the foundation of the power of the middle class was laid in England. The House of Commons may be said to date from this time. The King, in consequence of his war with France, was in constant want of money, and the middle class was strong enough to resist the imposition of taxes by force. The result of this was that Edward III. convoked no fewer than seventy Parliaments, and sold one privilege after another to the Commons. The English dislike the term "*sold*," but it accurately expresses the fact. Parliament, the judicial system, the army, the navy, the mode of levying taxes, etc., were radically reformed. The most glaring abuses were abolished. Whilst at a previous period it was a burden on the communities to send representatives to Parliament, who, destitute of influence, only served to increase the load of taxes, it now became an honour and a privilege. Only the lower order of clergy declined to send their representatives into the House of Commons, and thus lost for ever the right to do so.

Hand in hand with political and administrative progress went a fresh impulse to trade and industry. Edward was married to Philippa, Princess of Hainault, a woman of rare discernment, who in her native country had learnt to value industry to its full extent. Johann Kempe was one of the first weavers in Flanders. The Queen summoned him to

England, where he and his numerous body of workmen, in the year 1331, obtained extensive immunities. Soon more operatives were attracted from Flanders, and new privileges were conferred; London, York, Norwich, and other cities were filled with branches of industry of an inferior kind.

Under such circumstances it might have been supposed that serfdom would rapidly disappear, and the lot of the labourer improve. But exactly the reverse occurred. Scarcely had a middle class begun to form, when it joined with the nobility in the deeper oppression of the proletariat. We use the word "Proletariat" with reluctance, because it is associated with the modern socialist system, yet it did not first come into use in our days, but was likewise employed in the middle ages, and the contrast between the condition of the citizens and the proletariat at that time was so sharply defined, that it would be unjust, in order to avoid an appearance of prejudice, to name the fact itself inaccurately. The cause of the break between those who possessed something and those who did not was an occurrence independent of the will of both parties.

The year 1349 was one of joy and triumph. The army of Edward III. returned to their own island covered with laurels from Crecy. But glory was not the only thing which they brought home with them. "There were few housewives in England," says Thomas Walsingham, in his *Historia Angliæ*, "who had not their dwellings filled with furniture, etc., which the soldiers had taken from the French at Calais and other wealthy cities. There was, moreover, great abundance of linen and stuffs of all kinds. The English maidens and matrons were arrayed in the dresses and jewels of the French ladies. Whilst the latter bewailed their loss, the former loudly rejoiced at sight of their rich gains." This universal satisfaction was not, however, of long duration. Strange rumours of a foe far more terrible than the army of Charles VI. were whispered here and there. A pestilence appeared to threaten the human race with extinction. It was the same pestilence which has found two such historians as the Greek Emperor

Cantacucene, and the elegant frivolous poet of the *Decameron*.[1] However great the danger actually might be, horror no doubt magnified it. Fearful stories were narrated and believed. In Antimusia, for instance, a city in the realm of the Sultan of Babylon, only a dozen women survived, who from fright, or in consequence of the anxiety through which they had passed, became furiously mad, and killed each other, so that at last *not one* remained alive. A circumstance which raised the consternation to its highest pitch was that no astrologer could predict anything regarding the Plague.

In the first week of August 1349, the pestilence at length made its appearance in the south of England. In November it was in London. Its ravages lasted an entire year, till the end of August 1350. The usual course of every-day life and business was completely at a stand-still. Parliament broke up, the courts of justice were closed, and all law-suits ceased. The churches remained empty, for there were no priests to be found to read mass or to hear confession. The fields remained unploughed and the corn unreaped. The flocks strayed about the fields, and perished in winter from cold and want of fodder. Prayer and repentance in preparation for speedy death, burial of the dead, or flight from dying friends and relatives, were the only matters which now engaged the slightest attention. A stringent prohibition was directed against the shipping of any person at the seaports, as otherwise all the wealthy inhabitants would have forsaken the country.[2]

How many perished of the pestilence it is not easy to estimate. Old chroniclers say nine-tenths of the entire population; others reckon it at two-thirds, or the half. Modern times, critical and incredulous, hold even this computation to be exaggerated. But this much is certain, the mortality in England was dreadful. At the next sitting of

[1] Cantacuceni *Historiarum*, Lib. iv. cap. 8. The description given by Cantacucene is graphic in the highest degree.

[2] Rymer's *Fœdera*, v. 448; Walsingham, *Hist. Angl.*, 159; Henricus de Knyghton, *Chronica*, apud Twysden, p. 2597 *sqq.*

Parliament, it was stated in the House of Commons, that the cities, market-boroughs, and villages had lost so many inhabitants that they were all in a declining condition. A considerable number of formerly flourishing places were now literally without inhabitants.[1] In London, all the churchyards were quickly chokefull. Sir Walter Manney became on this account a public benefactor, by his purchase of a field in Smithfield, which measured thirteen acres one rood, and was known as "No Man's Land," and by having it consecrated as a churchyard. During several months there were two hundred corpses daily cast into large pits and covered up. Long afterwards, the Charter-house, which is now a large school, was erected over this spot.

After the cessation of the Plague two inevitable results appeared. All necessaries of life, which during the season of distress were of scarcely any market value, since none concerned themselves about worldly property, became four or five times as dear as they had been before the disease broke out. Moreover, it appeared that death had treated the upper and wealthier classes with great partiality, since proportionately few of them died, whereas the mortality amongst the lower working classes was enormous. The labouring classes, freemen as well as villeins, also found that under the old restrictions, and at the old prices, they could no longer make out a living, whilst, on the other hand, the great decrease in their number had enhanced their value. All labourers in town and country, the poorer clergy, and the domestic servants, banded together, and demanded far higher wages than had been customary before the period of the Plague. Workmen, whose daily wages had been only from 3d. to 5d., now required 8d. to 12d., and their food. Chaplains, whose salaries had been from five to six marks yearly, or two marks and their food, after the pestilence valued their services for the same

[1] Rolls of Parliament, i. 227, 257—Edw. III., ii.

[2] Knyghton, *ut supra*, 2597, 2061; Walsingham, 159; Statute *Quia magna pars populi; Stat. of the Realm*, i. 307; Rymer's *Fœdera*, v. 193.

period at twenty marks, or even twenty pounds. When these terms were not acceded to, the labourers refused to work.[1]

The Government treated this matter from the commencement with all gravity. But according to the custom of those days, they endeavoured at the same time to make a good financial speculation out of it. Even before a Parliament could be called together, the King, with his Privy Council, on the 18th June, issued an order which all bishops and sheriffs were bound immediately to publish, wherein it was decreed that all men and women above sixteen years of age, not possessed of sufficient means for an independent subsistence, and unprovided with a trade or profession, or who did not hold a farm of a certain extent, without regard to whether they were freemen or serfs (*liber vel servilis*), should be obliged to work for every lord or master who required their services, and offered them the wages customary in the twentieth year of Edward III., that is to say, two years previous to this present time. The labourer who refused to work, or who asked higher pay, was to be punished with fine and imprisonment. The master who gave higher wages was subjected to heavy mulcts.[2] Of this order of Council only the portion which we have called the financial came into active operation. The labourers, by open resistance and by flight, were able to avoid this compulsory employment. The proprietors, unless they had been willing to allow the scanty harvest to wither on the fields unreaped, at a time, moreover, when famine threatened the land, were thus constrained to consent to the rise in wages. But scarcely had they reluctantly yielded to this necessity, when the Royal Commissioner assailed them, demanding the fine imposed by the decree of Council. The good abbots especially complained bitterly of this.[3]

In Assumption Week 1350, the Parliament at last assembled. Complaints were general and loud. But they

[1] Knyghton, *Hist. Ang.*; Rolls of Parliament, ii. 227.

[2] *Stat. of the Realm*, i. 307. [3] Knyghton.

were directed less against the oppression of the Government than against the "base covetousness of the lower classes." The House of Commons was clamorous. It held the prescriptions of the royal order to be inadequate, and craved more stringent measures. The Parliament granted the King a subsidy, and the Executive, in conjunction with the Legislative Assembly, issued the so-called Statute of Labourers, or *Statute d'Artificers et Servants*, as it is designated in the Norman-French original.

All the oppressive enactments of the royal order of the 18th June were retained in the Statute. The free labourers who had no land of their own were subjected to the same constraint and the same penalties as the villeins. Moreover, several very harsh clauses were inserted. Although the maximum of the day's wages, which under no circumstances might be exceeded, was prescribed, there was no minimum fixed, so that the employer might make the wages of his workmen as low as their dependent position rendered possible. In order to make this enactment more effective, workmen were forbidden to leave their place of residence without express permission. Further, it was in the power of the master to pay his men in corn instead of money, at the rate of tenpence per bushel. This valuation was not exactly unfair in the year 1350, being about the market price in London. But 1350 was, as has been already observed, a year of unusual rise in price. Often, as for instance, before the Plague broke out in the year 1349, and more recently in 1361, the price came down to threepence or fivepence. In such seasons it was in the power of the master to pay the labourer with corn which was only worth threepence, for work valued at tenpence, thus legally cheating him out of two-thirds of his wages.

All servants, labourers in town and country, men and women, whenever without employment, were to betake themselves to their market town, and there appear in a public place, with the implements of their occupation in their hands. Those in search of work-people resorted thither also. The labourers were compelled to accompany

the master who selected them for his service, without disputing his right to do so. This was a labour-market bearing strong resemblance to a slave-mart. The labourer was obliged twice a year to swear strict observance of the Statute.

The penalties were severe. The first offence was punished with three days' confinement in the stocks, forty days' imprisonment, and a fine. After undergoing punishment, the labourer had to find security for good behaviour, and might be kept in prison till this condition was fulfilled. For every subsequent offence the former penalty was doubled, so that by frequent repetition a complete loss of liberty might ensue. Whoever defended the labourer before the Justice of Peace, or even spoke in his favour, was to be rigorously prosecuted. All England, by next Whitsuntide, was to be furnished with a sufficient supply of Spanish stocks. Lastly, it was enacted that besides the customary officers of justice and police, commissioners should also be appointed, whose duty it was to inquire into all private and family relations, in order to ascertain if higher wages were asked or paid, and to bring those guilty of such offences to punishment.[1]

The opinions of the age are but a poor apology for these malignant enactments, to which the burgher class lent so willing a hand. The contempt of the warlike barons for all who lived by the exercise of peaceful arts was at that time great. The clergy alone were exempted. But even the prelates, especially if they were descended from noble houses, often preferred the sword and the command in battle to the bishop's crosier and the mass. The Lord Mayor of London, notwithstanding his official pomp, often heard himself and his assessors termed "the villeins of London!" This was the fault of the age. Further, it was only a common human weakness that the burgher class, as soon as it attained to influence, preferred to associate itself with the upper classes, and to adopt their prejudices. But in spite

[1] Rolls of Parliament, ii. 233, n. 47; Close Roll, 23 Edw. III., P. i. M. 8. d.; *Stat. of the Realm*, i. 307; Rymer's *Fœdera*, v. 693.

of all the insolence of the great, and in spite of the numerous infringements of justice in isolated cases, no one had hitherto thought of altering the fundamental laws of the realm, even to the prejudice of the lower classes of the people. English society was then divided, like that of Europe generally, into two great sections, with various gradations, of which one section represented all freemen, whilst the other embraced all kinds of slaves, serfs, and villeins. This distinction was abolished by the Labourers' Statute, which, in so far, exhibits a revolutionary innovation, and is not to be excused by any prejudice of the age. The revolution was undertaken in the interests of oppression. The serf class obtained no advantage by it, whilst the freemen who possessed no property at all, or but a slender portion, were degraded to its level. The line between proprietor and not-proprietor was so sharply drawn, and entered so minutely into details of individual occupations, that no modern socialist who desired to separate the proletariat from the burgher class, could define the difference with greater precision.

The cause which drove the proprietors into this new tack, was the same which afterwards, and down to our own times, has frequently been made a reproach to them —their unwillingness, namely, to increase wages. For sake of a few shillings or pounds, they abandoned those principles of justice which they so often invoked for their own benefit. According to positive and detailed accounts, which have been preserved for us by Knyghton, the working class, with the exception of the chaplains, had not even raised their demands for higher payment in proportion to the general increase in the price of food. And if the reward of labour in later years, when the scarcity abated, had remained high, the sacrifice of the proprietors would not have been without important advantage to the nation. The people were at that time frugal. Extravagance in dress belongs to a later period. It is thus scarcely to be doubted that many families of the working classes would have saved money, and have swelled the ranks of the small proprietors, which

was much needed in England. The new legislation made the crisis more severe on both sides, increased its duration, and stifled the possible benefit in the germ.—But to return to our narrative:

The working classes were by no means disposed passively to accept the new revolutionary enactments. Similarity in the circumstances of their distress during the Plague, and of their difficulties in obtaining maintenance after its disappearance, had induced a kind of coalition among the poor people, whether serfs or free. The Labourers' Statute impressed the stamp of legislative recognition on this coalition. A far more influential class was driven over to them. The demands of the lower clergy, and especially of the chaplains, were very roughly handled. To the civil penalties were added the ecclesiastical, particularly suspension and interdict. The association of a proportionally intelligent class with the mob could not be other than dangerous. John Ball, a priest from Kent, soon took a prominent position in the organization of the revolt.

At first the labourers had not the courage, neither were they sufficiently strong, to offer open resistance; but they determinedly refused to submit to the Labourers' Statute. Many preferred to allow themselves to be imprisoned *en masse*, whilst others fled into the woods or into other uninhabited places. It was useless to hunt and capture them, for when brought back to their masters they remained obstinate, and would not render any service. One of the most interesting features in the history of the earlier portion of the middle ages, is the great fraternity of Freemasons, that is, of the free builders, stone-cutters, and other artificers, whose vocation was the erection of cathedrals and cloisters throughout Christendom. About this time this association had begun to decline in England; but the enactments of the Labourers' Statute seem to have roused the spirit of independence in their breasts, and recalled the memory of their ancient bond of brotherhood; at least we see the masons and carpenters combining in a

[1] *Stat. of the Realm*, i. 309. See also notes.

formal compact to resist the Statute.[1] The proprietry class was consequently obliged, meanwhile, to yield, and found itself in the painful position of being forced on the one hand to raise the workmen's wages, and, on the other, to pay fines to Government for so doing.

This state of things, which, to a certain extent, characterized the first period of the Rebellion, lasted ten years, till 1360. As all attempts to bring the operative classes to order had been fruitless, and the posture of affairs was intolerable, the Parliament this year demanded new measures. The association of the builders and carpenters was annulled; the enactments against runaway labourers were made more stringent; "justices of labourers" were appointed to overlook the mayors and bailiffs, and to punish those who were negligent in their office. Such magistrates as were not sufficiently energetic in the pursuit of fugitive labourers, were liable in each individual case to a fine of ten pounds to the King, and a hundred shillings to the master of the runaway; sums which, in the circumstances of the age, were enormous. The master had the right to brand his recovered servant on the brow with the letter F (falsehood), and all sheriffs were required to provide themselves forthwith with the implement necessary for the infliction of this penalty.[2] The consequences of the new enactment soon appeared. The parliamentary journals of 1363, 1368, 1372, and 1376, abound with detailed complaints, which indicate the progress of the revolutionary sentiment very perceptibly. "The working classes," says this journal, "hold more firmly together now than ever, and thus enforce their demands. The fugitives from one county are readily received in another, and find employment on their own terms, in the towns more especially." It is further discernible how passive resistance gradually changed into active force. "Vagrants, sturdy beggars, and staf-stickers (this last word has perplexed etymologists, but

[1] Knyghton, *loc. cit.* 2601; 34 Edwardi III. cap. 9; *Stat. of the Realm*, i. 367.

[2] 34 Edw. III., capp. ix. x. xi.; *Stat. of the Realm*, i. 367.

staf seems to refer to a cudgel), swarm in such numbers throughout the land, that houses and streets are unsafe." "The lower orders," complains the House of Commons, "begin to organize themselves, and boldly to withstand the nobles and their stewards, who, in the open country and in the smaller towns, are no longer in safety of their lives."[1]

Whilst the people were in this dangerous state of excitement Edward III. died, on the 21st June 1377. He was succeeded by his grandson, the son of the Black Prince, born at Bordeaux, and hence called Richard of Bordeaux, who ascended the throne as Richard II. The advent of a new sovereign would have been a favourable opportunity for pacifying the popular sentiment by milder legislation. But the young King was a boy of ten years. The same party that had been in power continued dominant at Court and in Parliament, and therefore the internal policy of England was not altered in the smallest degree. In spite of the wretched financial condition of the country, the coronation was celebrated with unusual pomp; but such meanwhile was the temper of the labouring classes, that the workmen required for the erection of the scaffolding necessary on the occasion had to be forced to the execution of their task by threats of severe punishment if it were left incomplete.[2] About the same time a shameful fraud practised in the Court of Chancery was made public. The villeins imagined that Domesday-Book contained certain articles very much in their favour. This belief was unfounded, as must have been well known to the officials; yet not the less did the latter sell them extracts from this record, thus cheating them out of their money, and fanning the flame of their resentment against their masters. In consequence of the complaints of the Parliament of 1377, the extracts which had been sold to the villeins were reclaimed.[3]

[1] Rolls of Parl. ii. 312, 340.

[2] Walsingham, 195; Rymer's *Fœdera*, vii. 156, 157.

[3] Rolls of Parl. iii. 21.

When the representatives of the communities, in the preceding Parliaments, complained that the working classes had organized themselves for open resistance, it was not without reason. The labourers in town and country, bond and free, had combined always more and more closely, whilst the lower clergy adhered steadfastly to the cause. The Abbot of Leicester, indeed, asserts that the chaplains, who, immediately after the visitation of the Plague, had raised their demands so extravagantly, were soon obliged to accept their former salaries, or even in some instances less. He ascribes this, not so much to the enactments of the Government and the threatened interdicts, as to the effects of free competition. "The prospect of good pay and an easy life," says he, "induced so many laymen to take holy orders, that the lower ranks of the clergy were soon filled to overflowing with men of inferior grade. In consequence of this, a chaplain considered himself fortunate if he could obtain employment on the same terms as before the pestilence."[1] The good abbot, however, has either deceived himself, or seeks designedly to conceal the implication of his order in the insurrection. The Acts lie before us, in which, twelve years after the pestilence, in the year 1362, the King, the Parliament, and the bishops, zealously endeavour to bring back the chaplains, choristers, etc., to the old regulations. It is significant that, at this time, the salary of twenty marks, or of twenty pounds, is no longer, as at first, claimed, but only from ten to twelve marks, this being double the amount given before the Plague. John Ball, already mentioned, was, on account of his sympathy with the populace in their insurrectionary attitude, imprisoned repeatedly by his superior bishop, but always succeeded in regaining his liberty. The Abbot of Leicester says that by his own class he was not much esteemed, but was highly reverenced by the laity. Any connexion with Wycliffe, whose teaching about this time attracted much attention, is not only unauthenticated, but highly improbable. Wycliffe belonged to an entirely differ-

[1] Knyghton; Rolls of Parliament, ii. 271—R. 23.

ent party, who were in fact the most resolute opponents of the lower classes, for he was chaplain to the King, warden of Canterbury Hall in the University of Oxford, and held, moreover, two lucrative benefices, as prebendary of Westbury and rector of Lutterworth. That he attached no small importance to these remunerative posts is evident from the tenacity with which he retained possession of them. Apart from his disputes with the begging friars, his proclivities tended to the increase of the royal authority at the expense of the ecclesiastical. His great patron and protector was the Duke of Lancaster, the head of the Court party, and so detested by the people, that the insurgents, as soon as they had got possession of London, burned his palace, with all that it contained. Wycliffe's participation in the insurrection, however indirectly, was so contrary to all probability, that the council of prelates, who brought other accusations against him, not excepting his most bitter adversary, the fanatic Walsingham, did not venture to lay this to his charge, although it would have been the most certain, nay, the only means of effecting his utter ruin. Knyghton calls John Ball a forerunner of Wycliffe, as John the Baptist was of Christ. The belief, now so widely spread, that the teaching of Wycliffe produced the excitement among the people which led to the insurrection, was first brought into circulation by Roman Catholics and adherents of the English Episcopal Church. Their object is easily discerned. He and his doctrine are meant to be inferred as dangerous. Yet Fabian the grocer, alderman of London, who, shortly before the Reformation, wrote the Chronicles of England, so long considered a classic work, knows nothing of the connexion between Wycliffe and the insurgents. John Ball's efforts were directed not against ecclesiastical, but against secular oppression. His discourses became always more and more daring. He addressed the people assembled at the market. "My friends," he exclaimed in one of these orations, preserved for us by Froissart, "things will never be better in England until all is shared equally, and all distinction between lords and

vassals is removed. Are we not all descended from Adam and Eve? And how do our lords and masters treat us? They force us to toil, in order that they may squander in profusion. They array themselves in velvet and rich stuffs, ermine and other costly furs, whilst we are obliged to go clad in miserable serge. They fare sumptuously on dainties, wine, and spices, whilst to us are left but rye and bran. They have fine estates and stately castles, whilst we must work for them exposed to rain and wind. Yet it is our labour which maintains their pomp. They call us thralls, and if we neglect our tasks we are beaten. We have no King to whom we can complain, or who cares to hearken to us and to do us justice." This address closed with the proposal to go to London, and if the King refused to listen to them to take their cause into their own hands.[1] The populace exclaimed, "He speaks the truth!" In whispers, whilst at work and during the hours of rest, the expediency of a march on London was noiselessly discussed.

Thomas Baker, surnamed from his occupation, and resident in Fobbings, was a man of uncommon spirit and great circumspection. He founded a small club in his own birthplace, in the first instance, then one in the next village, and so went gradually further till all the south-eastern counties of England were covered with similar associations. The separate clubs were organized within themselves; small contributions of money were paid by the members, and an uninterrupted communication was maintained from place to place by their means. Several letters from persons belonging to these clubs have been preserved. They are from Jack Milner, Jack Carter, Jack Trewman, and John Ball himself. Their meaning is not very clear to us, as they are darkly expressed on purpose. Jack Milner, for instance, asks the good folks to help him to turn his mill. Jack Trewman asserts that falsehood and iniquity govern the world, and John Ball greets them well, and informs them that he is ringing their bells. "Only right and might, courage and prudence!" On the excited minds of

[1] Froissart, Lib. ii. cap. 73, edit. Johnes.

the people, even the mysteriousness of this language must have had a powerful effect.

Let us turn from the people to the Government. The Court and the Parliament were not in ignorance of the approaching danger. The long detailed statement set forth in the first House of Commons under the new reign, shows that the dominant class well knew what threatened them. They were persuaded that the populace of England would combine with any foe who should invade the country merely in order to get rid of the detested rule of their present masters. From France, however, no hostile aggression was at this time to be dreaded, for there, too, the working classes had revolted, and Paris and the Court were already in their hands. Tranquillized as to danger from without, the Government neglected the menacing posture of matters within the kingdom. No attempt was made either to pacify the discontented by conciliatory measures, or to crush it in the germ by promptitude and energy. Court intrigues were the order of the day. The Duke of Lancaster, uncle of the young King, was suspected of a design to possess himself forcibly of the crown, and his enemies strenuously endeavoured to thrust him from his influential position. All parties felt the want of money, and each used every effort to wring the last farthing from the hard hands of the industrious population. The Parliament had voted one supply after another, but without effect, partly, no doubt, from iniquitous financial management, but yet also in some degree from the difficulty, in such times of excitement, in collecting the taxes imposed. In the year 1380, Parliament had sanctioned a new poll-tax, by which every married labourer for himself and his family, and every unmarried one for himself alone, was required to pay fourpence. It was expected that this impost would produce a revenue of £50,000. But the actual return was very small, falling far short of this estimate. A certain John Legge, who had relations with the Court, now offered a considerable sum for the right to levy the fourpence due from all those who had not paid it

already. His offer was accepted, upon which he sent four deputies throughout the country. One of these men concocted a scheme combining so much ready calculation of how to work effectually on the instincts of humanity, with such gross brutality as, happily for our race, has seldom appeared in any country or in any age. He assembled in one place all the men, women, and girls belonging to the district under inspection, and behaved to the class last mentioned in so gross a fashion that we hesitate to translate the account of it given by Henricus Knyghton, apud Twysden, p. 2633: "Unus eorum quum esset ad aliquam villam ad faciendam inquisitionem de dicta taxa, convocari fecit tam viros quam mulieres, et puellulas, quod dictu horribile est, esursum impudice elevavit, ut sic experiretur utrum corruptæ essent et cognitæ a viris." The object was to force the parents and friends of the girls to purchase for them decent treatment by payment of the tax. But the people were neither so brutal nor so degraded as tamely to suffer such outrage. About the same time the revenue officers in Kent were busy collecting the new impost of 1381. Young persons living at home with their parents had to be paid for if they had attained maturity. In the house of John, a tiler in Dartford, a dispute arose between the tax-gatherer and the mother of the family, who maintained that her daughter was below the age specified, and therefore exempt, whilst the other declared her liable, and demanded a groat on her account. In order to verify the maiden's age, the officer proposed an immodest test; the mother screamed, the neighbours gathered before the house, and the father, who was absent at his work, was summoned home. When the tax-gatherer further insulted him, he dashed out the offender's brains with one of the tools of his trade which he bore in his hand. Soon Dartford and the environs were in open revolt.

Essex was up already. A certain Thomas Bampton, a Royal Commissioner, held his sessions in Brentwood in order to superintend the distribution and levying of the tax. The inhabitants of Fobbings, where Thomas Baker

had organized his clubs, refused to appear before him. The Government thereupon sent the Chief Judge of the Court of Common Pleas to punish the refractory. These last marched *en masse* towards Brentford. The Chief Judge fled; his officers, clerks, and jurymen, on the other hand, were made prisoners, and, after short trial, executed, after which their heads, stuck on long poles, were borne about in triumph.

Sir Simon Burley had claimed a citizen of Gravesend as his villein, and caused him as such to be immured in Rochester Castle. The citizens demanded him back, but Sir Simon swore that he would not let him go free for less than three hundred pounds. Upon this the people rose in rebellion, stormed Rochester Castle, and liberated the prisoner.

The tidings of these incidents spread with almost incredible rapidity. Within a few days Kent and Essex were in revolt, in a few more the whole of England to the Humber. The northern portion of the kingdom, at that time thinly peopled, and having little intercourse with the rest, remained on the whole tranquil. The separate columns of the insurgents which had now been formed in the various counties, appointed to meet together in or near London on Corpus Christi Day. At the coast, columns of troops were left behind to protect the country against any foreign attack. A column of Kentishmen marched first to Canterbury. Simon, Archbishop of that See, was then Chancellor of England, and consequently the ostensible head of the boy-King's government. All the odium of the tyranny exercised towards the people fell on him. It was in his Court that the villeins had been imposed upon by the pretended extracts from Domesday-book. Moreover, he had again arrested John Ball, who at that very time was lying in the Archbishop's dungeon. The citizens of Canterbury received the insurgents with joy. John Ball was liberated, the Archiepiscopal palace and the Abbey of St. Vincent plundered, and some obnoxious persons put to death. The procession then returned to Rochester, which

lies on the road to London. On the way all the houses belonging to the Archbishop, his procurators or advocates, were burnt down.

At the storming of Rochester, Sir John Naunton and his children had fallen into the hands of the insurgents. Sir John was a knight much esteemed at Court, governor of the castle, and captain of the city. His captors selected him as their mediator with the King, and with this view took him along with them to London. Wat Tyler (Walter the tiler) of Maidstone, and, as it seems, Jack Straw, a farcical kind of person, were chosen as leaders by the men of Kent. The host increased so considerably on the way, that when it reached London on the Monday preceding the festival of Corpus Christi, it must have numbered from sixty to one hundred thousand men. Other divisions from different districts were on the march.

The King had withdrawn from Windsor to the Tower of London for greater security. He was accompanied by his two half-brothers, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Grand Prior of the Hospitallers, the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, Suffolk, and other noblemen. The King's mother, the Princess of Wales, widow of the Black Prince, was at the time on her way back from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Not far from London she fell in with the rebel forces, but after a short detention was allowed to depart. On this occasion a tragi-comic scene seems to have occurred, in which kisses and cordial tokens of friendly feeling were interchanged.

William Walworth was Mayor of London. It was he who, some years previously, as delegate of the city, had exercised a chief control over the finances of the country. On hearing the tidings of the rebels' approach, he caused the gates of the city to be closed, and garrisoned the gate of London Bridge especially with trusty men. The insurgents did not attack the city, but halted on Blackheath, which lies down the river from London, and at that time was not, as at present, surrounded by houses. The time

had now arrived for Sir John Naunton to perform the service for which he had been preserved. His children were retained as hostages, and he was sent to the Tower to invite the King to a conference on Blackheath. On Wednesday, Sir John stepped into a skiff, and was rowed on the Thames to the Tower steps. Great curiosity was felt regarding the motions of the insurgents, and the knight-ambassador was at once conducted to the King. Here he executed his commission, assuring his Majesty that the rebels were his faithful subjects, and that he had nothing to fear from them. After a short deliberation, it was resolved that the King next morning should proceed to his country-seat of Rotherhithe, close to the Thames, near Blackheath, and thither the delegates of the malcontents should be invited to a conference.

Next morning (Thursday), the King, after hearing mass in the Tower, got into a boat, along with the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and other noblemen, and was rowed swiftly down the river to Rotherhithe. Meanwhile, not the delegates merely were assembled there, but probably 20,000 men, who, at sight of the King, raised such a wild shout that all in the boat were terrified. No one thought it safe for the King to land. The barge was urged irresolutely backwards and forwards along the banks, alive with feverishly excited men. "What do you want?" cried the King from the boat; "I have come hither on purpose to hear what you have to say." "Come ashore," replied the insurgents; "we wish to consult with thee, and to tell thee our grievances." "My masters," answered the Earl of Salisbury, "you are not suitably dressed, nor otherwise in a condition to hold a conference with the King." That was all that was said on both sides on this occasion. The barge with the King rowed back to the Tower. The rebels, even previous to this scene, were not in pleasant temper. They had passed the night for some time in the open air, and, ill clad as they were, suffered much from the cold. Food was scarce, and hunger had made itself keenly felt. As now their hopes from the interview with the

King had likewise miscarried, the discontent increased, and they would no longer remain inactive in view of the capital. London, which occupied the site of what is now known as the City, was separated from them by the river, and the gates, as has been already noticed, were barred and guarded. But opposite the town, where now the wide district from Battersea to Greenwich extends, there was at that time a somewhat considerable open suburb. Many of the wealthy Londoners had their country-houses there, and even the royal family had a residence, Rainard's Castle, which, however, is no longer in existence. The rebels marched without resistance into this suburb, destroyed and plundered the mansions of the rich, and broke open the prison of the Marshalsea.

From the whole narrative, it has, we believe, been made sufficiently clear that this movement was not merely a rebellion of thralls, in which the towns had no share: it was a rising of the poor against the rich, the workman against his employer. The poor, the labourers, and even the smaller independent artisans in London, belonged to the same party. They numbered in the city about 30,000 men. "Why do we not open to the people outside?" said they; "they are our friends, and what they do is for our advantage." Such discourse alarmed the Mayor and those who sat with him. The gates of the city were thrown open, and the army of the insurgents entered London. Their adherents provided them with meat and drink from friendship, their opponents supplied them with wine and with dainties from fear. Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, followed by upwards of 20,000 men, then made a procession through the city to Westminster. Between London and the place last mentioned, not far from Temple Bar, stood the Savoy, the magnificent residence of the Duke of Lancaster, the friend and protector of Wycliffe. It contained enormous treasures of gold and silver, besides many works of art, at that time considered masterpieces. The Duke, who fortunately was absent on a mission to Scotland, was so detested by the people, that his servants

were immediately slain, and the edifice devoted to the flames. The wine in the cellars was given as a spoil to the populace, many of whom died in consequence of excessive drinking. Stealing and plundering were, however, strictly prohibited on this occasion, and one poor wretch, who was caught abstracting a silver vessel, was cast, along with his prize, into the roaring, crackling fire. Immediately afterwards the house of the Hospitallers was torn down.

We have seen that the Parliament accused the populace of being ready to make common cause with every foreign foe. We have further already mentioned, that in contradiction to this accusation, the insurgents left a force to guard the coast. But their national feeling went yet further. They were such true Englishmen that they hated all foreigners. The artisans of other countries, especially the Flemings and Lombards, who had been summoned to this country by Edward III. and his predecessors, had brought only advantage to the workmen. In the oppressions they had borne no part. But the insular hatred of everything foreign was so great amongst the lower classes, that all of them who were found were murdered in their houses, on the streets, nay, in churches and sanctuaries of refuge. Night fell on such scenes as these.

The host, the greater part of whom were maddened with liquor, camped in the streets and squares. The largest body of them had assembled before the Tower, on the Place of St. Catharine. With wild shouts they demanded that the abuses of the Administration should be remedied, and that the ministers of Government should be called to account for their legislation and oppression. Meanwhile, inside the Tower, the King held a council to determine on immediate action. The insurgents were formidable from their overwhelming numbers, but they were entirely destitute of organization and of qualified leaders. Thomas Baker had indeed organized his Fobbings club with great ability, but he was perfectly incapable of controlling a fierce mob, and lost himself in the crowd. John Ball, with all his

oratorical power, was not a practical man. Jack Straw was nothing more than an absurd buffoon. Wat Tyler had a sort of rough energy, but in intellectual and moral qualities he was not superior to the common man above whom accident had elevated him. This had been already shown very plainly in the following incident. He had at one time been in the service of a wealthy London citizen, named Richard Lyon, by whom, however, he had been dismissed in displeasure. The first act of his power in the capital was to take private vengeance on his former master, whom he sought out and slew. His intellect could not grasp the necessity of a thorough organization, and his moral character inspired no respect or confidence. The people themselves perceived this, and even while at Rochester wished to make Sir John Naunton generalissimo of the forces, but the knight modestly declined the honour. The insurgents in Norfolk made a similar offer to Sir Robert Sales, who was born of humble parentage, but had raised himself to the rank of knight, and to be governor of Norwich, besides having the reputation of being the best swordsman in England. Surrounded by the rebels, and menaced by them, he preferred to defend himself to the last drop of his blood, and allow himself to be cut to pieces, rather than become unfaithful to his vow and his duty as a knight. The Earl of Buckingham was for some time suspected of being in secret the promoter of the outbreak, but the falsity of this accusation has been proved. During the whole period of the disturbance he was in Wales, where his wife had estates. Thus the insurgents were without leaders, without discipline, without arms—scarcely one in twenty being provided with military weapons even of the worst description,—all of them untrained peasants and artisans, they were assuredly the least warlike portion of the nation.

On the other hand the Government had certainly neglected precautionary measures and all preparation for such a crisis. Of course there was as yet nothing approaching to a standing army. But the noble and wealthy inhabitants of London

had been more provident. They had summoned their servants from the country to the capital, armed them sufficiently, and kept them in their mansions ready for immediate action. Sir Robert Knowles kept in his house 120 armed men. Sir Perducas d'Albreth and others had come to London, bringing with them their vassals and adherents. On the whole it was calculated that 8000 well armed and disciplined troops could be led at any moment against the rebels. The Lord Mayor proposed with this force to fall upon them during the night and cut them to pieces. The Earl of Salisbury, on the other hand, considered such an attempt as too perilous. "If it fail," urged he, "the King and the realm will be irretrievably ruined. The populace must be kept quiet with promises till more forces are obtained." Salisbury's proposal was embraced. Thus on both sides the night passed in inactivity.

In the morning the multitude before the Tower became again more impatient. The shouts waxed louder, and hoarse threats were uttered to storm the stronghold and put all within relentlessly to death. The King, unwilling that matters should come to such a pass, now made an offer on his part to renew the conferenee which, the previous day, had come to nothing. He fixed on Mile End, at that time an unenclosed space before the gate of the city, as the meeting-place. Great crowds of people flocked thither, and the King, after again hearing mass, set out also. Whilst he and the great bulk of the rioters were at Mile End, another band, led by Tyler and Jack Straw, forced their way into the Tower. They found there Simon Archbishop of Canterbury, his brother Sir Robert Hales, William Apuldors the King's confessor, a physician in the service of the Duke of Lancaster, and John Legge the farmer of the poll-tax, with three of his deputies, of whom mention has been made. All were put to death, the physician from hatred to the Duke. Walsingham describes this scene minutely, especially the wounds with which the holy bishop was despatched. The heads of the murdered men were stuck on poles, borne through the city, and fixed on

London Bridge, where the mutilated remains of traitors were usually exhibited. The band of rebels who performed this bloody tragedy did not exceed 400 men.

While the city was the scene of these acts of violence, the King at Mile End was negotiating with the insurgents. "My good people," said he, "I am your king and master, I have come here for the purpose of listening to your grievances. What do you desire? What have you to say to me?" Upon this the people brought forward their causes of complaint, and their petition to the King's Majesty. "Your desires shall be granted," replied the Sovereign. "Each community may elect two or three delegates to receive the letters-patent, which shall be drawn up for you. I will also give you my royal banner, under which your troops shall be marshalled. You, my good people of Kent, shall have one, and you of Essex, Sussex, Bedford, Suffolk, Cambridge, Stafford, and Lincoln, each county one. All that you have done is forgiven and forgotten. But now return home with your banners." The people confided in the King's sincerity. He was but a boy of fourteen: how could they deem him capable of perfidy? Full of hope, and peacefully inclined, the multitude returned to London. The banners were distributed, thirty clerks in all haste drew up the charters, and one troop of insurgents after another passed out of the gates of London.

The King's manœuvre was most skilfully executed. With a few friendly words the smouldering embers of attachment to the Sovereign's person had been rekindled into loyalty, with promises which, according to circumstances, might be kept or broken, and with the childish toy of banners one half of the rebels had been appeased. It is not easy to determine what were the demands of the people at Mile End. Their grievances seem to have been principally in regard to thraldom. If such was indeed the case, it can only be inferred that the bulk of those present at this conference were landowners and villeins, whilst the free labourers with their leaders remained behind in the city. This much is certain, that about half of the in-

surgents made greater demands, and were by no means satisfied with the royal concessions. John Ball and Wat Tyler meanwhile had committed a gross error in not being present at the interview. Inconsiderable as was their influence, yet in the case of one-half of their adherents they had yielded it up to the King without a struggle. Doubtless new reinforcements might be expected from the country. It was probable that the numbers of the retiring forces would soon be made up. Nevertheless the triumph of the young monarch was important, because when a cause is new, and specially when it is revolutionary, every reverse which it suffers weakens confidence in its final success, whilst in the same degree it strengthens the hopes of the adversary. Of greater significance still was the separation of the interest of the villeins and the free labourers.

John Ball, Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw, meanwhile stayed behind, with so numerous a host of malcontents that the Court did not venture to proceed against them with violence. The rest of that day and the morning of the next was spent in negotiations between the two parties. Various proposals were made on both sides, but without success. No details of this interesting transaction have been preserved, not even the substance of the claims put forward. Knyghton says that Wat Tyler, at the head of his followers, demanded for rich and poor, free fishery in the streams, and free hunting in the parks, fields, and woods, along with many other similar privileges. In that age hunting and fishing were not mere amusements in England, but employed as a means of livelihood. It is therefore so much the more probable that the adherents of Tyler, like all revolutionists in every age and country, resisted the exclusive right of the nobles to follow the chase. But it is difficult to believe that this formed the chief subject of their claim. Froissart, who has the merit of being often indiscreet, relates that the rebels had insisted that the maladministration of the King's uncle, the clergy, and especially of the Archbishop of Canterbury, should be remedied. This government brought shame on the nation,

and cruelly oppressed the lower classes of the people. When we further read carefully the royal manifesto of the 30th June and 2d July, we believe ourselves entitled to infer not only that the abolition of thraldom and the total repeal of the Labourers' Statute, formed the subject of these negotiations, but also that in regard to both these matters the King made important concessions. In the document above mentioned the expression occurs, "employments, usages, and services of the free labourer as of the villein."[1] What was the reason which prevented an amicable settlement of the question it is difficult to discover. Perhaps the Court party, seeing how easily one half of the insurgents had been induced to return home, were no longer disposed to considerable measures of concession. Perhaps Ball and Tyler wished to prolong a state of matters in which they played such important parts. But these are only conjectures.

A further conference was appointed to take place between the King and the rebels, on Friday the 15th June, in the great square of Smithfield. On the arrival of the hour appointed, Wat Tyler, at the head of about 20,000 men, took up his position on one side of the square, the King with his suite occupying that opposite, whilst a wide space intervened between the two parties. Richard sent a messenger to invite Wat Tyler to come over and speak to him. The latter, after commanding his people to remain where they were, unless he gave the signal for their advance by a motion of his hand, accepted the invitation and rode across. Unless all the extant narratives of this meeting, which certainly do belong to only one side of the question, are vile and detestable calumnies, Tyler was more disposed to indulge his plebeian arrogance than to promote the cause of the people. In the first place, he endeavoured to show contempt for the King by riding up so close to him that his horse touched that of his majesty with its nose. Next, he descried in the royal suite a knight

[1] "Quod tam liberi quam nativi opera, consuetudines et servicia etc. faciant."—Rymer's *Fœdera*, iv. 123, edit. 1740.

with whom he had once previously quarrelled, and who had then boxed his ears. Even at this critical moment he gave way to feelings of spite and revenge. "What dost thou here?" he cried to the knight. "Give me thy dagger!" The knight refused, till the King bade him comply with the demand. Playing with the dagger, and ostentatiously tossing it from one hand to the other, Tyler proceeded: "Give me thy sword!" "My sword is the King's," retorted the knight, "and thou art not worthy to wear it. Thou art but an artisan." "By my soul!" returned Tyler, "I will not break my fast till I have thy head." Meanwhile Walworth, the Mayor of London, came riding up to the spot. "Wretch," he shouted to Tyler, "how canst thou presume to behave thus in the King's presence?" Some more coarse and menacing words were exchanged on both sides, till at last the King himself indignantly exclaimed, "Lay hands on him!" Walworth unhorsed Tyler, who, lying on the ground, was covered with innumerable wounds.

The insurgents had not been able to see what was going forward, Tyler being hidden from view by the royal suite. From this circumstance we should be inclined to infer that the murder of Tyler had been planned and premeditated; but when it is borne in mind that the King's retinue consisted of only sixty knights, and to what danger he thereby exposed himself and the kingdom, such a conjecture loses all probability. We believe the murder of Tyler to have been the impulse of the moment.

The catastrophe could not of course be long concealed from the multitude on the opposite side of the square, who, when they heard that their captain was slain, breathed threats of bloody vengeance against his treacherous foes. At this crisis Richard II. discovered a resolute courage, which is so much the more astounding in the boy, when it is contrasted with the weakness of his later years. "Gentlemen," said he, "what do you propose to do; am I not your only captain, I your king?" The people halted irresolutely. "Follow me!" was the royal command. His

banner, of which they yet were proud, accompanied him, and they held by it. Thus he led them to the gate, and out into the fields.

Wat Tyler, sorely wounded, but yet alive, had been borne into the hospital close by. As soon as the people were gone, the Mayor caused him to be conveyed back to the square and beheaded. Meanwhile the King's adherents had hastily returned to the city, and called the wealthy inhabitants with their servants to arms. "They are killing the King," resounded through the streets. Soon a considerable force was gathered. Sir Robert Knowles and Sir Perducas D'Albreth were among the first. Nicholas Bramber, moreover, distinguished himself. He was a stout, powerful man, cloth-merchant and purveyor to the King. This well-armed force proceeded to the fields in search of the insurgents with their royal leader. As soon as the latter saw assistance arrive, he left the mob and joined his own party. William Walworth the Lord Mayor, Nicholas Bramber the purveyor, and John Standish, were knighted on the spot. Sir Robert Knowles made a proposal to fall on the rebels and cut them to pieces, but this was opposed by the King, supported by the Earl of Salisbury, and thus the massacre was prevented. But Richard now demanded the return of the banners and charters, threatening the penalty of death for the retention of these last. When this order was communicated to the people they had not the courage to resist. They restored the banners and a great proportion of the charters, dispersed themselves, and soon fled in wild disorder, some to the city, some to the fields, with the intention of returning to their homes. Isolated bands were pursued, and some killed; others perished in the water, but on the whole the loss does not seem to have been great. In London a proclamation was issued that all strangers who had accompanied the rebels thither must immediately depart, and that whoever of them was found there next day (Sunday morning) should be put to death. John Ball and Jack Straw were seized, dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, hanged and quartered. Their

heads, along with that of Wat Tyler, were stuck up on London Bridge, on the same spot where, the previous Thursday, the rebels themselves had fixed those of the Archbishop and his companions. So ended the revolt in London, which had been in the hands of the rioters not quite three days.

In the country the nobility and gentry had not hitherto dared to oppose the people. Norwich offered almost the only exception. The murder of Sir Robert Sales, governor of this city, we have already mentioned. As soon as the bishop, who was of the noble house of De Spenser, heard of it, he assembled without delay a troop of armed horsemen, and, placing himself at their head, marched out of the city to look for the rioters. He soon discovered them. They had converted a waggon into a sort of redoubt, and surrounded it with a moat. When the bishop saw this, and perceived that the enemy were making preparations for defence, he exclaimed in excessive indignation, "Will not these common serfs fly at sight of a De Spenser?" and without further deliberation he charged the stronghold with uplifted lance, leaped across the moat, and made his way to the waggon. His horsemen followed him, and after an obstinate resistance the rebels fled.

After the extinction of the revolt in London, the position of parties in the country was also changed. The nobles and gentry now came forward; their adversaries concealed themselves. Only in isolated villages and remote country places was the spirit of the people not at once broken, but a serious resistance was no longer possible. All that now remained to be done by the Legislature was the exercise of justice or of vengeance.

In the first place, a royal proclamation was issued, revoking all the concessions formerly made to the revolutionary party. Bondmen and free labourers were subjected to their old trammels. The charters, it said, had been distributed without due deliberation. The chastisement of the rebels in London was intrusted to the Lord Mayor, now Sir William Walworth. Richard himself

assembled between 800 and 1000 horsemen, and marched at their head from place to place throughout the country. Everywhere "the good people" were sentenced without formal process to the brutal penalty executed upon those found guilty of high treason. The person convicted of this crime was first hanged, and then, while still alive, dragged from the gibbet, his body cut open, and his entrails taken out and burnt before his eyes; after which he was beheaded, quartered, and the four parts were stuck upon poles at different parts of the city.[1] Taking London and the shires together, 1500 men were put to death in this manner.

After the young monarch had completed this work, he summoned the Parliament to meet on the 14th day of September, but its assembling was obliged to be deferred two several times, the dissensions of the Court party having immediately broken forth when the danger from the populace was over. The Duke of Lancaster and the Earl of Northumberland each accused the other of treasonable schemes, and appeared with such powerful armed retinues that the King dared not open the session. At last, on the 23d of November, the parties were so far reconciled that the business of the Legislature could be commenced. In the opening speech the King declared, through the Lord Treasurer, Hugh Segrave, that he well knew that the promises and concessions which he had made to the insurgents were unconstitutional and illegal, and therefore he had already revoked them. Should, however, the nobles, knights, and representatives of the towns be willing to yield up their rights over the bondmen and labourers, he would not refuse his consent. The speech closed with a demand for an extraordinary tax.

Some days later the declaration regarding the emancipation of bondmen was repeated by Lord Chancellor Richard Le Scrope. But the whole proceedings seem to have been a farce, or at least a parliamentary manœuvre. The Chancellor himself declared that he felt persuaded that Parlia-

[1] See Sir Thomas Smith, *The Commonwealth of England*, i. cap. xxviii.

ment would not be disposed to sanction such a measure. And indeed the prelates, nobles, knights of shires, and representatives of towns, unanimously concurred in the recall of the concessions.[1] The House of Commons was unwilling to sanction the extraordinary tax craved. On their part an Act was proposed offering an amnesty—

(1.) To the nobles and gentry who, during the disturbance, had put rebels to death without judicial proceedings.

(2.) To the rebels.

(3.) To good subjects, who had indeed taken no part in the rising, but who had concealed and aided the escape of such as had.

The King consented to the amnesty towards the rebels and their aiders. In regard to the nobles concerned, he reserved his decision to the end of the session. The House of Commons understood the significance of this resolution. Setting aside their reluctance to expenditure, on account of the ruffled temper of the nation, they voted the extraordinary tax. When this was done, Richard readily assented to the protection of the upper classes from the consequences of their unauthorized zeal, which was moreover highly lauded. From the amnesty to the insurgents, 287 persons were excluded by name. Of these, 157 belong to London alone. More than two-thirds are mechanics, eight belong to the priesthood, and one, Magister Ferrour of Rochester, seems to have been a literary man of the laity.[2]

Here ends our narrative of the bloody popular tumult which, according to the judgment of all contemporaries, had menaced total destruction to the higher classes in England. The lower ranks were now more than ever subject to the superior. It happened, however, in regard to this reaction, as is often the case with reactions. The external power was indeed reinstated, but the moral influence was absent. Thraldom would no longer prosper in England. It had moreover ceased to be profitable to the masters. The so-called free labourer was, in accordance with the Labourers' Statute, little less dependent on his master than the bond-

[1] Rolls of Parl. iii. 99, 100. [2] *Ibid.* iii. 111 *sqq.*

man. In consequence of this, emancipation rapidly increased. Sir Anthony Smith, the celebrated statesman under Queen Elizabeth, declares that he had never met with the case of a *vilain en gross*, that is, one perfectly in the power of his master, and of *vilains regardant*, that is to say, such as belonged to the estate, only a few in his early youth. The condition of thraldom or bondage must, therefore, within something more than a hundred years after this great victory of the masters, have entirely disappeared from England.

The government of the boy-King and Reformer Edward VI., is extolled by fanatic Protestants in every possible point of view. Unhappily, when more closely examined, it appears in almost every point contemptible. With regard to the lower classes of society, it made the attempt to introduce slavery, complete Asiatic slavery. The enactment, it is true, is ostensibly directed against vagabonds and idlers. But any labourer might be declared a vagabond and idler who was three days without work, or who had left work against the will of his master. The penalties were death or slavery, accompanied by the most revolting circumstances, such as branding and starvation.[1] Wild attempts like these could not but collapse in the sixteenth century.

The remains of Feudalism and of the legal subjection of one class to another were abolished soon after the Restoration of Charles II. From this time forward dates that strife of classes which is based upon a politico-economic foundation.

One brief observation must be allowed us in conclusion. It is this, that usages grounded upon the most detested restrictions may often retain their hold upon a people for centuries after the restriction itself has been abolished. Thus, no measure was received with greater repugnance by the people than the labour-market which accompanied the Labourers' Statute, and yet traces of it were still to be found even within our own century. "In Gloucestershire,"

[1] 1 Edw. VI. cap. iii. ; *Stat. of the Realm*, iv. 5.

writes Sir Frederick Morton Eden, "Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, and Berkshire, servants still go on the *mopp* or the statute, that is, to the market to be hired. Each carries some token of his trade. A waggoner has a piece of whip-cord twisted round his hat, a cow-herd has cow-hair plaited in his hair, a milk-maid wears cow-hair in the bosom of her dress. In the north of England, domestic servants who wish to be hired wear a nosegay, which distinguishes them from others at the market. In London itself, bricklayers and others engaged in the building trade assemble with their tools in their hands between five and six o'clock in the morning in Cheapside and Charing Cross." This was at the beginning of our own century.

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